MARVEL MASTERWORKS®
THE INCREDIBLE HULK®
VOLUME 7

THE INCREDIBLE HULK Nos. 135-144
& THE AVENGERS No. 88
ROY THOMAS & HERB TRIMPE
WITH DICK AYERS

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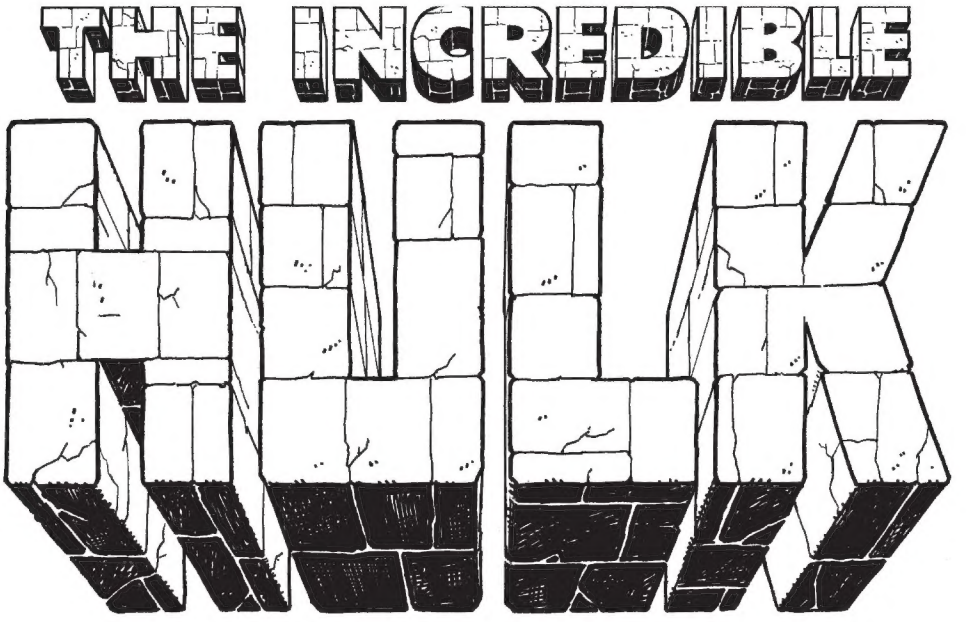
PRESENTS



VOLUME 7

COLLECTING

THE INCREDIBLE HULK Nos. 135-144

& THE AVENGERS No. 88

ROY THOMAS • HERB TRIMPE

WITH DICK AYERS

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MARVEL MASTERWORKS
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NOS. 135-144 & THE AVENGERS NO. 88

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INTRODUCTION
BY ROY THOMAS

In the latter part of 1970, I was having a ball. As Marvel's associate editor, I came into the Madison Avenue offices two or three days a week to proofread, talk with scripters and artists, write or oversee any text that needed scribbling, and of course to confer with editor Stan Lee on Marvel's ongoing march toward destiny.

The rest of the time, I stayed home and wrote *The Avengers*, *Sub-Mariner*, *Conan the Barbarian* (my newest toy), a half-a-book series or two—oh yeah, and *The Incredible Hulk.*

I spent a bit of my office time every month, as noted last volume, confabbing with staff artist Herb Trimpe about the next *Hulk* story. Truth be told, I spent fewer man-hours either writing or thinking about *Hulk* than about any of my other assignments during that period.

So guess which one of the above was the biggest hit saleswise at that time?

Not that *The Incredible Hulk* had exactly been languishing under the previous combo of Herb and some guy named Stan Lee. Still, I'm proud and happy to recall that, during the couple of years Herb and I were teamed up on Ol' Greenskin, and reflecting issues we'd done together, the mag's print run was increased at least twice. That reflected growing sales…and, of course, that was the name of the game. Herb and I weren't paid for our good looks. (Well, maybe *Herb* could've been: he looked so much like Alan Alda in those days of TV's *M*A*S*H* that, at least once when he was jogging in Central Park, a stranger yelled out to him, "Hey, Hawkeye!"—and they *weren't* referring to an arrow-slinging Avenger who was hardly a household name at that point. But nobody ever claimed that *I* was just another pretty face.)

Herb and I had fun, as well, over that two-year period when we were a team. We reasoned that, if we enjoyed doing the stories, the reader would dig them, too. And so it was with *Hulk* #135, the first issue in this volume.

A year earlier, in *Marvel Super-Heroes* #16, Herb and my longtime buddy Gary Friedrich, a Marvel writer and assistant editor, had dreamed up The Phantom Eagle—a masked aviator in the First World War. That had grown in part out of Herb's interest in aviation; in fact, he'd soon own his own biplane. Perhaps the existence of the DC series *Enemy Ace* by Robert Kanigher and Joe Kubert played some part in the general inspiration, but that comic was hardly such a hit that either Stan or publisher Martin Goodman would've wanted Marvel to emulate it. Rather, *Enemy Ace* probably just gave Gary and Herb the *nerve* to suggest a World War I pilot hero to Stan with some hope of approval even for a one-shot tryout. (Maybe they were also remembering the 1930s pulp-mag series *G-8 and His Battles Aces*, which their new strip would resemble far more than it would anything then in comics.) My own sole contribution to their concept as associate editor—if I remember a-right—was the name the Phantom Eagle, which had been the moniker of an aviator-hero in the Fawcett's 1940s title *Wow Comics*. (Another defunct comics company, Fiction House, had once had a Phantom Falcon, but an eagle trumps a falcon every time.) You can see Gary and Herb's sole Phantom Eagle outing at the end of this very volume, because of its combined Trimpe and Hulk connection.

I can't say the Phantom Eagle set any sales record with that single solo appearance—but then, neither did Medusa in the *MSH* issue before it nor the Black Knight or Guardians of the Galaxy after it—but it was a worthwhile and thoroughly enjoyable experiment. Still, it didn't seem likely the Eagle would get his own series anytime soon.

So maybe it was Herb's idea, or maybe it was mine—but we decided to keep memories of the Phantom Eagle churning by guest-starring him in *Hulk* #135.

Since World War I was by then already half a century in the past, we used time travel to bring the two together. Enter Kang the Conqueror, from *The Avengers*. Also enter the "Time Storm." I theorized there was just such a tempest blanketing that period in the "Chronosphere," the "Relative-Time Stream" through which Kang traveled from one era to another, and that this "Time Storm" prevented him from reaching the year 1917 and setting into motion events that would enable him to conquer the 20th century. So he sought out the Hulk, an entity quasi-invulnerable enough to pass through the "Time Storm" alive and do his dirty work in the era when airplanes were first used in warfare.

I'm sure Herb got his jollies drawing the old planes, while I reveled in the various above-named concepts, particularly the "Time Storm." I've seen it used in other places *since* that *Hulk* issue, but if anyone can show me an earlier use of the phrase or concept of a "time storm" in comics, science-fiction, or elsewhere, I'd love to know about it. Maybe then I'd finally know where I got the idea!

Editorial duties and scripting at least a comic book a week kept me busy, though, so for the next two issues (#136-137) I purchased a full-blown plot written by my younger friend Gerry Conway, one of Marvel's rising stars. I don't recall if I asked him to come up with something, or if he suggested the idea to me and I invited him to flesh it out. The basic idea—probably Gerry's—was "*Moby-Dick* in space." Gerry understood that he'd be plotting those issues anonymously, though I paid him a small (and long-forgotten, at least by me) sum for it. But, as it happened, not long afterward, I'd write the synopsis for *Tomb of Dracula* #1, which Gerry would dialogue over Gene Colan's pencils and for which *I* took no credit. Fair is fair, I suppose.

Since *Moby-Dick* has been a favorite literary work of mine ever since I read it as a college freshman, I was gung-ho about having the Hulk stand in for one of the three quasi-civilized harpooners in Herman Melville's novel. My one regret is yielding to the temptation to call the Moby Dick replacement "Klaatu," after the alien hero of the 1951 film *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. It was just a good-natured homage, done in a day when that name (and the wonderful quote "Klaatu barada nikto") were not nearly as widely celebrated as they are today. Naturally, the Captain Ahab replacement became a cyborg, half human, half machine. No mere peg leg for him!

With #138, Sam Grainger became the *Hulk* inker, getting off to a fine start on a story starring the Sandman. I had loved Sandy's super-power ever since *Amazing Spider-Man* #4 and wrote him into stories whenever I got the chance. (On page 2, I also tossed in a poem by William Butler Yeats, but that was mostly just for my own amusement, after I saw the nine panels Herb had penciled on that page.)

Sandman stuck around for #139—but this time Herb and I added mentally induced (yet *solid*) images of the Rhino, Abomination, Absorbing Man, Glob, Night-Crawler, and even the Mandarin—all courtesy of the Leader. Lots of fun…though perhaps the story's most memorable moment is the nigh-wordless page of the Hulk trying to make friends with a wandering deer—and almost succeeding, but of course not quite.

Meanwhile, I'd had another notion. With Stan's approval, I approached science-fiction—excuse me, *speculative fiction*—(he hates the term science-fiction) writer Harlan Ellison, whom I knew slightly. I suggested he write a synopsis Herb and I could turn into a full-fledged *Hulk* issue. Marvel paid him for the plot (and, unlike Gerry, he got printed credit—but then, that was the point, right?)

and he turned in such a detailed and intriguing story line that, even though it was only a few pages long, I turned it into *two* comics. Since the first part of the synopsis featured the Avengers in a situation that partly echoed H.P. Lovecraft's classic horror/sf tale "The Call of Cthulhu," penciler Sal Buscema and I expanded that section into *The Avengers* #88—which led directly into *Hulk* #140. Both are reprinted in this volume. (In fact, with Harlan's blessing, Marvel later printed his *synopsis* in an issue of its house fan-mag *Marvelmania,* and he was also generous enough to let me reprint it in my comics-history magazine *Alter Ego.*)

The story's main claim to fame is that it introduced into Marvel a long-lived character: green-skinned Jarella, princess of a subatomic world. Ever since science-fiction writer Ray Cummings had scribed a short story called "The Girl in the Golden Atom" and sequels for early pulp magazines, this had been a fertile situation for comic books. (Matter of fact, Cummings himself, as a scripter for Timely/Marvel in the latter 1940s, had penned a two-parter in *Captain America Comics* #25-26 with the same theme.)

The glory goes to Harlan, for his synopsis—and to Herb for rendering it so powerfully. Me, I mostly remember that, for some reason, I wound up having to stay up all night to dialogue *Hulk* #140 in one long session; and to keep myself awake I decided I'd work the title of every single short story in one of Harlan's collections into the dialogue or captions. I'll let interested readers seek out those titles for themselves. Of course, the issue's story title is a takeoff on one of Ellison's most honored stories, "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World." The only minor reservation I had about Harlan's plot was his calling the villain "Psyklop." A clever name, since the mental-powered villain had just one eye, but Marvel's X-Men already had a Cyclops. Still, what the hey! I let it stand.

For the following issue, Herb and I introduced a new character—Doc Samson—whose template namewise was the 1930s pulp-mag star Doc Savage. Back in the Golden Age, the latter's name had served as inspiration for at least two comic book heroes: Nedor's Doc Strange and MLJ's Doc Strong. Like Doc Savage, Leonard Samson was a real M.D. (in this case, a psychiatrist—Lord knows, Bruce Banner could surely use one!), with no secret identity.

I showed Herb an old comic book that contained a Captain Tootsie ad. What kind of a name, you may well ask, is Captain *Tootsie*? Well, in the 1940s, the Tootsie Roll candy people had run full-page ads in comics featuring a muscular blond hero with that appellation who chomped Tootsie Rolls for fast energy while battling spies or an evil scientist called Dr. Narsty. The ad-strips were originally drawn by C.C. Beck, the co-creator and original artist of Fawcett's ultra-popular Captain Marvel, and scripted by Rod Reed, a Fawcett writer and editor. In 1948, there'd even been two issues of a *Captain Tootsie* comic book! I'd always kind of dug CT's costume, so I asked Herb to adapt it, replacing his big yellow "T" chest symbol with a non-Shazamic lightning bolt. Doc's boots, too, resembled C. Marvel's more than C. Tootsie's—but otherwise our Doc Samson owed no debt to the "ad-hoc" hero. We gave him green hair, to underscore his connection (via his origin) with the Hulk.

As luck would have it, John Severin returned to inking *Hulk* with that issue and helped Len Samson come alive. The story itself may seem a bit truncated—a big origin, then a clash with Ol' Greenskin in which Doc comes off a distinct second and limps off…but the fact that Betty Ross comforts him made up for his loss. I remember enjoying the writing of Betty's line on the last page—"Here…lean on me, just a bit." Doc was so muscle-bound that, if he'd actually leaned on her, he'd have squashed her flatter than Popeye's girlfriend Olive Oyl!

Our next outing, #141, was another fun romp—which accomplished a couple of things I was eager to do. First, I wanted to develop a new version of the Valkyrie, a "female Thor" John Buscema and I had dreamed up for *The Avengers* #83. That "Valkyrie" had been merely a false identity of Thor's Asgardian foe, the Enchantress; but the name, concept, and costume deserved a comeback. I wanted Marvel to have a real super-heroine called the Valkyrie…so Herb and I concocted one. (This would, in turn, lead to a *third* and enduring Valkyrie—same garb, but a different mortal identity—introduced by Steve Englehart and Sal Buscema in *The Defenders* #4.)

I also wanted to feature again the popular real-life journalist Tom Wolfe, whom I'd used briefly, with his permission, in *Dr. Strange* #180. Wolfe had burst on to the scene in the 1960s as a key architect of what some called "the New Journalism," heralding a livelier approach to reporting. Often this amounted to writing about observed events as if one were writing a novel—but, and never more so than in Wolfe's case, with a scrupulous regard for what had actually happened. He was still several years away from authoring his blockbuster work *The Right Stuff*, about the early U.S. space program, let alone his breakthrough novel *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. However, he'd recently written a canny if controversial piece called "Radical Chic," dealing with the relationship between white Establishment liberals and the very anti-Establishment Black Panther Party—more specifically, with a gala gathering thrown in January 1970 by musician Leonard Bernstein and his wife in honor of that radical organization. That party was attended by Wolfe, and he wrote about it in the June 8, 1970, issue of *New York* magazine; it was soon collected in book form. Sometime during this period, Tom and I met in person, when I invited him to be my guest at the first public meeting of the Academy of Comic Book Arts, our fledgling professional group (and I'd prayed that he wouldn't write about *us*—fortunately, he didn't). He and I even discovered that at one point we had briefly dated the same young woman.

The issue's story postulated that a bunch of Park Avenue types would throw a party in support of *another* differently hued, oppressed mass—i.e., the Hulk. Once again Tom allowed himself to be utilized as a character. My favorite sequence is page 14, a six-panel Jules Feifferesque episode in which Herb used artist/production staffer Tony Mortellaro as the model for a hoity-toity type explaining the secret of his success.

Next up was Dr. Doom. I've no idea why Herb skipped penciling *Hulk* #143-144, but we asked darlin' Dick Ayers to step in—and got John Severin to do the inking honors, to keep the look of the book consistent. In the second installment, we tossed Iron Man into the mix; but then I got tied up with other duties and tapped Gary Friedrich to write the actual dialogue.

My intention was to return to scripting *Hulk,* just as Herb was coming back to pencil. But then publisher Martin Goodman suddenly bumped all Marvel's comics up from 32 pages (plus covers) to 48 pages (ditto), meaning that stories went from 19 pages to roughly 33. Something in my schedule had to give, so I turned my basic story idea for #145 over to Len Wein and I concentrated on doing extra-length editions of *The Avengers*, *Conan the Barbarian*, and (as it happened) *The Amazing Spider-Man.*

I had left the Hulk in good hands, and, although I would do a few additional stories about him over the next couple of years, I'd never return to that mag for an extended run as writer.

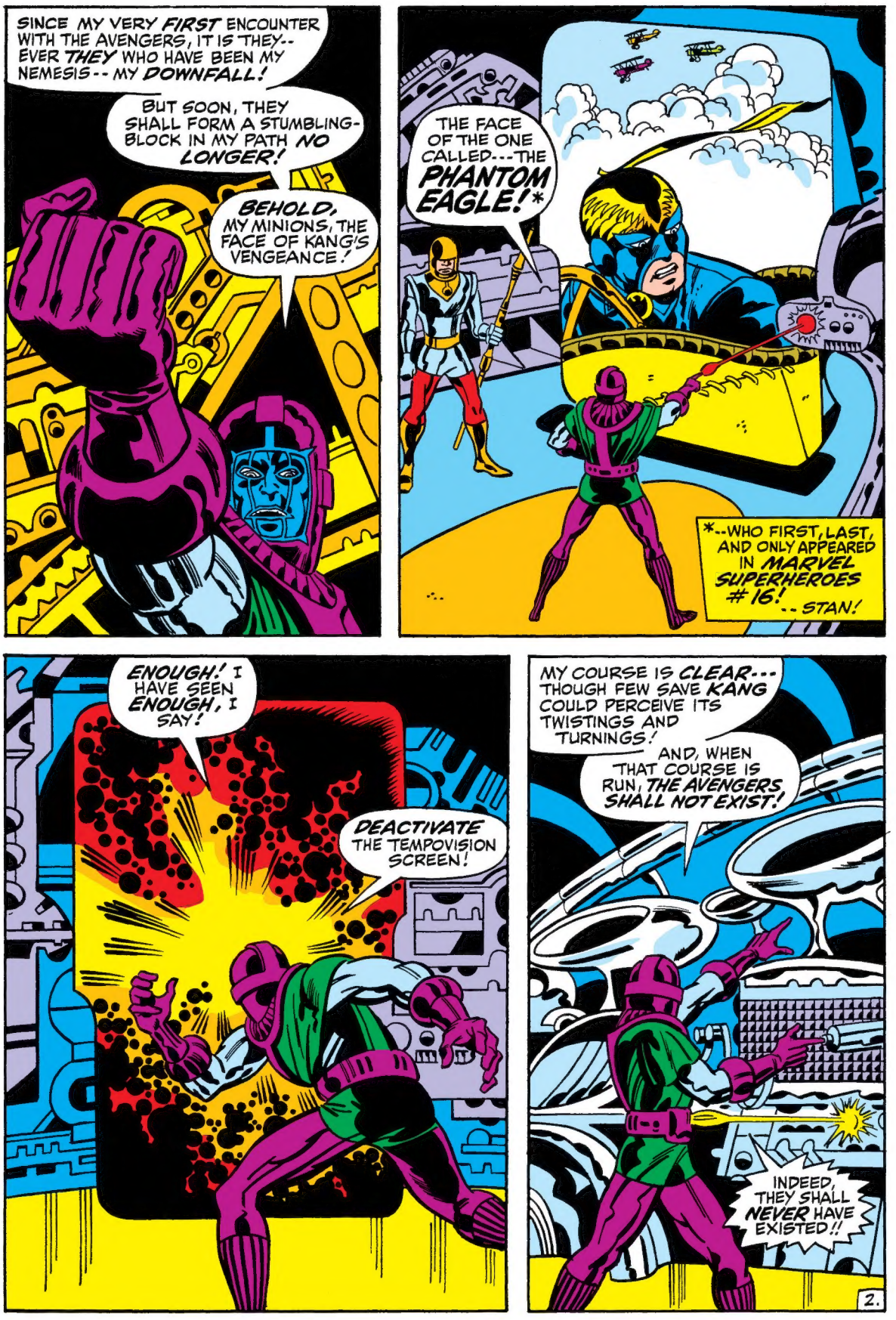
And you know what? I still kinda *miss* the old green golem.

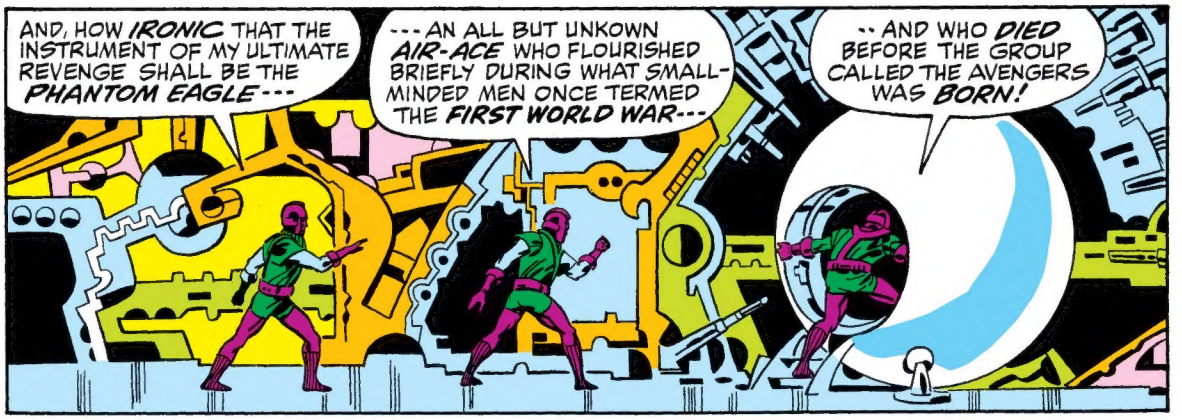
2012

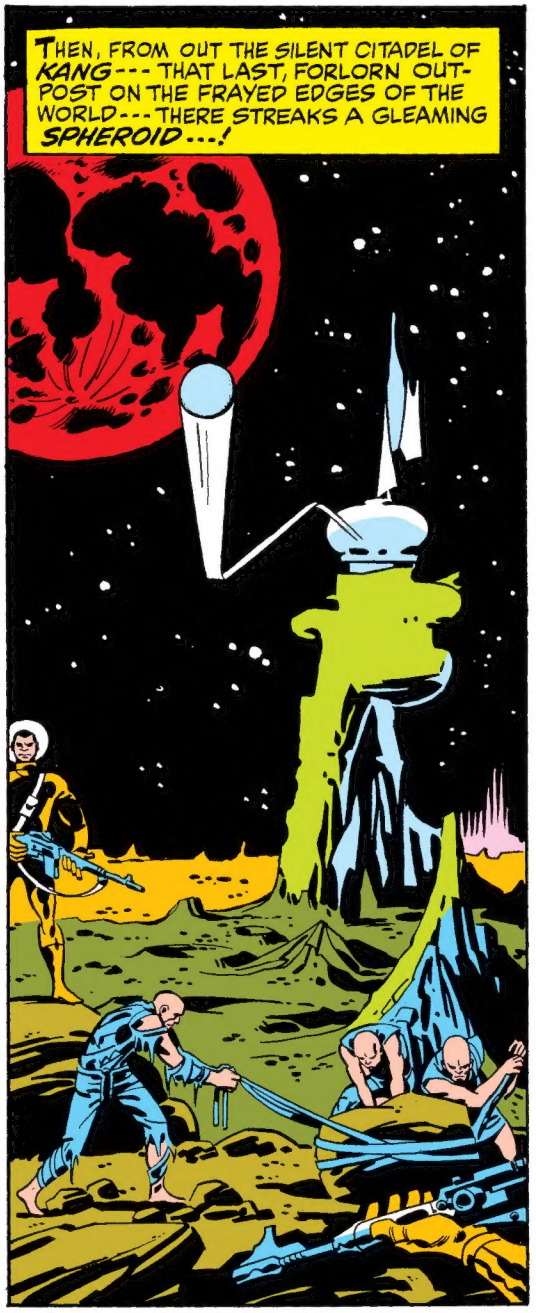
Roy Thomas has written and edited comics, primarily for Marvel and DC, since 1965, and was elected to the Will Eisner Hall of Fame in 2011.

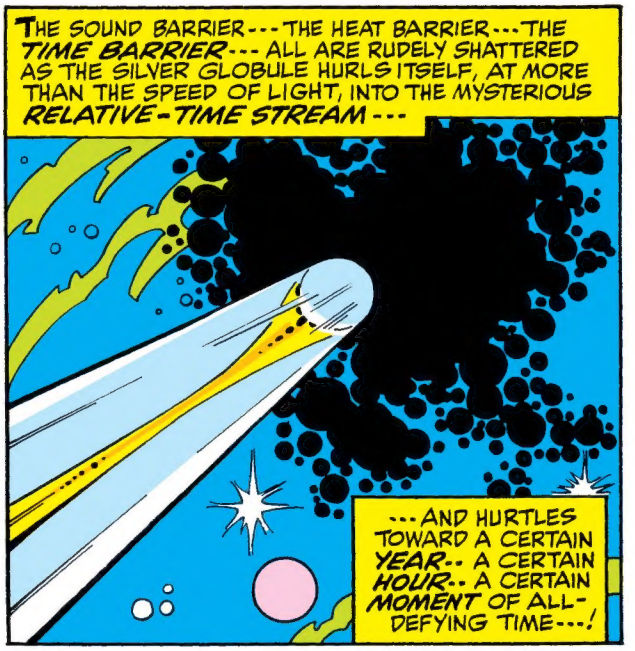
INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢
135
JAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
FOR KANG TO CONQUER, THE HULK MUST DIE...
...IN THE FURY OF-- THE TIME STORM!
AND DON'T MISS THE MOST UNEXPECTED GUEST STAR OF THE YEAR!
TRIMPE

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™
DESCENT INTO THE TIME-STORM!
THE 41ST CENTURY!
NO LONGER IS THE EARTH A GREEN-BEDECKED JEWEL---ITS ONCE-BRIGHT FACE IS POCK-MARKED WITH BOMB-BLASTED CRATERS---
YET, ON THIS DYING WORLD, ONE MAN NOW RAISES HIS VOICE IN JOYFUL TRIUMPH--!
AT LAST ---I HAVE FOUND IT!
THE WAY TO DEFEAT THE ACCURSED AVENGERS--- AND CONQUER THE 20TH CENTURY!
SOON, ALL TIME SHALL BELONG TO--- KANG THE CONQUEROR!
CO-STARRING: THE MOST UNEXPECTED GUEST-STAR OF ALL!!
STAN LEE EDITOR • ROY THOMAS WRITER • HERB TRIMPE ARTIST
SAL BUSCEMA INKER || SAM ROSEN LETTERER

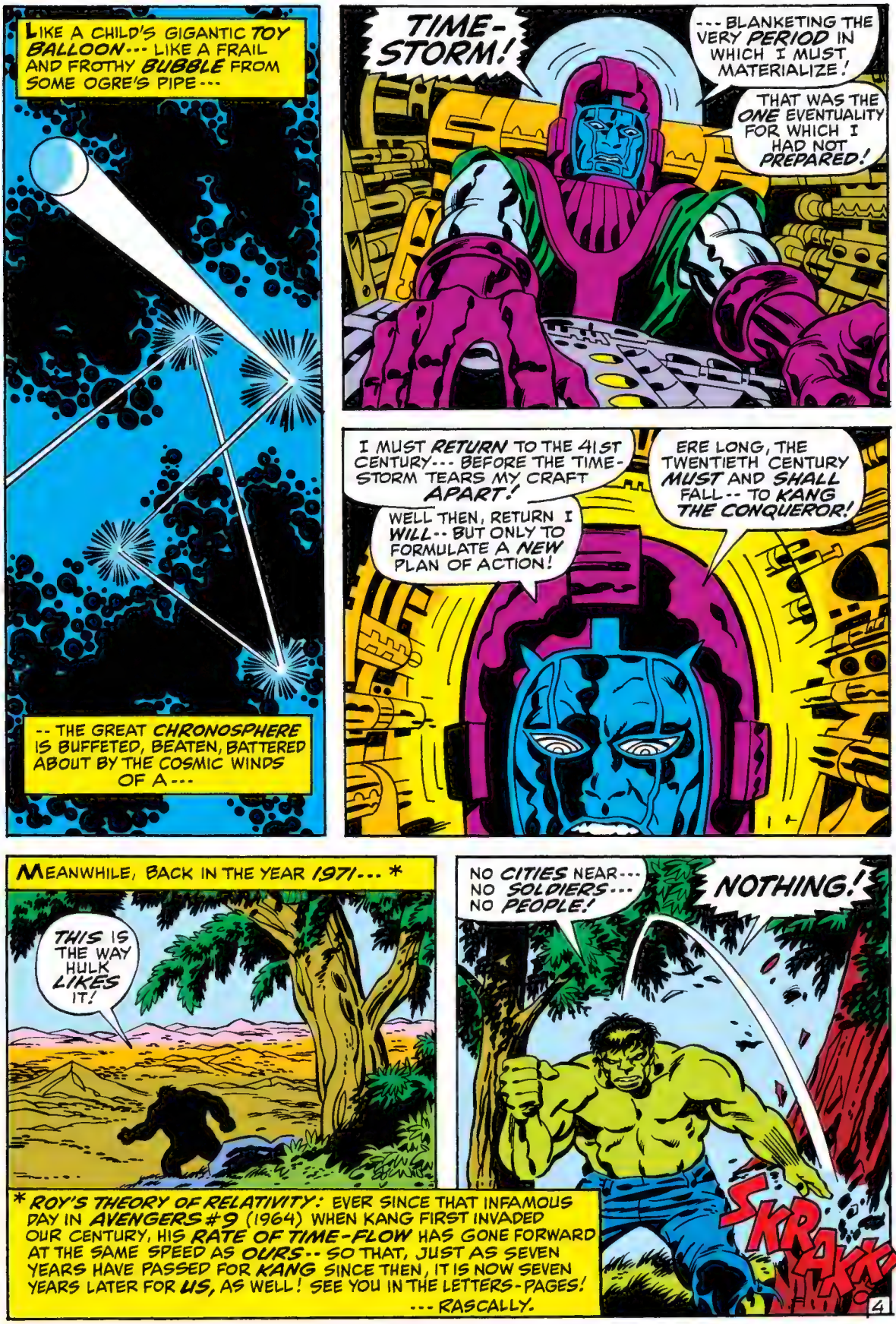

SINCE MY VERY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE AVENGERS, IT IS THEY-- EVER THEY WHO HAVE BEEN MY NEMESIS -- MY DOWNFALL!
BUT SOON, THEY SHALL FORM A STUMBLING-BLOCK IN MY PATH NO LONGER!
BEHOLD, MY MINIONS, THE FACE OF KANG'S VENGEANCE!
THE FACE OF THE ONE CALLED---THE PHANTOM EAGLE!*
*--WHO FIRST, LAST, AND ONLY APPEARED IN MARVEL SUPERHEROES #16! -- STAN!
ENOUGH! I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH, I SAY!
DEACTIVATE THE TEMPOVISION SCREEN!
MY COURSE IS CLEAR--- THOUGH FEW SAVE KANG COULD PERCEIVE ITS TWISTINGS AND TURNINGS!
AND, WHEN THAT COURSE IS RUN, THE AVENGERS SHALL NOT EXIST!
INDEED, THEY SHALL NEVER HAVE EXISTED!!
2.


AND, HOW IRONIC THAT THE INSTRUMENT OF MY ULTIMATE REVENGE SHALL BE THE PHANTOM EAGLE---
---AN ALL BUT UNKOWN AIR-ACE WHO FLOURISHED BRIEFLY DURING WHAT SMALL-MINDED MEN ONCE TERMED THE FIRST WORLD WAR---
--AND WHO DIED BEFORE THE GROUP CALLED THE AVENGERS WAS BORN!

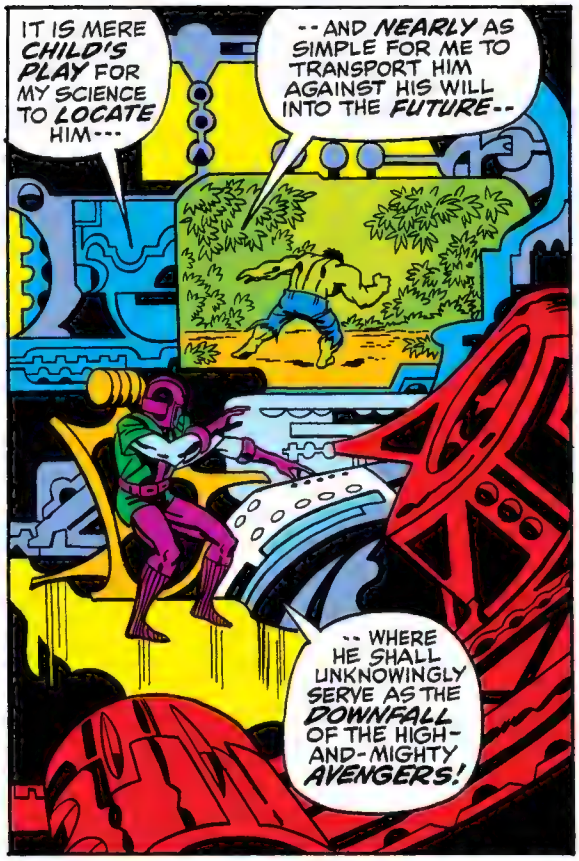

THEN, FROM OUT THE SILENT CITADEL OF KANG--- THAT LAST, FORLORN OUT-POST ON THE FRAYED EDGES OF THE WORLD--- THERE STREAKS A GLEAMING SPHEROID---!


THE SOUND BARRIER--- THE HEAT BARRIER--- THE TIME BARRIER--- ALL ARE RUDELY SHATTERED AS THE SILVER GLOBULE HURLS ITSELF, AT MORE THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT, INTO THE MYSTERIOUS RELATIVE-TIME STREAM---
---AND HURTLES TOWARD A CERTAIN YEAR-- A CERTAIN HOUR-- A CERTAIN MOMENT OF ALL-DEFYING TIME---!

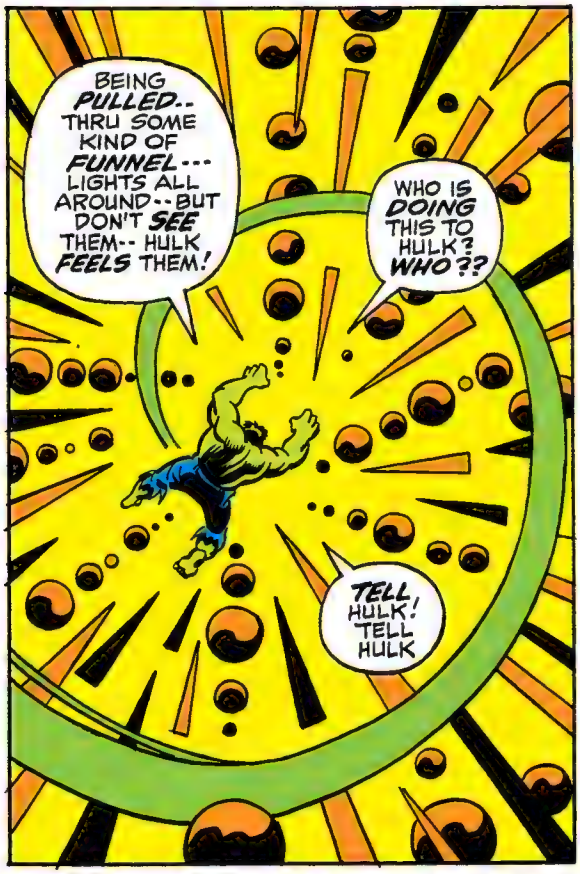
AND THEN, AS THE SHIP NEARS ITS GOAL---
DISASTER!!
3.

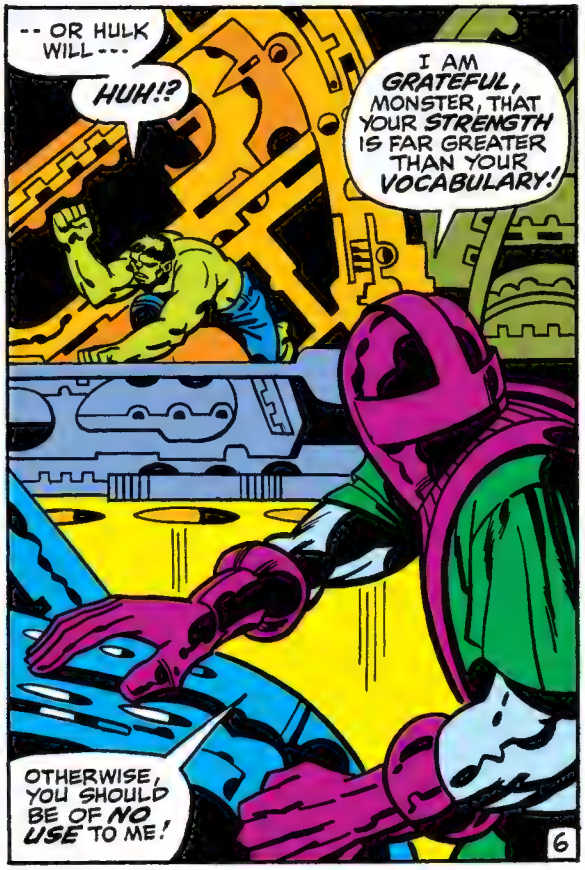

LIKE A CHILD'S GIGANTIC TOY BALLOON--- LIKE A FRAIL AND FROTHY BUBBLE FROM SOME OGRE'S PIPE---
-- THE GREAT CHRONOSPHERE IS BUFFETED, BEATEN, BATTERED ABOUT BY THE COSMIC WINDS OF A---
TIME-STORM!
--- BLANKETING THE VERY PERIOD IN WHICH I MUST MATERIALIZE!
THAT WAS THE ONE EVENTUALITY FOR WHICH I HAD NOT PREPARED!
I MUST RETURN TO THE 41ST CENTURY--- BEFORE THE TIME-STORM TEARS MY CRAFT APART!
WELL THEN, RETURN I WILL-- BUT ONLY TO FORMULATE A NEW PLAN OF ACTION!
ERE LONG, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MUST AND SHALL FALL-- TO KANG THE CONQUEROR!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE YEAR 1971... *
THIS IS THE WAY HULK LIKES IT!
NO CITIES NEAR--- NO SOLDIERS--- NO PEOPLE!
NOTHING!
SKRAKK!
* ROY'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY: EVER SINCE THAT INFAMOUS DAY IN AVENGERS #9 (1964) WHEN KANG FIRST INVADED OUR CENTURY, HIS RATE OF TIME-FLOW HAS GONE FORWARD AT THE SAME SPEED AS OURS-- SO THAT, JUST AS SEVEN YEARS HAVE PASSED FOR KANG SINCE THEN, IT IS NOW SEVEN YEARS LATER FOR US, AS WELL! SEE YOU IN THE LETTERS-PAGES!
--- RASCALLY.

I CANNOT-- I WILL NOT ACCEPT DEFEAT!
BETTER FOR HULK THAT HE IS ALONE--AND BETTER FOR HUMANS!
IF MY CHRONO-SPHERE CANNOT WITHSTAND THE DREADED TIME STORM---
FOR, IF HUMANS DON'T LEAVE HULK ALONE---
--- I MUST FIND SOME-THING, OR SOMEONE, WHO CAN!
--- HULK WILL SMASH THEM!
RAVONNA--- MY BELOVED! IF ONLY YOU WERE HERE TO SOOTHE MY ANGUISHED SOUL!
BUT YOUR SPIRIT LIES IN LIMBO--- SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!
THUS ONLY IN BALD-FACED CONQUEST CAN I FIND RELEASE!
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MUST FALL TO ME! BUT HOW?
BAH! WHY DOES HULK WORRY?
THERE IS NO ONE NEAR--- FOR MANY MILES!
THE HULK!!
IF ANY LIVING THING CAN SURVIVE THE TIME STORM --IT IS HE!
5.


IT IS MERE CHILD'S PLAY FOR MY SCIENCE TO LOCATE HIM---
--AND NEARLY AS SIMPLE FOR ME TO TRANSPORT HIM AGAINST HIS WILL INTO THE FUTURE--
--WHERE HE SHALL UNKNOWINGLY SERVE AS THE DOWNFALL OF THE HIGH-AND-MIGHTY AVENGERS!

THEN, EVEN AS MYSTERY STILL SHROUDS KANG'S CRYPTIC WORDS-- THE FATEFUL SWITCH IS THROWN, AND ---
HUH? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HULK?
GONE! MOUNTAINS-- TREES-- BLUE SKY-- ALL GONE!

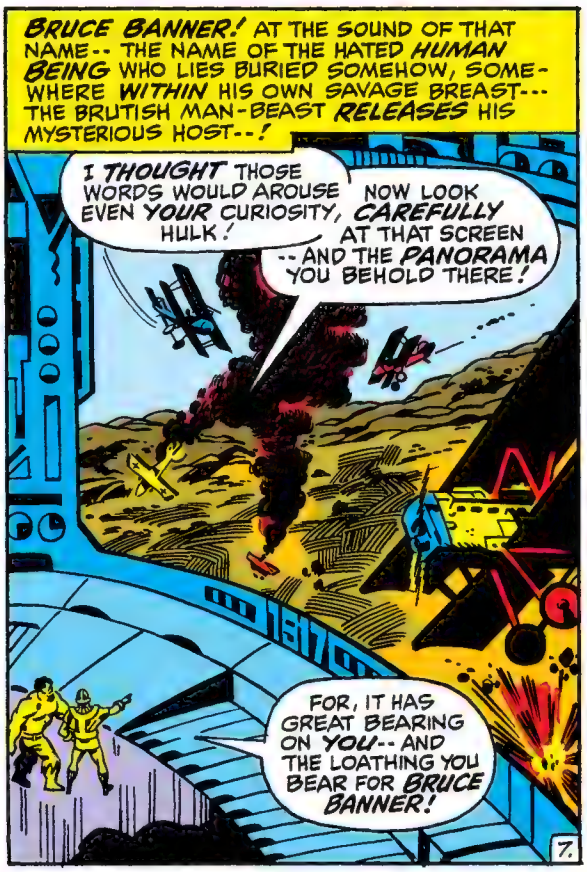

BEING PULLED-- THRU SOME KIND OF FUNNEL--- LIGHTS ALL AROUND--BUT DON'T SEE THEM-- HULK FEELS THEM!
WHO IS DOING THIS TO HULK? WHO??
TELL HULK! TELL HULK

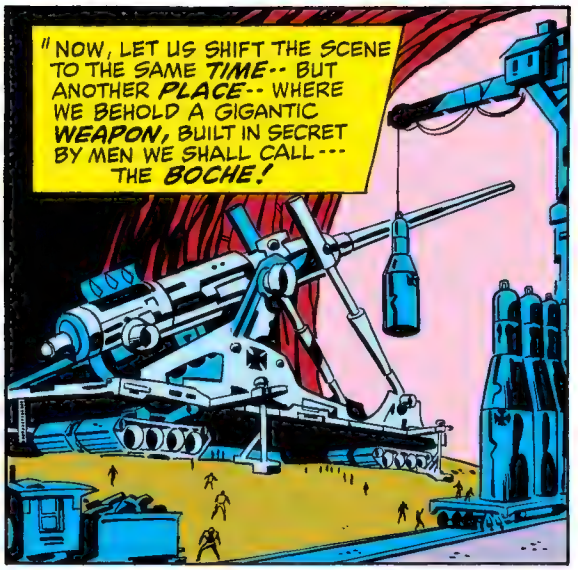

--OR HULK WILL---
HUH!?
I AM GRATEFUL, MONSTER, THAT YOUR STRENGTH IS FAR GREATER THAN YOUR VOCABULARY!
OTHERWISE, YOU SHOULD BE OF NO USE TO ME!

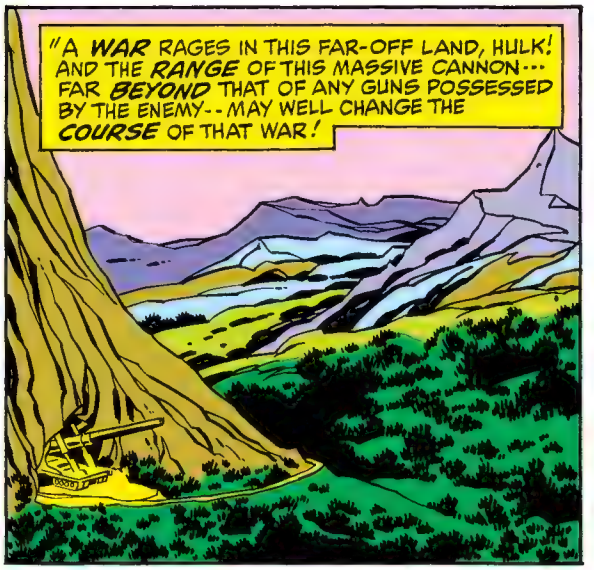
USE TO YOU? WHO ARE YOU-- THAT HULK SHOULD CARE ABOUT YOU?
JUST SEND HULK BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM-- NOW-- IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
DON'T THREATEN ME, YOU BLITHERING LUMMOX!
YOU WHO DO NOT KNOW WHERE YOU ARE-- OR EVEN WHEN YOU ARE--
LISTEN TO ME-- AND HEED THE WORDS OF KANG THE CONQUEROR!

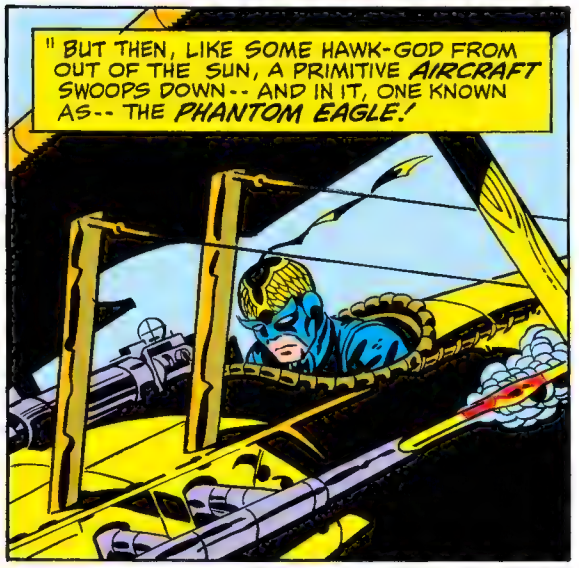
CONQUER? ARE YOU ANOTHER PUNY HUMAN WHO WANTS TO USE HULK--
--TO FIGHT OTHER PUNY HUMANS?

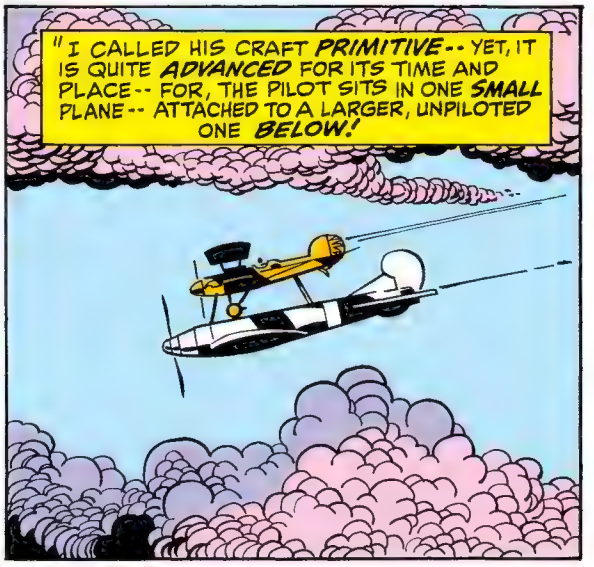
IF YOU ARE--
I SHOULD DESTROY YOU FOR TOUCHING ME, FOOL---
BUT INSTEAD, I'LL MERELY SAY I BROUGHT YOU HERE-- SO YOU COULD DESTROY BRUCE BANNER-- FOREVER!

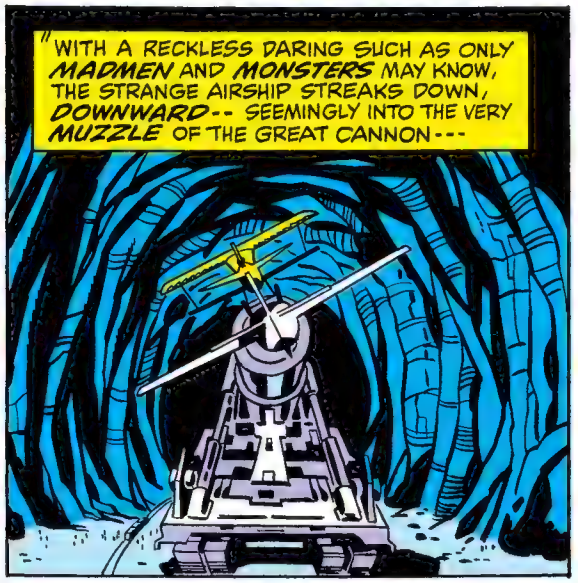

BRUCE BANNER! AT THE SOUND OF THAT NAME-- THE NAME OF THE HATED HUMAN BEING WHO LIES BURIED SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE WITHIN HIS OWN SAVAGE BREAST--- THE BRUTISH MAN-BEAST RELEASES HIS MYSTERIOUS HOST--!
I THOUGHT THOSE WORDS WOULD AROUSE EVEN YOUR CURIOSITY, HULK!
NOW LOOK CAREFULLY AT THAT SCREEN --AND THE PANORAMA YOU BEHOLD THERE!
FOR, IT HAS GREAT BEARING ON YOU-- AND THE LOATHING YOU BEAR FOR BRUCE BANNER!

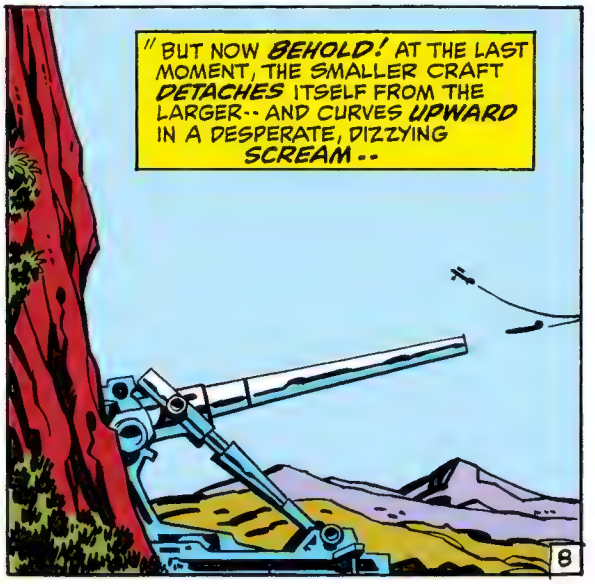

"NOW, LET US SHIFT THE SCENE TO THE SAME TIME-- BUT ANOTHER PLACE-- WHERE WE BEHOLD A GIGANTIC WEAPON, BUILT IN SECRET BY MEN WE SHALL CALL--- THE BOCHE!


"A WAR RAGES IN THIS FAR-OFF LAND, HULK! AND THE RANGE OF THIS MASSIVE CANNON--- FAR BEYOND THAT OF ANY GUNS POSSESSED BY THE ENEMY--MAY WELL CHANGE THE COURSE OF THAT WAR!


"BUT THEN, LIKE SOME HAWK-GOD FROM OUT OF THE SUN, A PRIMITIVE AIRCRAFT SWOOPS DOWN-- AND IN IT, ONE KNOWN AS-- THE PHANTOM EAGLE!


"I CALLED HIS CRAFT PRIMITIVE-- YET, IT IS QUITE ADVANCED FOR ITS TIME AND PLACE-- FOR, THE PILOT SITS IN ONE SMALL PLANE-- ATTACHED TO A LARGER, UNPILOTED ONE BELOW!


"WITH A RECKLESS DARING SUCH AS ONLY MADMEN AND MONSTERS MAY KNOW, THE STRANGE AIRSHIP STREAKS DOWN, DOWNWARD-- SEEMINGLY INTO THE VERY MUZZLE OF THE GREAT CANNON---


"BUT NOW BEHOLD! AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE SMALLER CRAFT DETACHES ITSELF FROM THE LARGER-- AND CURVES UPWARD IN A DESPERATE, DIZZYING SCREAM--

"..AS THE LARGER CRAFT--AND THE DEADLY BOMBS IT CARRIES--DO THEIR WORK!!"
VAA-SHOOM!
TOO NOISY! SOUNDS HURTS HULK'S EARS!
WHY DO YOU SHOW A ALL THIS? WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH HULK?
THIS! I KNOW YOU HATE BRUCE BANNER --BECAUSE HE ALWAYS KEPT YOU PRISONER!
I ALSO KNOW THAT IF YOU DESTROY THE PHANTOM EAGLE--BANNER TOO WILL PERISH!!
STOP! TOO MUCH FOR HULK--TO SORT IT ALL OUT--!
THEN DO NOT TRY, MY GREEN-SKINNED ALLY!
SIMPLY TRUST ME--AND SMASH THE MASKED PILOT! WHAT HAVE YOU TO LOSE?
NOTHING! THEN--HULK WILL HELP YOU--WILL SMASH PILOT!
BUT--IF YOU LIE TO HULK--HULK WILL COME BACK TO SMASH YOU, TOO!
FAIR ENOUGH!
NOW BE SEATED OVER THERE--AND I WILL SEND YOU TO WHERE THE PHANTOM EAGLE FLIES!
DON'T KNOW WHY--HULK HAS TO SIT HERE--LIKE A WEAK HUMAN!
I AM AFRAID HE IS BEYOND THE REACH OF EVEN YOUR MIGHTY LEGS, MY FRIEND!
JUST TELL HULK WHERE EAGLE IS--AND HULK WILL JUMP THERE!
NOW SIT STILL, AND--AHH, YOU ARE FADING--FADING--!
"AND NOW YOU ARE GONE--BACK INTO TIME ITSELF--AND YOU CAN NO LONGER HEAR ME, CAN YOU, HULK? CAN YOU?!
9

"YES, HULK--PLUNGE RIGHT INTO THE MIDST OF THE TIME-STORM--THAT INEXPLICABLE PHENOMENON WHICH LIES LIKE A BROODING CLOUD OVER THE YEAR 1917--

"...WHICH SHALL LIE THERE FOREVER--BECAUSE 1917 WILL ALWAYS BE 1917--AND THUS I MYSELF CAN NEVER HOPE TO REACH IT!

"AH, BUT YOU, HULK--YOU THUNDER AHEAD--SNARLING, RAGING, YET STRANGELY THRILLED BY THE PROSPECT OF BATTLE--!

"WOULD YOU FEEL SO, IF YOU KNEW THAT BRUCE BANNER'S GRANDFATHER WAS FRENCH--THAT HE FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES IN 1917--?

"BEWARE, HULK! AHH... TOO LATE... BUT YOU STILL LIVE!

"OR, WOULD YOU REJOICE TO LEARN THAT, IF THAT CANNON IS NOT DESTROYED, BANNER'S ANCESTOR IS DESTINED TO DIE BENEATH IT'S FEARFUL BARRAGE? KEEP FIGHTING, HULK! DO NOT DESPAIR NOW--WHEN YOU'RE SO CLOSE--!

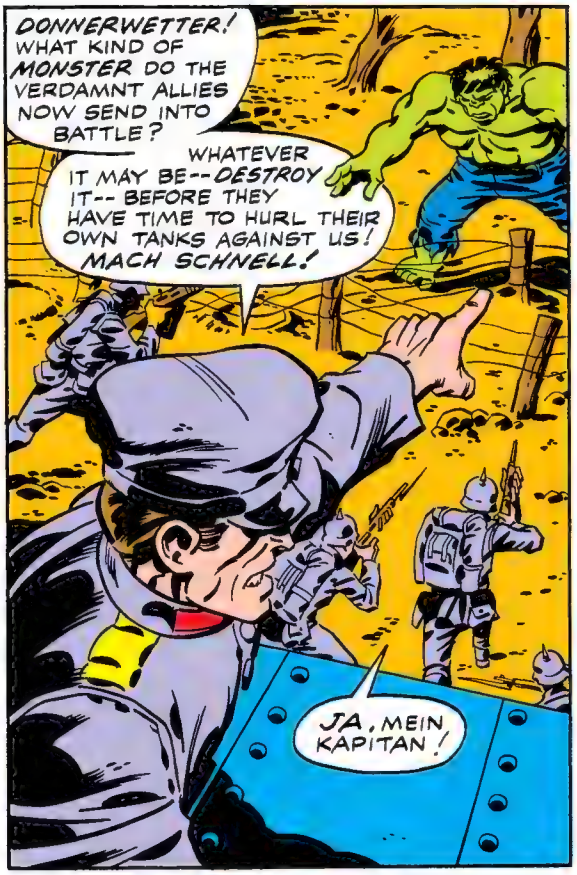
"AND, IF THAT UNMARRIED ANCESTOR DIES--THERE WILL NEVER BE A BRUCE BANNER--OR A GAMMA-RAY-SPAWNED HULK!

"NOR SHALL ANY NOBLE HEROES BAND TOGETHER TO FIGHT THE HULK--AND FORM THE ACCURSED GROUP KNOWN AS THE AVENGERS!

"AND, SINCE NO LONE HERO COULD HAVE STOOD IN 1964 AGAINST THE POWER OF KANG--THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SHALL BE MINE FOR THE TAKING!!

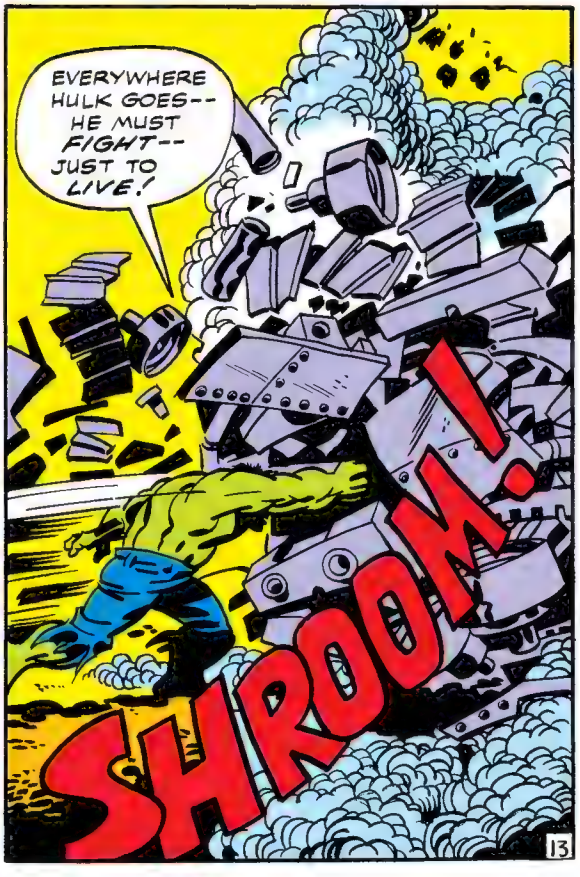
"THAT'S IT, HULK! I CAN SENSE IT--YOU HAVE BROKEN THRU THE TIME-STORM NOW--

"--AND ARE HURLED INTO THE MIDST OF AN EVEN GREATER STORM--
--INTO THE BEDLAM OF A PLANET GONE BERSERK
--AS TWO BREEDS OF MANKIND, DIFFERING ONLY IN THE COLORS OF THEIR UNIFORMS, CLAW AND GASP AND DIE FOR MEAGER INCHES OF TERRITORY
--AS AN INSANE TECHNOLOGY, A PERVERTED SCIENCE, SERVE AS MIDWIVES TO THE LOATHSOME HELLSPAWN KNOWN AS TOTAL WAR--
"--AS A CIVILIZATION, A WAY OF LIFE, A DREAM OF PEACE, ARE BLASTED INTO ATOMS BY THE MADNESS WHICH MEN WILL ONE DAY CALL--
WORLD WAR ONE!!

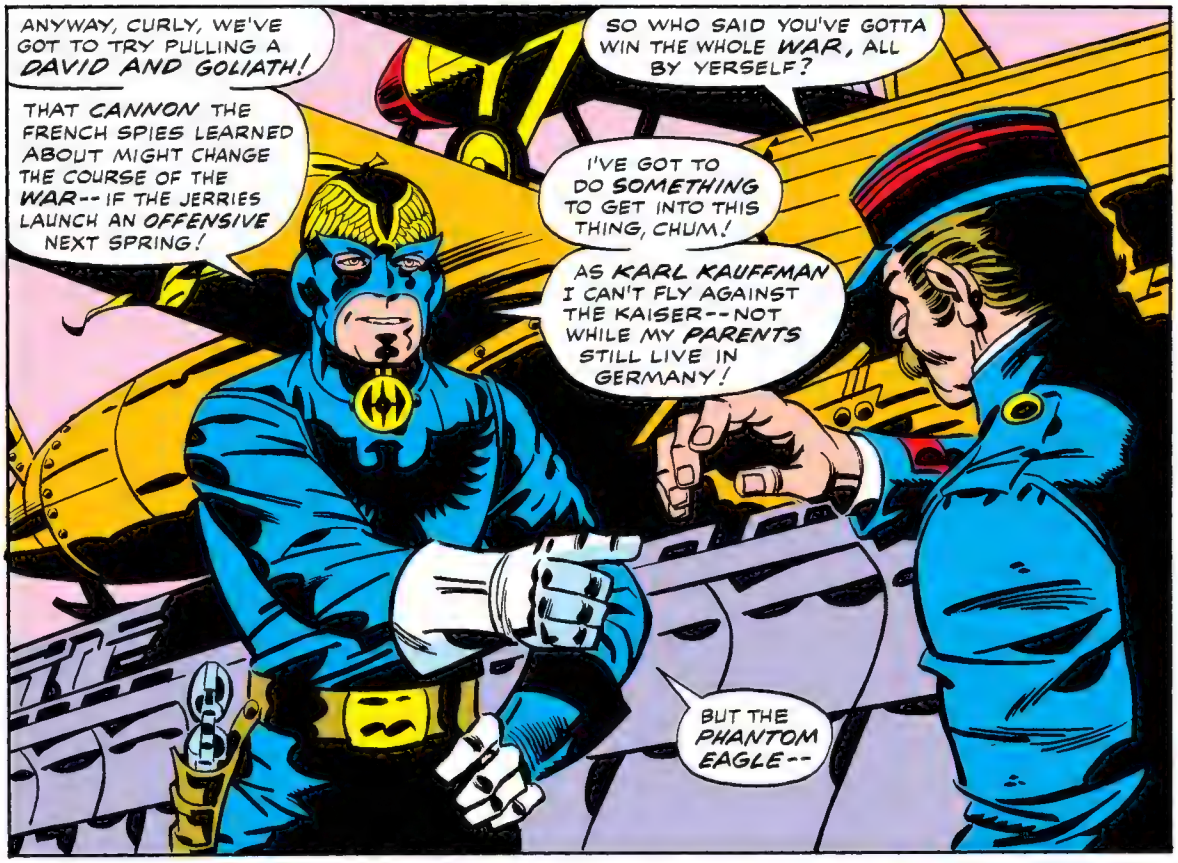

DONNERWETTER! WHAT KIND OF MONSTER DO THE VERDAMNT ALLIES NOW SEND INTO BATTLE?
WHATEVER IT MAY BE--DESTROY IT-- BEFORE THEY HAVE TIME TO HURL THEIR OWN TANKS AGAINST US! MACH SCHNELL!
JA, MEIN KAPITAN!

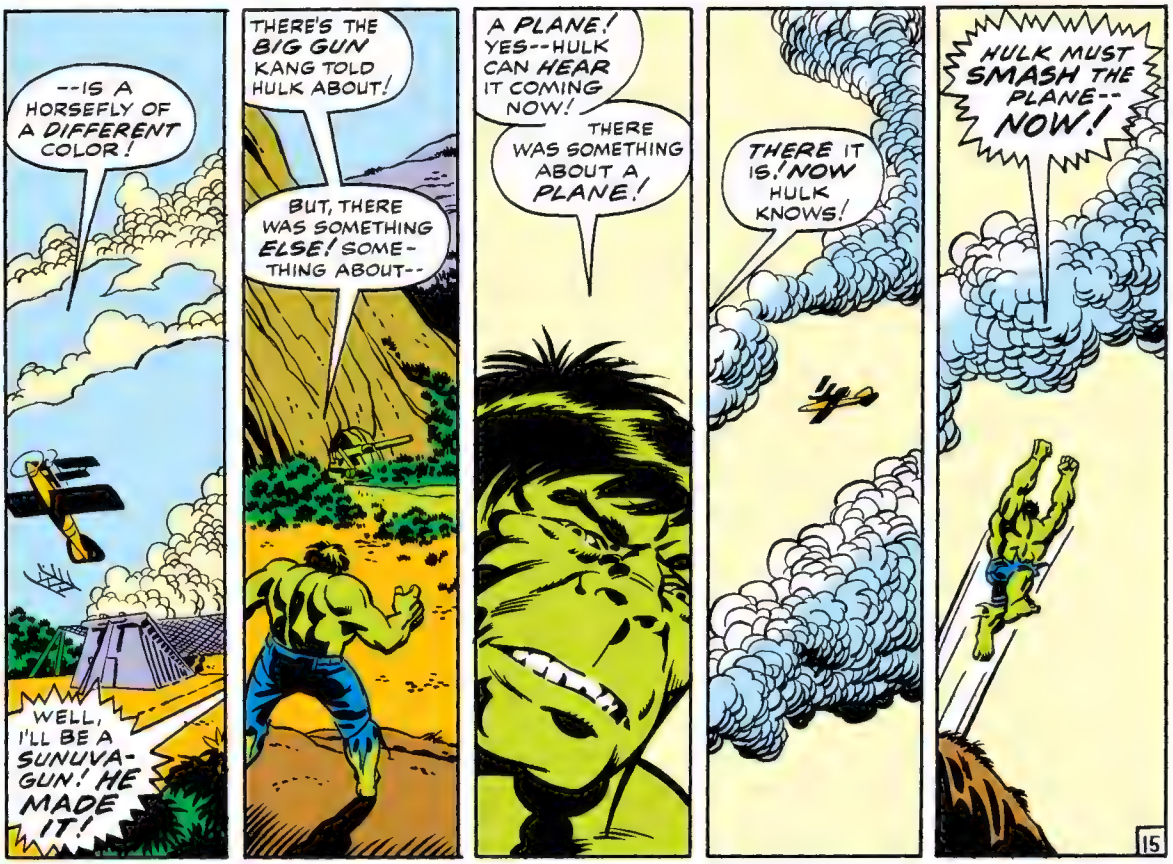
HULK STILL DOESN'T KNOW --JUST WHAT PLACE THIS IS!
BRAKKA-THOW!
BUT-- WHAT DOES IT MATTER? WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
12

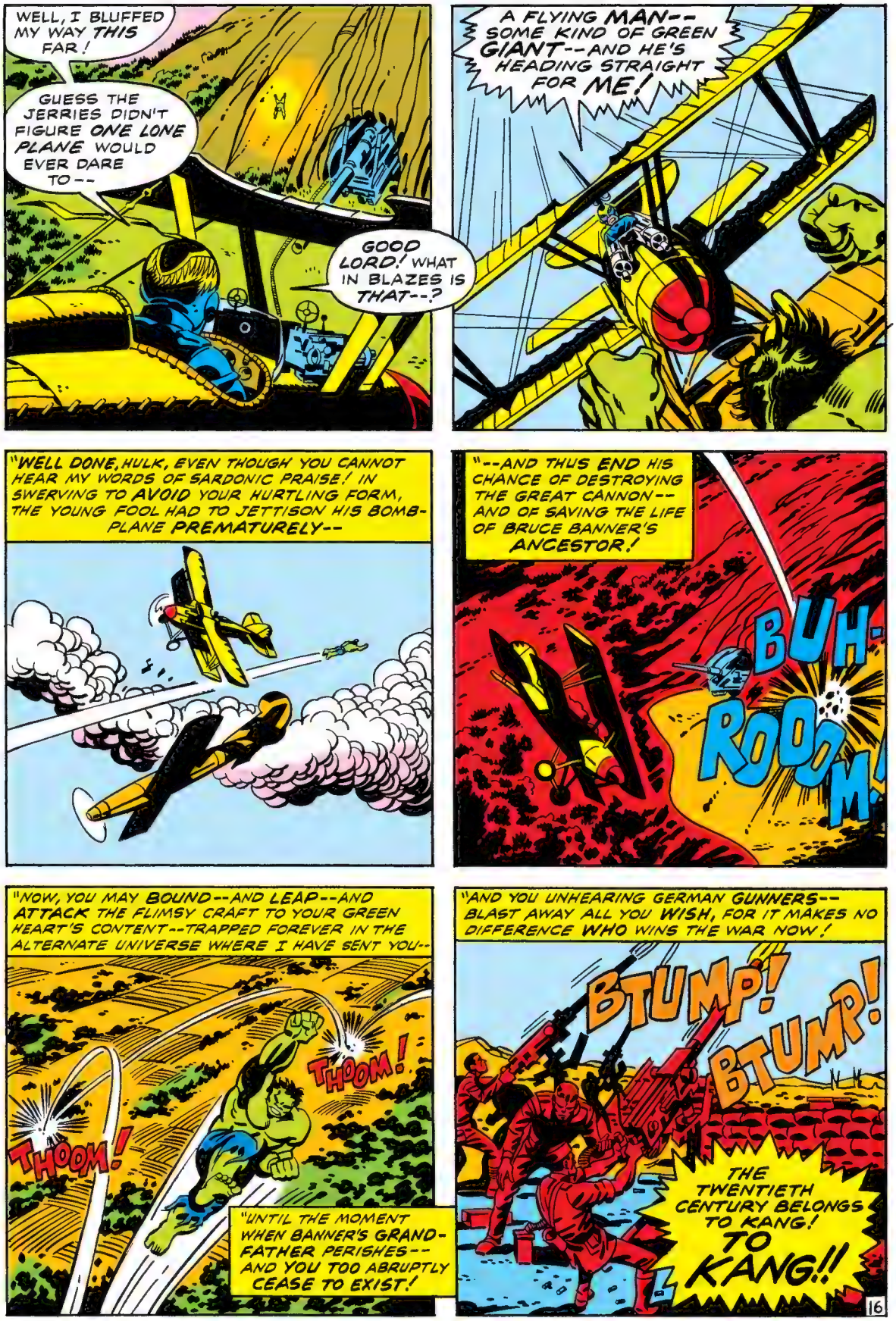
EVERYWHERE HULK GOES-- MEN SHOOT AT HIM--TRY TO HURT HIM!
BOKKA-BOKKA!


EVERYWHERE HULK GOES-- HE MUST FIGHT-- JUST TO LIVE!
SHROOM!
13

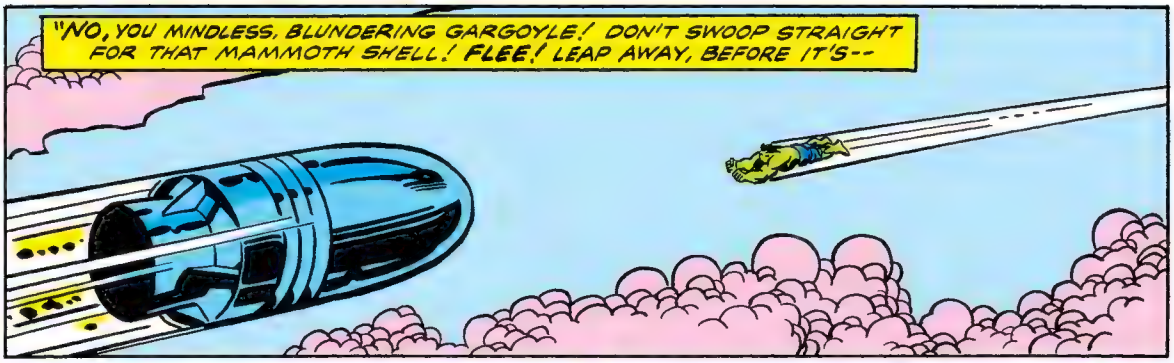
WELL, IF HULK MUST FIGHT--
--THEN HULK WILL FIGHT--
--TILL MEN LEARN TO LEAVE HULK ALONE!!
THAT'S ALL HULK WANTS--FOR MEN TO LET HIM BE!
BUT NOW--THERE IS SOMEWHERE HULK MUST GO--A TASK HE MUST DO--
--IF HULK CAN JUST REMEMBER --WHAT IT IS!
"THAT'S IT, YOU BRAINLESS BEHEMOTH! LUMBER OFF--LEAVING BEHIND YOU A MASS OF WRECKAGE AND RUBBLE --WHILE AHEAD OF YOU LIES A FATE YOU CANNOT BEGIN TO COMPREHEND --THE DREADED FATE OF COMPLETE OBLIVION--OF TOTAL NON-EXISTENCE!
"WHILE, SOME MILES BEHIND THE FRONT AT A TINY HIDDEN AIRFIELD--SAFE FROM THE EYES OF ALL BUT KANG--
I TELL YA, BOSS--I DON'T GO FOR THIS CRAZY TOM SWIFT STUFF!
WHY, LOOK AT THIS OVER-SIZED SLING-SHOT YOU BUILT!
AND THAT PLANE-ON-TOP-OF-A-PLANE! IT MAY LOOK FANCY, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET IT OFF THE GROUND!
SEEMS TO ME A COUPLE OF GUYS NAMED ORVILLE AND WILBUR HEARD THAT SAME SOFT-SHOE ROUTINE!!

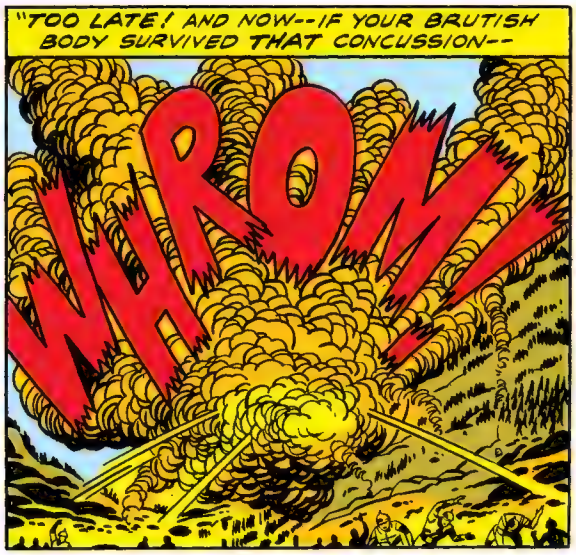

ANYWAY, CURLY, WE'VE GOT TO TRY PULLING A DAVID AND GOLIATH!
THAT CANNON THE FRENCH SPIES LEARNED ABOUT MIGHT CHANGE THE COURSE OF THE WAR--IF THE JERRIES LAUNCH AN OFFENSIVE NEXT SPRING!
SO WHO SAID YOU'VE GOTTA WIN THE WHOLE WAR, ALL BY YERSELF?
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO GET INTO THIS THING, CHUM!
AS KARL KAUFFMAN I CAN'T FLY AGAINST THE KAISER--NOT WHILE MY PARENTS STILL LIVE IN GERMANY!
BUT THE PHANTOM EAGLE--

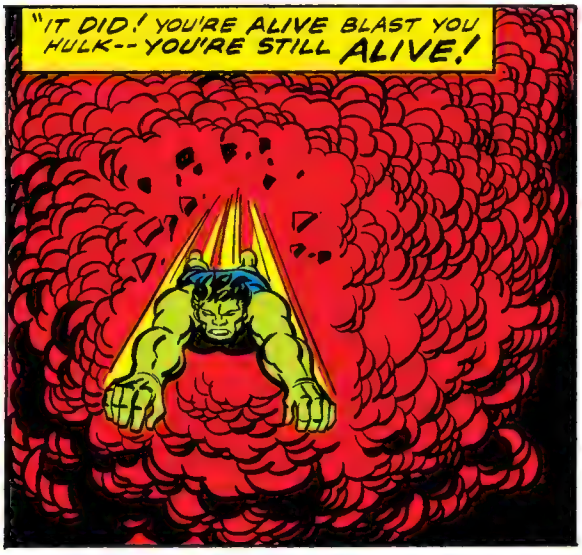

--IS A HORSEFLY OF A DIFFERENT COLOR!
WELL, I'LL BE A SUNUVA-GUN! HE MADE IT!
THERE'S THE BIG GUN KANG TOLD HULK ABOUT!
BUT, THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE! SOME-THING ABOUT--
A PLANE! YES--HULK CAN HEAR IT COMING NOW!
THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT A PLANE!
THERE IT IS! NOW HULK KNOWS!
HULK MUST SMASH THE PLANE--NOW!

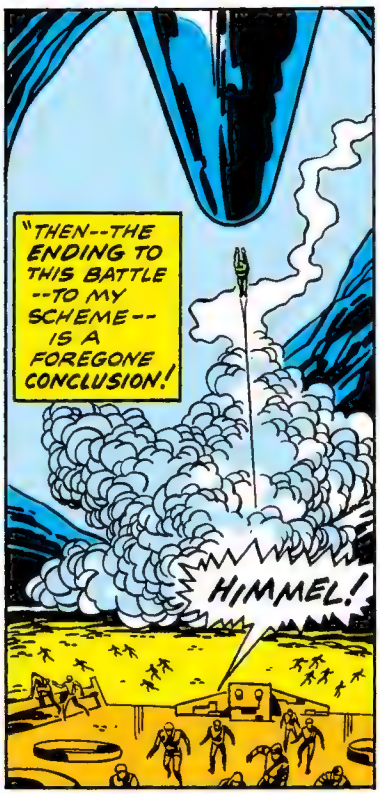

WELL, I BLUFFED MY WAY THIS FAR!
GUESS THE JERRIES DIDN'T FIGURE ONE LONE PLANE WOULD EVER DARE TO--
GOOD LORD! WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT--?
A FLYING MAN-- SOME KIND OF GREEN GIANT--AND HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME!
"WELL DONE, HULK, EVEN THOUGH YOU CANNOT HEAR MY WORDS OF SARDONIC PRAISE! IN SWERVING TO AVOID YOUR HURTLING FORM, THE YOUNG FOOL HAD TO JETTISON HIS BOMB-PLANE PREMATURELY--
"--AND THUS END HIS CHANCE OF DESTROYING THE GREAT CANNON-- AND OF SAVING THE LIFE OF BRUCE BANNER'S ANCESTOR!
BUH-
ROOOM!
"NOW, YOU MAY BOUND--AND LEAP--AND ATTACK THE FLIMSY CRAFT TO YOUR GREEN HEART'S CONTENT--TRAPPED FOREVER IN THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSE WHERE I HAVE SENT YOU--
THOOM!
THOOM!
"UNTIL THE MOMENT WHEN BANNER'S GRAND-FATHER PERISHES-- AND YOU TOO ABRUPTLY CEASE TO EXIST!
"AND YOU UNHEARING GERMAN GUNNERS-- BLAST AWAY ALL YOU WISH, FOR IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHO WINS THE WAR NOW!
BTUMP!
BTUMP!
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BELONGS TO KANG!
TO KANG!!

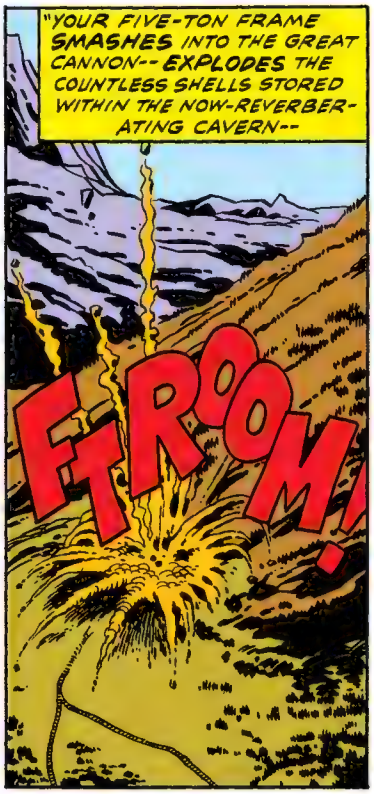
"BUT--STOP, HULK! DO NOT LEAP IN THAT DIRECTION--WHERE THE ENEMY SHELLS FROM BELOW WILL STRIKE YOU!
OWWW!
PTING!
ZING!
THOSE ARE--BIG BULLETS! THEY STING, HULK!
AND HULK DOES NOT LIKE TO BE STUNG!
MEIN GOTT! THE FLYING MONSTER IS DIVING TOWARDS THE CANNON!
HE THINKS IT WAS THEY WHO FIRED AT HIM--NOT WE!
WELL, THEY WILL SOON OBLITERATE HIM! SEHR GUT!
SCHNELL! SCHNELL! MAKE READY TO FIRE THE CANNON!
JA, MEIN HERR! THE WEAPON WAS ALREADY SET TO FIRE!
WHATEVER ELSE HE MAY BE--THE GREEN SCHWEIN-HUND SHALL BE ITS FIRST VICTIM!
FIRE!
FROOOOOM!

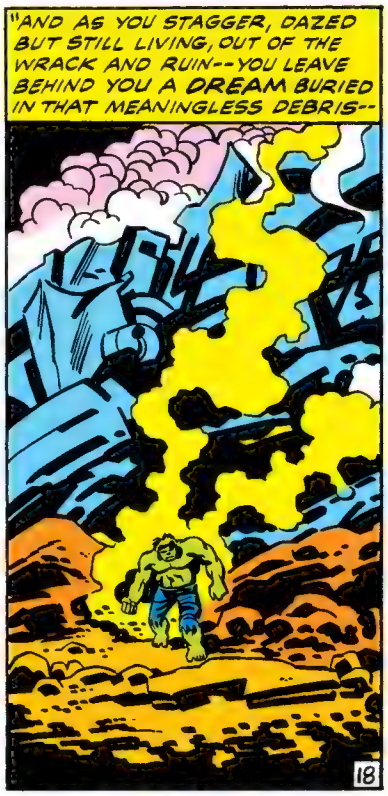

"NO, YOU MINDLESS, BLUNDERING GARGOYLE! DON'T SWOOP STRAIGHT FOR THAT MAMMOTH SHELL! FLEE! LEAP AWAY, BEFORE IT'S--

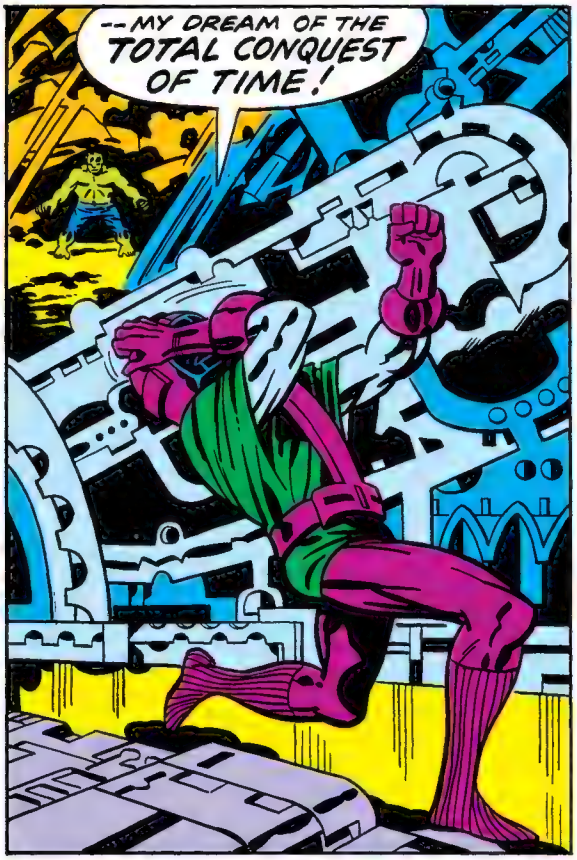

"TOO LATE! AND NOW--IF YOUR BRUTISH BODY SURVIVED THAT CONCUSSION--
WHOM


"IT DID! YOU'RE ALIVE BLAST YOU HULK--YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!


"THEN--THE ENDING TO THIS BATTLE --TO MY SCHEME-- IS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION!
HIMMEL!


"YOUR FIVE-TON FRAME SMASHES INTO THE GREAT CANNON--EXPLODES THE COUNTLESS SHELLS STORED WITHIN THE NOW-REVERBERATING CAVERN--
FTROOM!

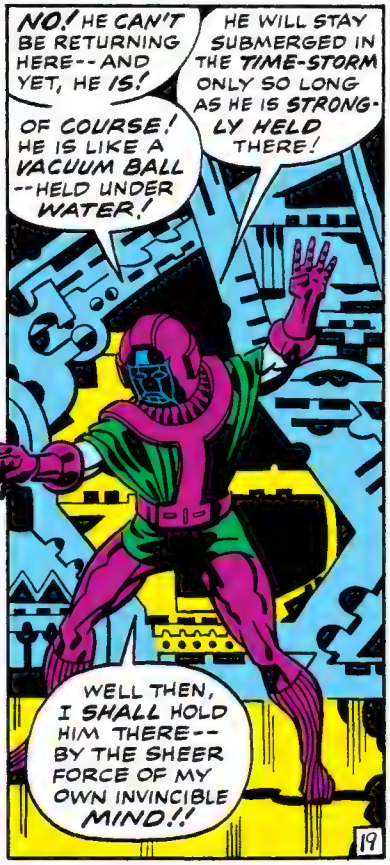

"AND AS YOU STAGGER, DAZED BUT STILL LIVING, OUT OF THE WRACK AND RUIN--YOU LEAVE BEHIND YOU A DREAM BURIED IN THAT MEANINGLESS DEBRIS--
18

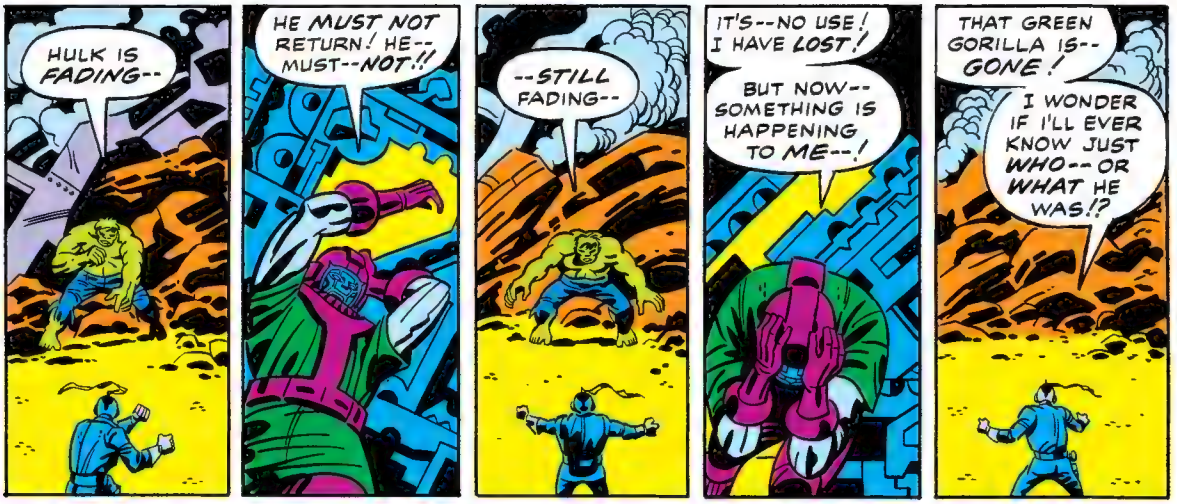

--MY DREAM OF THE TOTAL CONQUEST OF TIME!

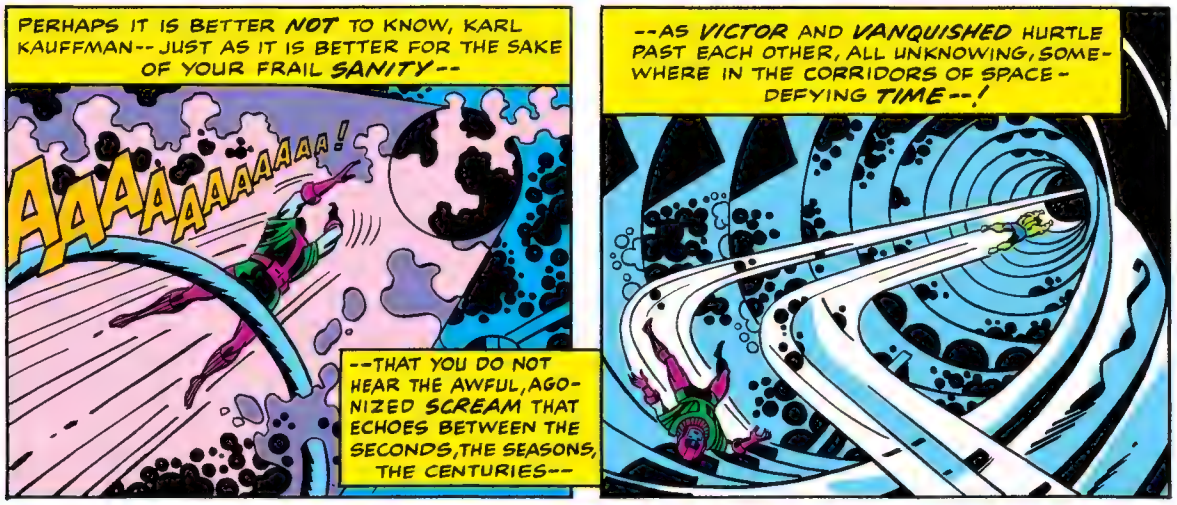
BUT YOU SHALL PAY, HULK!
YOU SHALL PAY AS NO MAN-- NO MONSTER EVER PAID BEFORE!
YOU SHALL LIVE OUT YOUR ENTIRE LIFE AMID THE TIME-FLOW WHERE YOU NOW EXIST--
--AND BECOME THE FIRST CREATURE EVER TO DIE--BEFORE HE IS TRULY BORN!!

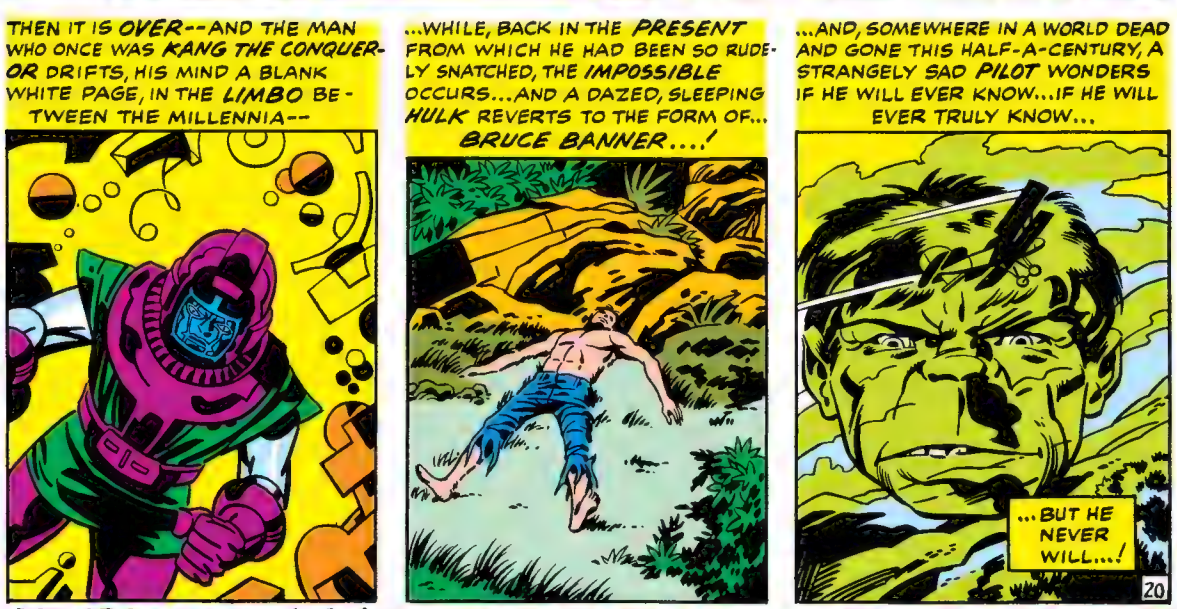
BUT NOW, IF KANG'S BITTER IRONY IS LOST ON YOU, DON'T WORRY--FOR, THE MATTER IS ABOUT TO BECOME ACADEMIC, AS--
MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE LANDED--HOPPED RIGHT OUT OF THE FRYING PAN--
BUT THAT BIG GREEN GALOOT ACCOMPLISHED MY MISSION FOR ME--AND I'VE GOT TO SEE IF HE NEEDS HELP!
HEY THERE--FELLA--CAN I--?
YOU! STAY BACK --OR HULK WILL SMASH!

HULK DOESN'T NEED YOUR HELP--DOESN'T WANT YOUR HELP--JUST WANTS--
HUH? HULK FEELS FUNNY! HULK IS--FADING AWAY--!


NO! HE CAN'T BE RETURNING HERE--AND YET, HE IS!
OF COURSE! HE IS LIKE A VACUUM BALL --HELD UNDER WATER!
HE WILL STAY SUBMERGED IN THE TIME-STORM ONLY SO LONG AS HE IS STRONGLY HELD THERE!
WELL THEN, I SHALL HOLD HIM THERE--BY THE SHEER FORCE OF MY OWN INVINCIBLE MIND!!


HULK IS FADING--
HE MUST NOT RETURN! HE--MUST--NOT!!
--STILL FADING--
IT'S--NO USE! I HAVE LOST!
BUT NOW--SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO ME--!
THAT GREEN GORILLA IS--GONE!
I WONDER IF I'LL EVER KNOW JUST WHO--OR WHAT HE WAS!?

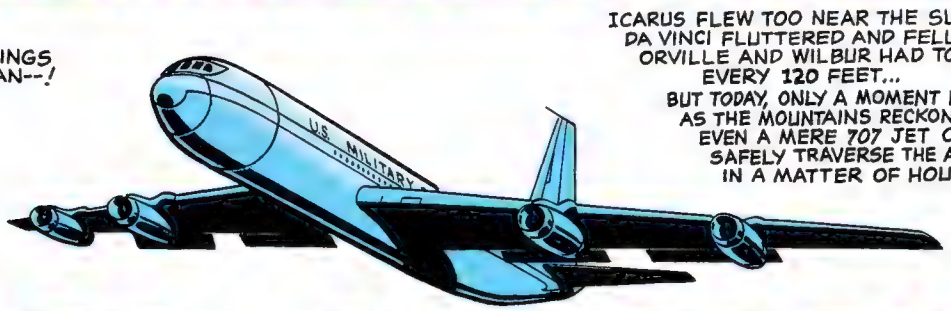

PERHAPS IT IS BETTER NOT TO KNOW, KARL KAUFFMAN--JUST AS IT IS BETTER FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR FRAIL SANITY--
AAAAAAAAAA!
--THAT YOU DO NOT HEAR THE AWFUL, AGONIZED SCREAM THAT ECHOES BETWEEN THE SECONDS, THE SEASONS, THE CENTURIES--
--AS VICTOR AND VANQUISHED HURTLE PAST EACH OTHER, ALL UNKNOWING, SOMEWHERE IN THE CORRIDORS OF SPACE-DEFYING TIME--!


THEN IT IS OVER--AND THE MAN WHO ONCE WAS KANG THE CONQUEROR DRIFTS, HIS MIND A BLANK WHITE PAGE, IN THE LIMBO BETWEEN THE MILLENNIA--
...WHILE, BACK IN THE PRESENT FROM WHICH HE HAD BEEN SO RUDELY SNATCHED, THE IMPOSSIBLE OCCURS...AND A DAZED, SLEEPING HULK REVERTS TO THE FORM OF... BRUCE BANNER....!
...AND, SOMEWHERE IN A WORLD DEAD AND GONE THIS HALF-A-CENTURY, A STRANGELY SAD PILOT WONDERS IF HE WILL EVER KNOW...IF HE WILL EVER TRULY KNOW...
...BUT HE NEVER WILL...!

NEXT: DOWN TO THE EARTH IN SHIPS!

INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢
136
FEB
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER SURVIVE THE ATTACK OF-- XERON, THE STAR-SLAYER!
HULK-- CAN! HULK-- MUST!!
TRIMPE
AND IF YOU THINK XERON IS SOMETHING ELSE, WAIT'LL YOU LAY YOUR AWE-STRUCK EYES ON--
THE BEHEMOTH

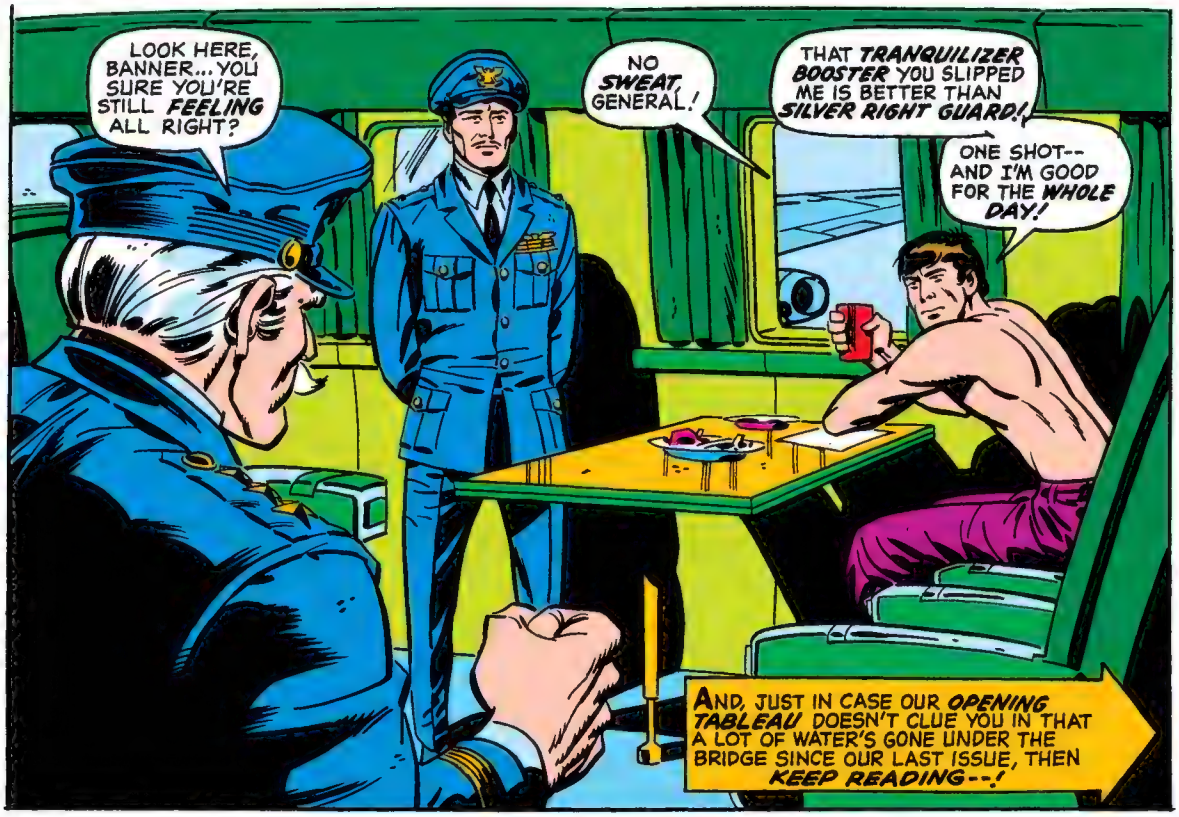
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

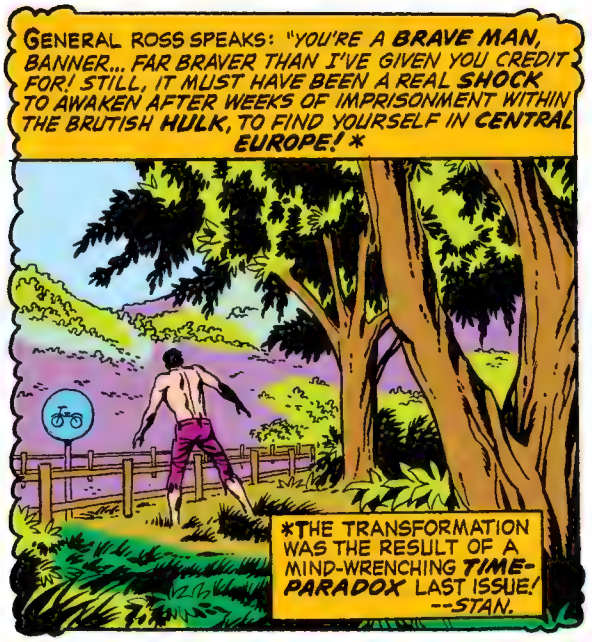

THE WINGS OF MAN--!
ICARUS FLEW TOO NEAR THE SUN... DA VINCI FLUTTERED AND FELL... ORVILLE AND WILBUR HAD TO LAND EVERY 120 FEET...
BUT TODAY, ONLY A MOMENT LATER AS THE MOUNTAINS RECKON TIME, EVEN A MERE 707 JET CAN SAFELY TRAVERSE THE ATLANTIC IN A MATTER OF HOURS...
U.S. MILITARY

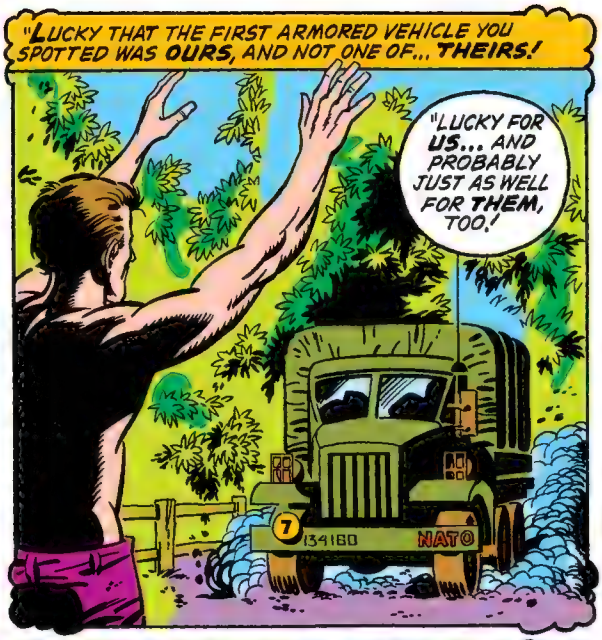
KLAATU!

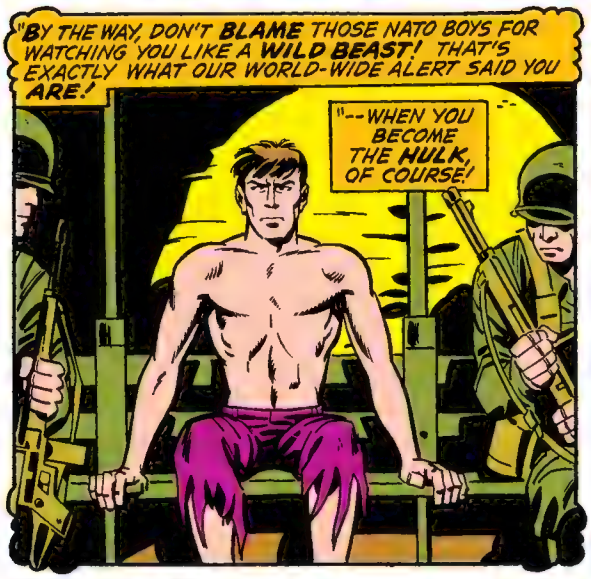
THE BEHEMOTH FROM BEYOND SPACE!

STAN LEE . ROY THOMAS . HERB TRIMPE . SAL BUSCEMA . JEAN IZZO
EDITOR WRITER ARTIST INKER LETTERER


LOOK HERE, BANNER... YOU SURE YOU'RE STILL FEELING ALL RIGHT?
NO SWEAT, GENERAL!
THAT TRANQUILIZER BOOSTER YOU SLIPPED ME IS BETTER THAN SILVER RIGHT GUARD!
ONE SHOT-- AND I'M GOOD FOR THE WHOLE DAY!
AND, JUST IN CASE OUR OPENING TABLEAU DOESN'T CLUE YOU IN THAT A LOT OF WATER'S GONE UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE, THEN KEEP READING--!


GENERAL ROSS SPEAKS: "YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, BANNER... FAR BRAVER THAN I'VE GIVEN YOU CREDIT FOR! STILL, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A REAL SHOCK TO AWAKEN AFTER WEEKS OF IMPRISONMENT WITHIN THE BRUTISH HULK, TO FIND YOURSELF IN CENTRAL EUROPE! *
*THE TRANSFORMATION WAS THE RESULT OF A MIND-WRENCHING TIME-PARADOX LAST ISSUE! --STAN.

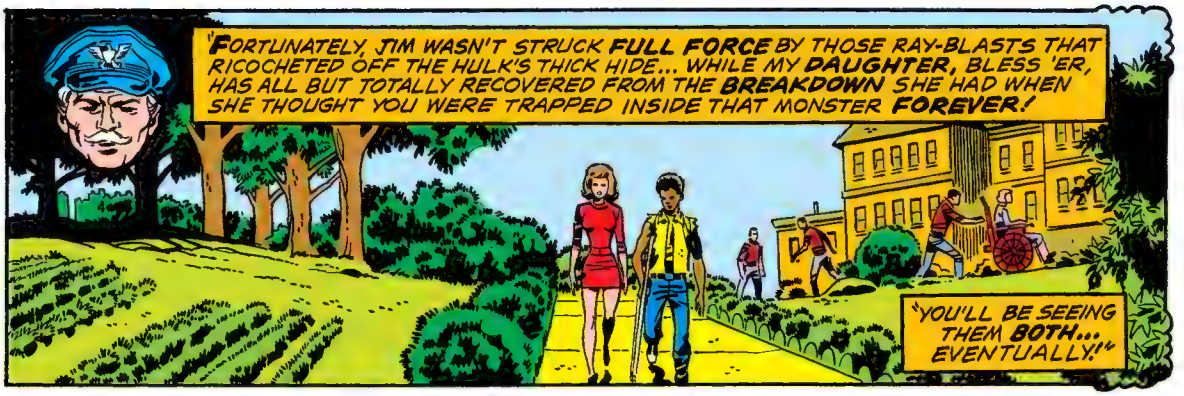

"LUCKY THAT THE FIRST ARMORED VEHICLE YOU SPOTTED WAS OURS, AND NOT ONE OF... THEIRS!
"LUCKY FOR US... AND PROBABLY JUST AS WELL FOR THEM, TOO!
7
134180
NATO

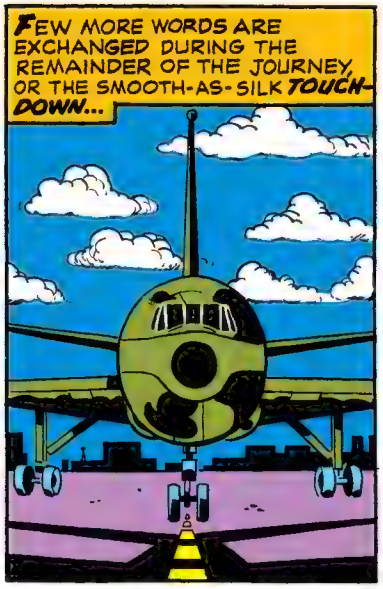

"BY THE WAY, DON'T BLAME THOSE NATO BOYS FOR WATCHING YOU LIKE A WILD BEAST! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT OUR WORLD-WIDE ALERT SAID YOU ARE!
"--WHEN YOU BECOME THE HULK, OF COURSE!

"GOOD THING THE NEARBY NATO BASE HAD FACILITIES TO PLACE YOU UNDER SEDATION, SO YOU COULDN'T GET EXCITED AND CHANGE AGAIN--
"WHILE THE OFFICER IN CHARGE CONTACTED ME AT ONCE--

I APPRECIATE THE TROUBLE YOU'VE GONE THRU, SIR!
-- SO I COULD SNIP SOME RED TAPE, COMMANDEER A JET, AND BRING YOU BACK TO THE STATES PERSONALLY!
BUT YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME YET ABOUT BETTY-- ABOUT JIM WILSON!

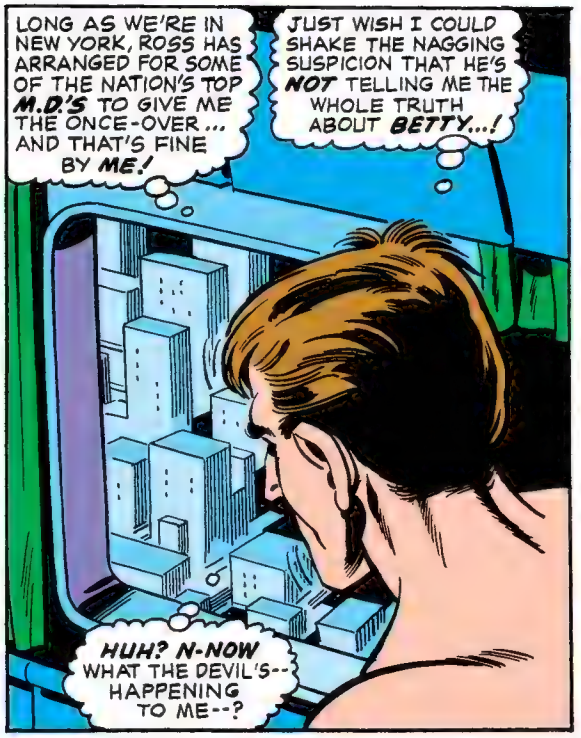
"BOTH DOING FINE, SON, AT THE SAME HOSPITAL... WHERE BETTY SAYS THE LAD'S ALREADY DEVELOPING INTO A GOOD CHESS PLAYER...!"
2


'FORTUNATELY, JIM WASN'T STRUCK FULL FORCE BY THOSE RAY-BLASTS THAT RICOCHETED OFF THE HULK'S THICK HIDE... WHILE MY DAUGHTER, BLESS 'ER, HAS ALL BUT TOTALLY RECOVERED FROM THE BREAKDOWN SHE HAD WHEN SHE THOUGHT YOU WERE TRAPPED INSIDE THAT MONSTER FOREVER!
"YOU'LL BE SEEING THEM BOTH... EVENTUALLY!"

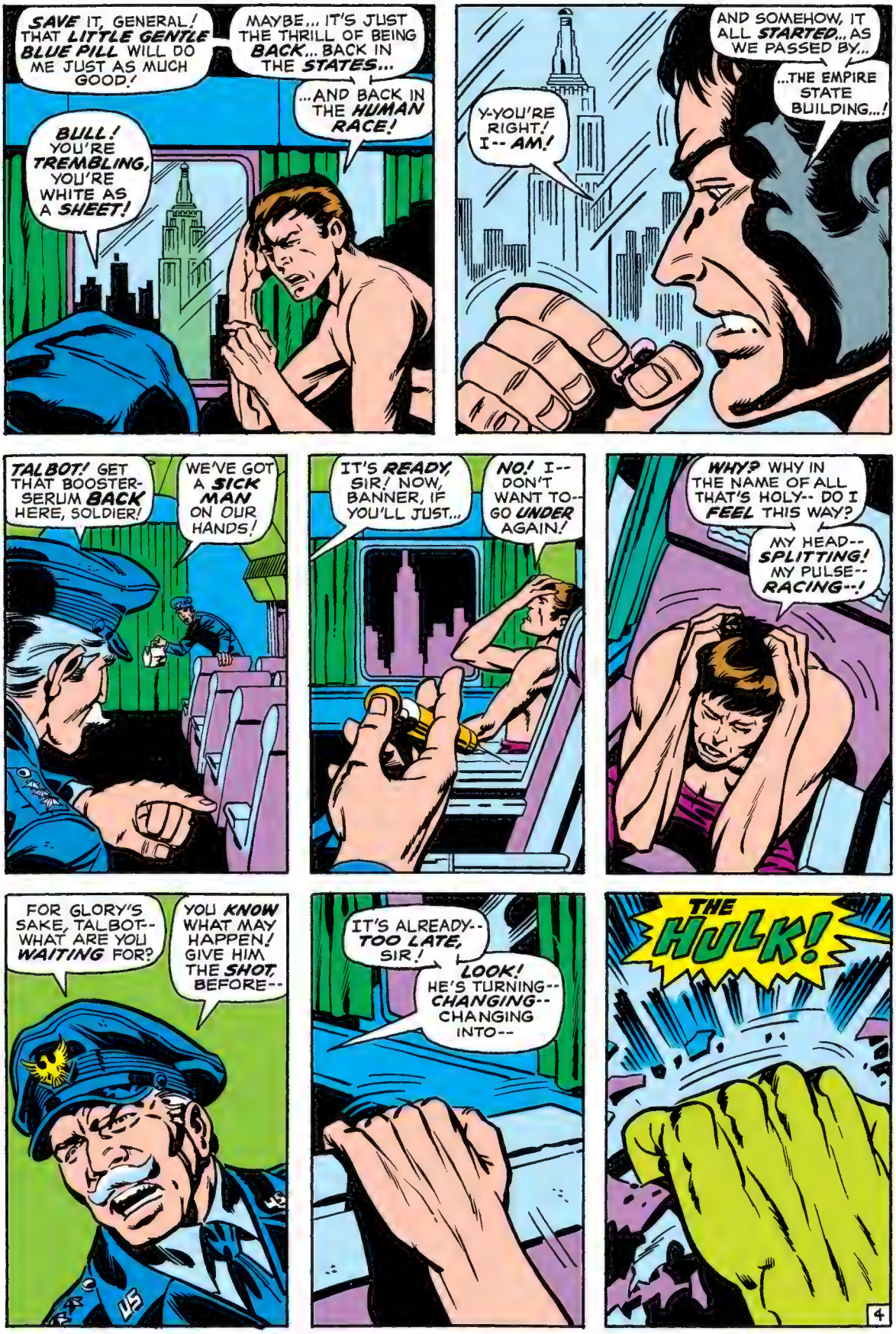

FEW MORE WORDS ARE EXCHANGED DURING THE REMAINDER OF THE JOURNEY, OR THE SMOOTH-AS-SILK TOUCH-DOWN...

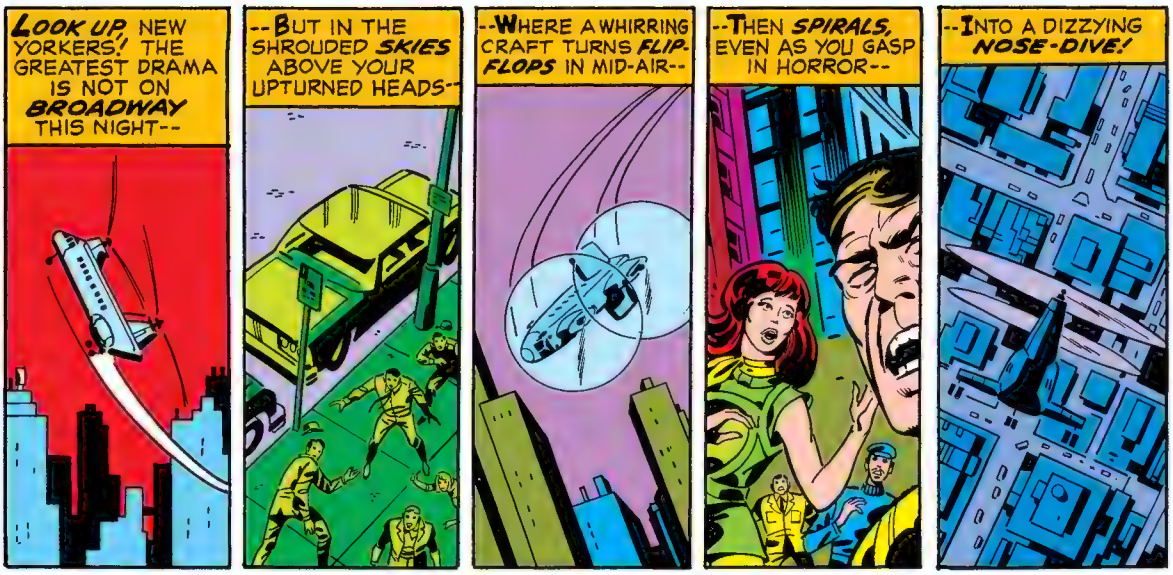
...NOR EVEN DURING THE SWIFT BUT ORDERLY TRANSFER...
MAC
MIL

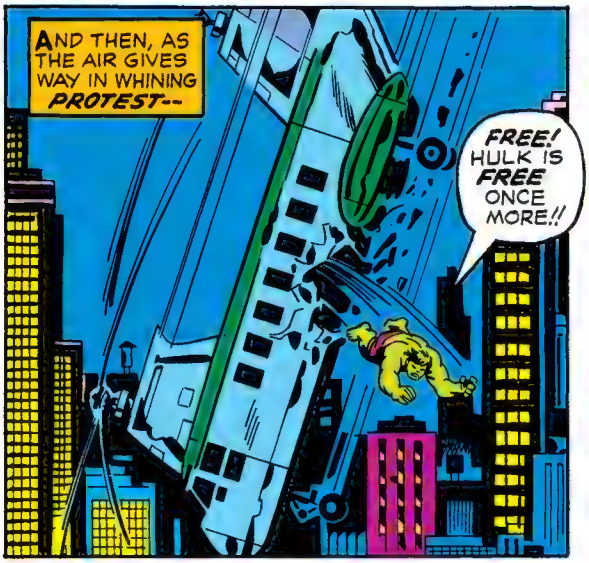
...TO A HASTILY-REQUISITIONED 'COPTER, GRANTED SPECIAL CLEARANCE TO LAND ATOP THE STATELY PAN AM BUILDING IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN...!


LONG AS WE'RE IN NEW YORK, ROSS HAS ARRANGED FOR SOME OF THE NATION'S TOP M.D.'S TO GIVE ME THE ONCE-OVER... AND THAT'S FINE BY ME!
JUST WISH I COULD SHAKE THE NAGGING SUSPICION THAT HE'S NOT TELLING ME THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT BETTY...!
HUH? N-NOW WHAT THE DEVIL'S-- HAPPENING TO ME--?

BANNER! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG, MAN?
N-NOTHING, SIR! JUST A-- LITTLE DIZZY SPELL!
MAYBE SO-- BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES! TALBOT-- THE NEEDLE!
IT'LL PASS-- IN ANOTHER MOMENT!
YES, SIR!


SAVE IT, GENERAL! THAT LITTLE GENTLE BLUE PILL WILL DO ME JUST AS MUCH GOOD!
MAYBE... IT'S JUST THE THRILL OF BEING BACK... BACK IN THE STATES...
...AND BACK IN THE HUMAN RACE!
BULL! YOU'RE TREMBLING, YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET!
AND SOMEHOW, IT ALL STARTED.. AS WE PASSED BY...
...THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...!
Y-YOU'RE RIGHT! I-- AM!
TALBOT! GET THAT BOOSTER-SERUM BACK HERE, SOLDIER!
WE'VE GOT A SICK MAN ON OUR HANDS!
IT'S READY, SIR! NOW, BANNER, IF YOU'LL JUST...
NO! I-- DON'T WANT TO-- GO UNDER AGAIN!
WHY? WHY IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S HOLY-- DO I FEEL THIS WAY?
MY HEAD-- SPLITTING! MY PULSE-- RACING--!
FOR GLORY'S SAKE, TALBOT-- WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
YOU KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN! GIVE HIM THE SHOT, BEFORE--
IT'S ALREADY-- TOO LATE, SIR!
LOOK! HE'S TURNING-- CHANGING-- CHANGING INTO--
THE HULK!
4

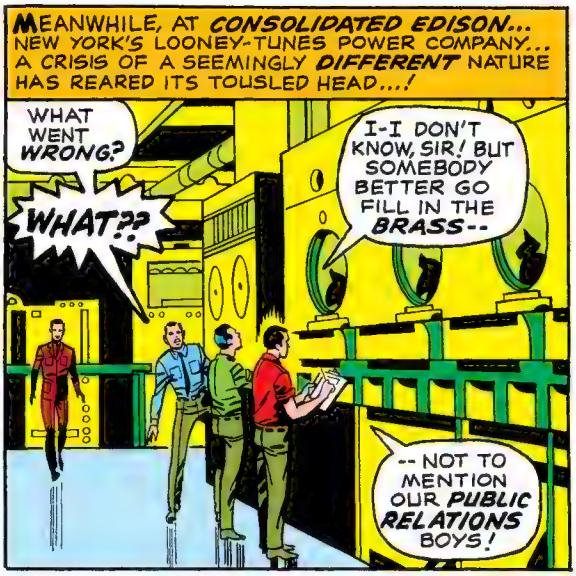

LOOK UP, NEW YORKERS! THE GREATEST DRAMA IS NOT ON BROADWAY THIS NIGHT--
--BUT IN THE SHROUDED SKIES ABOVE YOUR UPTURNED HEADS--
--WHERE A WHIRRING CRAFT TURNS FLIP-FLOPS IN MID-AIR--
--THEN SPIRALS, EVEN AS YOU GASP IN HORROR--
--INTO A DIZZYING NOSE-DIVE!


AND THEN, AS THE AIR GIVES WAY IN WHINING PROTEST--
FREE! HULK IS FREE ONCE MORE!!

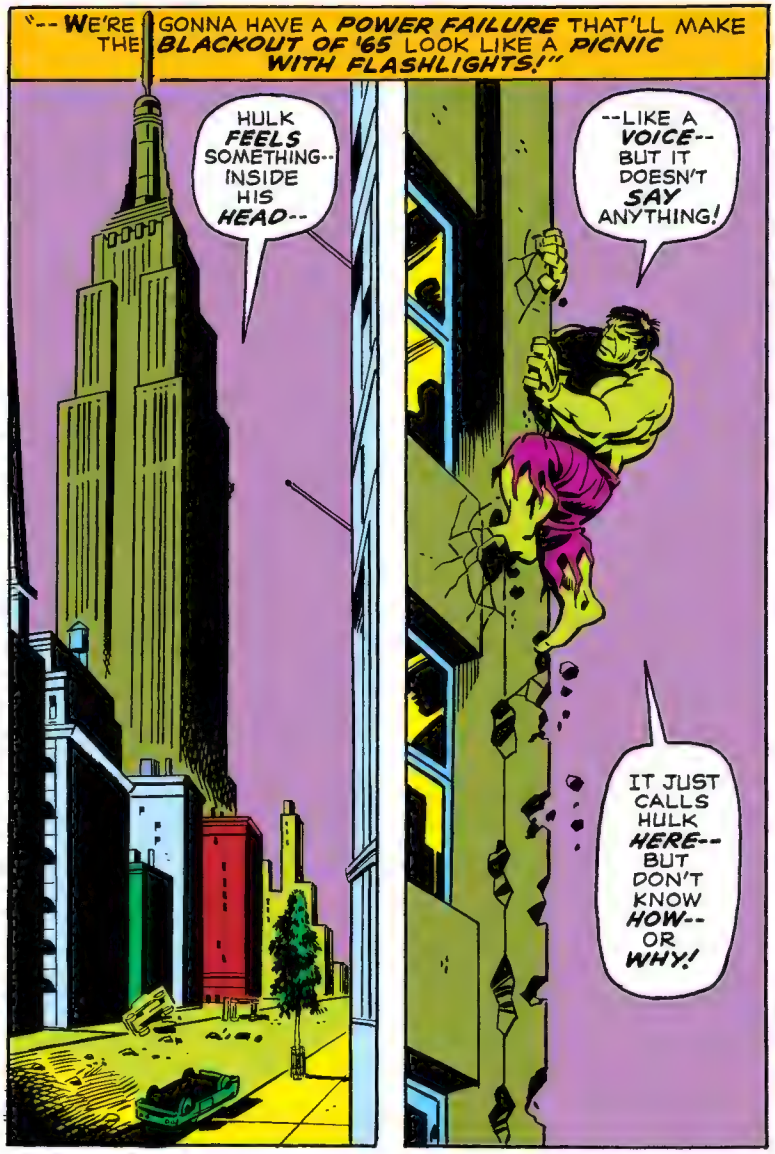
BUT-- SOLDIERS WON'T LET HULK BE FREE! ALWAYS TRY TO CHAIN HIM!
'COPTER IS COMING STRAIGHT DOWN AT HULK-- TRYING TO STOP HULK-- TO CRUSH HIM!

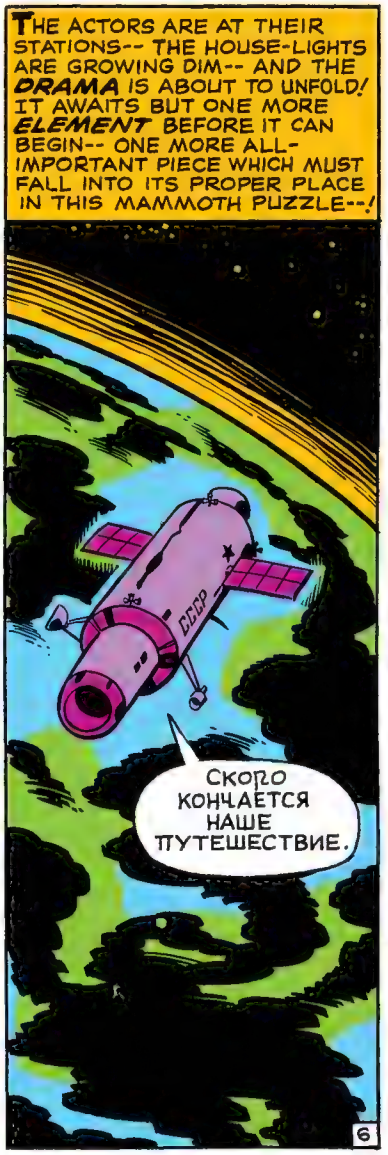
WELL, HULK WON'T LET IT!

GOOD GRAVY! THAT MONSTER SAVED OUR HIDES-- IN PURE SELF-DEFENSE--
--AND NOW HE'S STOMPING OFF-- AS IF WE DIDN'T EXIST!
WE WERE-- SO CLOSE! WHAT HAPPENED UP THERE?
WHAT WENT WRONG? WHAT??
5


MEANWHILE, AT CONSOLIDATED EDISON... NEW YORK'S LOONEY-TUNES POWER COMPANY... A CRISIS OF A SEEMINGLY DIFFERENT NATURE HAS REARED ITS TOUSLED HEAD...!
WHAT WENT WRONG?
WHAT??
I-I DON'T KNOW, SIR! BUT SOMEBODY BETTER GO FILL IN THE BRASS--
-- NOT TO MENTION OUR PUBLIC RELATIONS BOYS!

YOU HEARD ME RIGHT, MR. FORBES! THERE'S A TREMENDOUS, INEXPLICABLE POWER DRAIN LOCATED SOMEWHERE IN MID-MANHATTAN!
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S DRINKING UP ELECTRIC POWER LIKE A SPONGE--
AND IF WE DON'T LOCATE ITS SOURCE-- AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT FAST--


"-- WE'RE GONNA HAVE A POWER FAILURE THAT'LL MAKE THE BLACKOUT OF '65 LOOK LIKE A PICNIC WITH FLASHLIGHTS!"
HULK FEELS SOMETHING-- INSIDE HIS HEAD--
--LIKE A VOICE-- BUT IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING!
IT JUST CALLS HULK HERE-- BUT DON'T KNOW HOW-- OR WHY!


THE ACTORS ARE AT THEIR STATIONS-- THE HOUSE-LIGHTS ARE GROWING DIM-- AND THE DRAMA IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD! IT AWAITS BUT ONE MORE ELEMENT BEFORE IT CAN BEGIN-- ONE MORE ALL-IMPORTANT PIECE WHICH MUST FALL INTO ITS PROPER PLACE IN THIS MAMMOTH PUZZLE--!
СССР
СКОРО КОНЧАЕТСЯ НАШЕ ПУТЕШЕСТВИЕ.

ВЛАДИМИР, СМОТРИ! КАКОЙ-ТО ЧУЖОЙ КОРАБЛЬ ПОДХОДИТ!
?
СССР

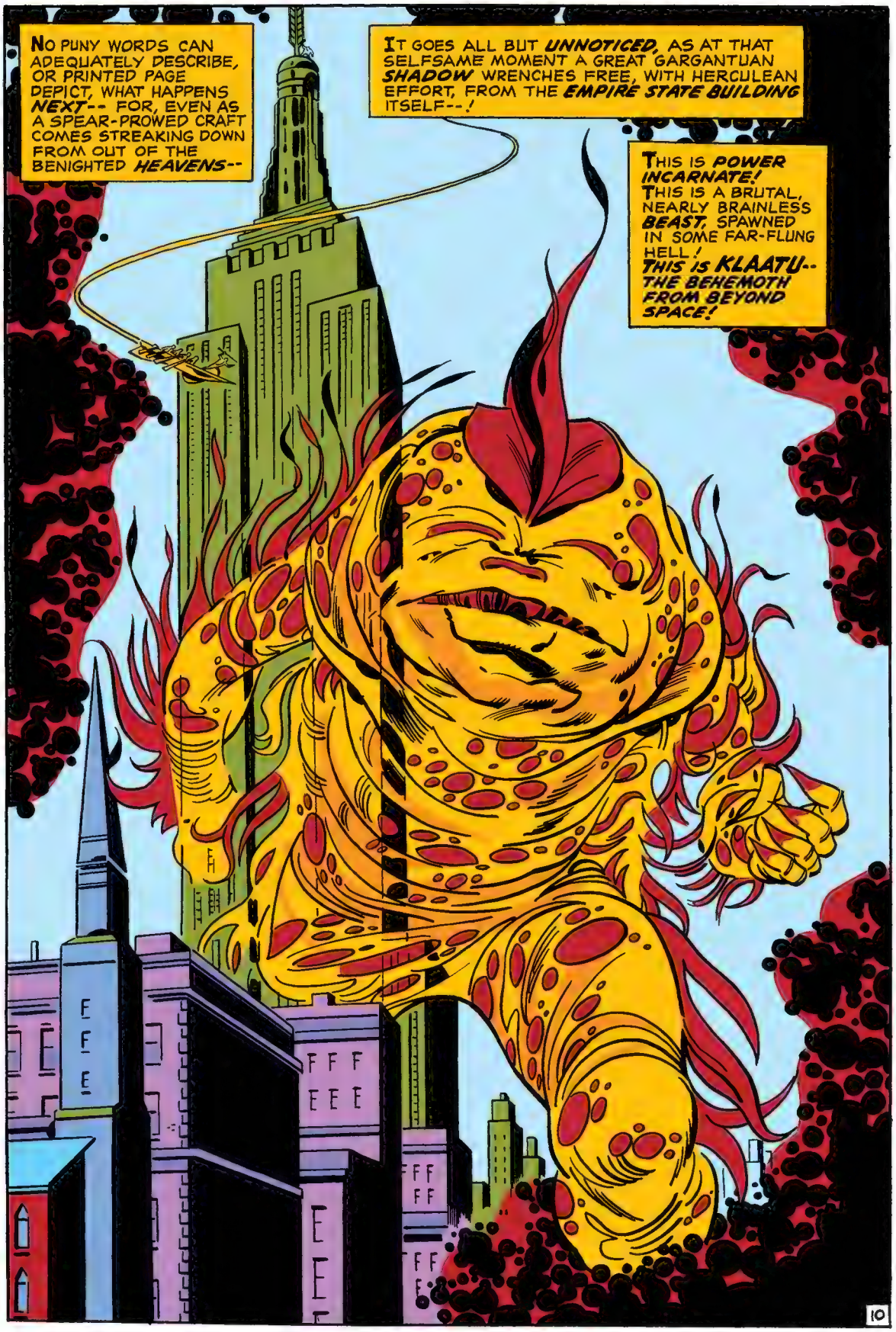
TWO TIRED COSMONAUTS, 200 MILES ABOVE THE HARD SOIL OF MOTHER RUSSIA, IN THE FINAL HOURS OF A 21-DAY ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH! WHO IS TO SAY IF THEY TRULY SEE THAT SLEEK, UNEARTHLY VESSEL... ITS GOLDEN PROW GLIMMERING IN REFLECTED SUNLIGHT, ITS TRIM SAILS BENT TO PHOTONIC WINDS...?
YET, TO THE SPACEMEN, THE RAZOR-SHARP RUDDER STREAKING TOWARDS THEM IS REAL ENOUGH! THEY HIT THE THRUSTER ROCKETS OF THEIR SMALLER, FAR CLUMSIER CRAFT...

...WITH NOT A MICROSECOND TO SPARE...!

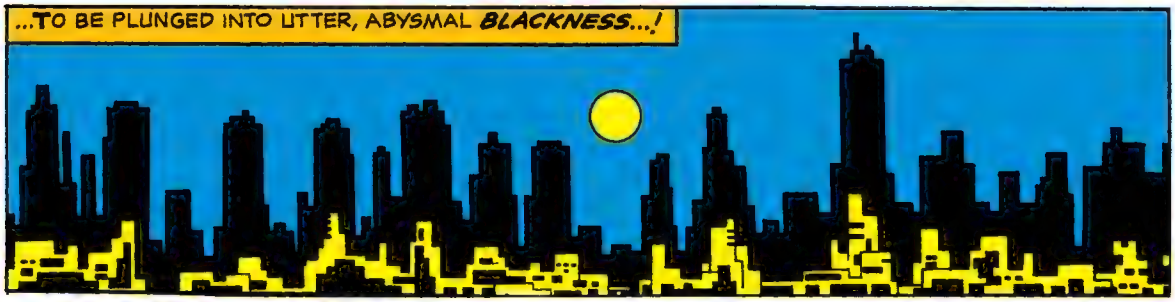
МАТЬ РОССИИ- ЧТО-ЖС БЫЛО?
СССР

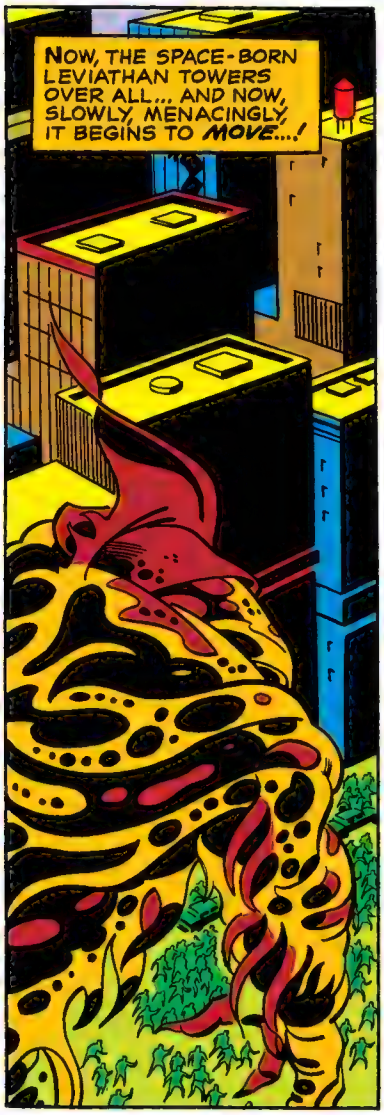
THEN, FROM THE LARGER, NOW-ORBITING VESSEL...
...A SECOND, FAR SMALLER SHIP DETACHES ITSELF...
...AND SOON IS BORNE AWAY BY THE TWIN POWERS OF GRAVITY AND ITS OWN UNCANNY OARS...!
SHARKLIKE, THE COSMIC CRAFT KNIFES THRU THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE, HOLDING A STEADY COURSE THAT BETRAYS A SURE KNOWLEDGE OF DESTINATION... A FIERCE FIRMNESS OF PURPOSE...!
WHILE, IN ITS GLITTERING PROW, THERE STANDS ONE WHOSE VERY NAME IS UNKNOWN AND UNPRONOUNCEABLE TO US... BUT WHOM OUR STAMMERING TONGUES SHALL CALL...
XERON THE STAR-SLAYER!
8

BUT, IF OUR LESSER EARS COULD DECIPHER HIS WEIRD-SPOKEN WORDS... IF SOME BENEFICENT FATE MADE KNOWN TO US A LANGUAGE SPOKEN LIGHT-EONS AWAY... WE WOULD HEAR HIM SAY...
ONWARD, MY HUSKY ONES! ONWARD!!
THE QUARRY WE HAVE SOUGHT ACROSS THE NEBULAR WASTES IS FOUND AT LAST...
...WITHIN THAT SPIRE-TOPPED TOWER WHICH RUSHES UP TO MEET US!!
HULK IS HERE! BUT STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT--
WAIT! SOMETHING UP ABOVE-- COMING DOWN AT HULK--!
HUH? WHAT'S THAT??
AND BELOW, COINCIDENTALLY ON HAND TO RECORD THIS FIRST CONTACT BETWEEN TWO DISSIMILAR WORLDS... TWO RACES WHO SHARE NOT EVEN SO MUCH AS A COMMON ALPHABET...
DON'T FIRE AT THE HULK, MEN!
GENERAL ROSS IS CALLING OUT THE AIR FORCE--!
WH-WHO'S WORRIED ABOUT THE HULK?
LOOK! LOOK AT WHAT'S-- HAPPENING UP THERE--!
GOOD LORD!!
9

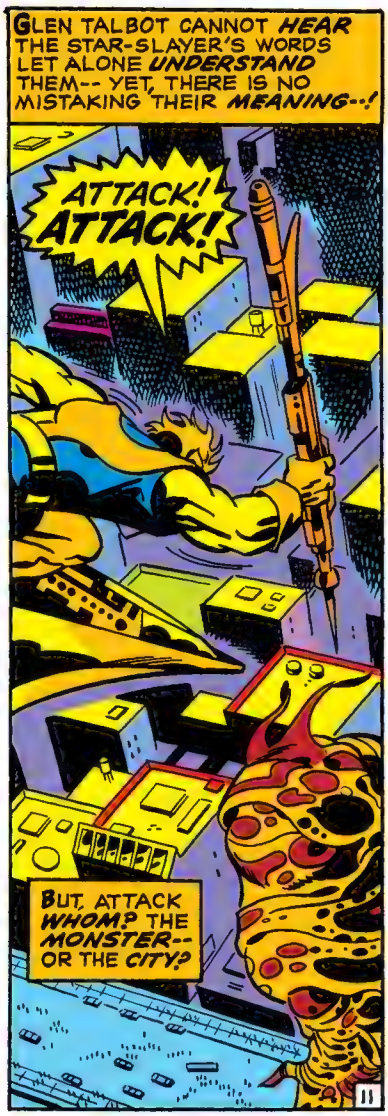

NO PUNY WORDS CAN ADEQUATELY DESCRIBE, OR PRINTED PAGE DEPICT, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT-- FOR, EVEN AS A SPEAR-PROWED CRAFT COMES STREAKING DOWN FROM OUT OF THE BENIGHTED HEAVENS--
IT GOES ALL BUT UNNOTICED, AS AT THAT SELFSAME MOMENT A GREAT GARGANTUAN SHADOW WRENCHES FREE, WITH HERCULEAN EFFORT, FROM THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING ITSELF--!
THIS IS POWER INCARNATE! THIS IS A BRUTAL, NEARLY BRAINLESS BEAST, SPAWNED IN SOME FAR-FLUNG HELL! THIS is KLAATU-- THE BEHEMOTH FROM BEYOND SPACE!

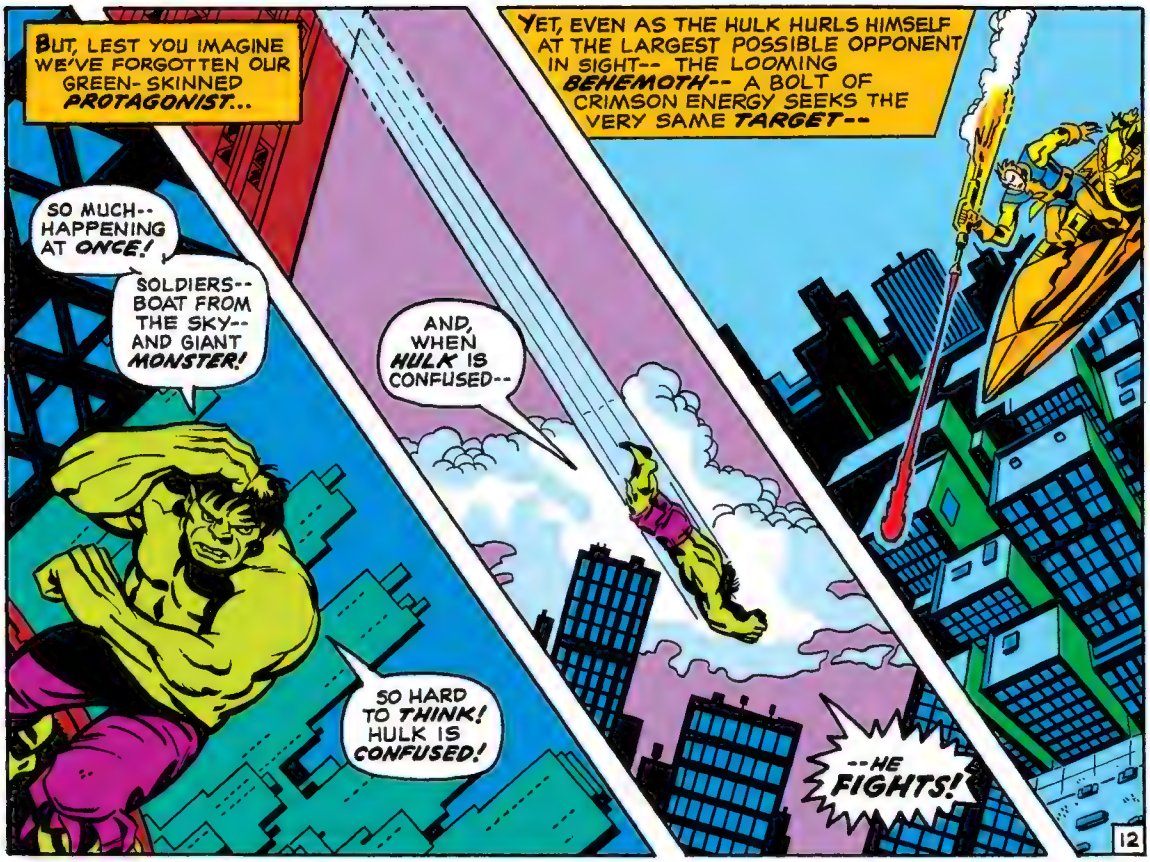
AND IT CAN SCARCELY BE MERE *COINCIDENCE* THAT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST CITY PICKS THAT PRECISE *INSTANT*...

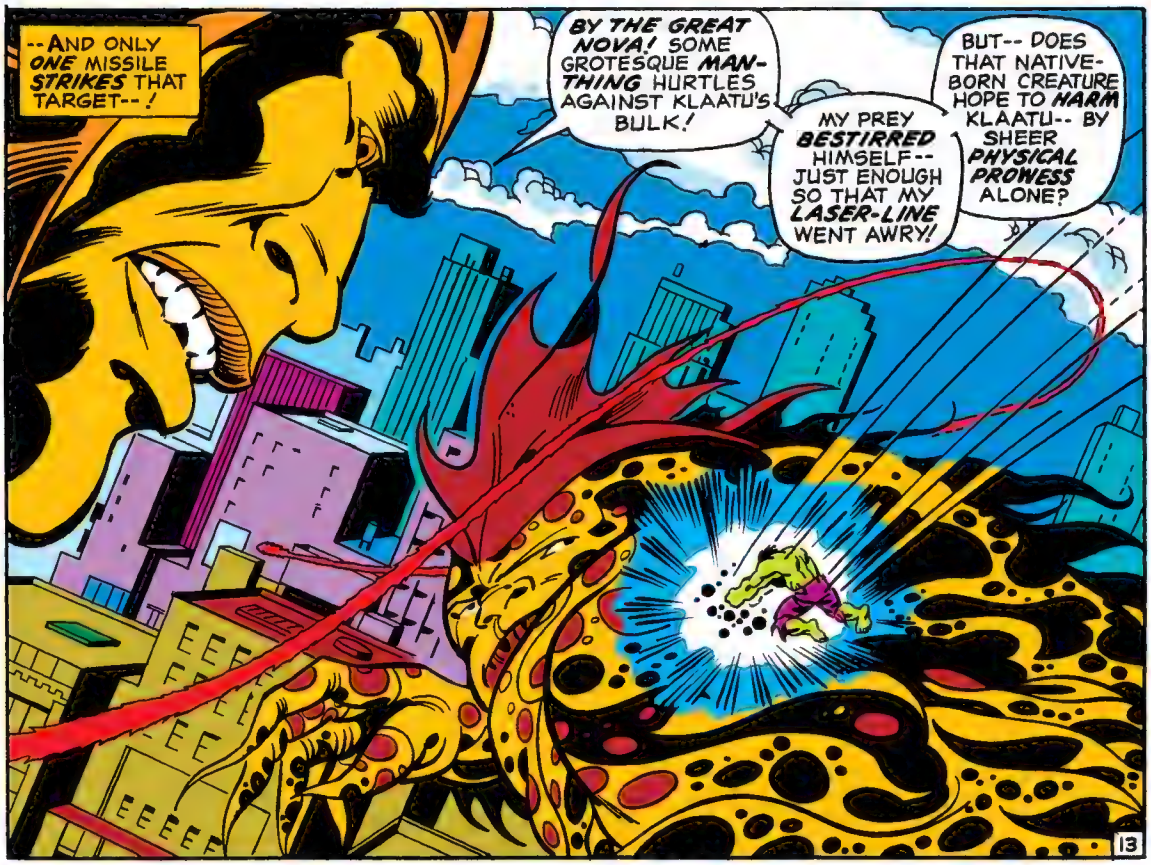

...TO BE PLUNGED INTO UTTER, ABYSMAL *BLACKNESS*...!


NOW, THE SPACE-BORN LEVIATHAN TOWERS OVER ALL... AND NOW, SLOWLY, MENACINGLY, IT BEGINS TO *MOVE*...!

GOOD GLORY! WHATEVER THAT MONSTER IS, IT'S A GREATER THREAT THAN EVEN THE *HULK* COULD EVER BE!
AND-- PEOPLE ARE JUST *MILLING ABOUT*-- STUMBLING OVER EACH OTHER IN THE *DARK!*
WE'VE GOT TO *DO* SOMETHING-- BUT *WHAT?!?*
SIR-- *LOOK*--UP THERE IN THE SKY *ABOVE* THAT THING--!


GLEN TALBOT CANNOT *HEAR* THE STAR-SLAYER'S WORDS LET ALONE *UNDERSTAND* THEM-- YET, THERE IS NO MISTAKING THEIR *MEANING*--!
ATTACK! ATTACK!
BUT, ATTACK *WHOM?* THE *MONSTER*-- OR THE *CITY?*

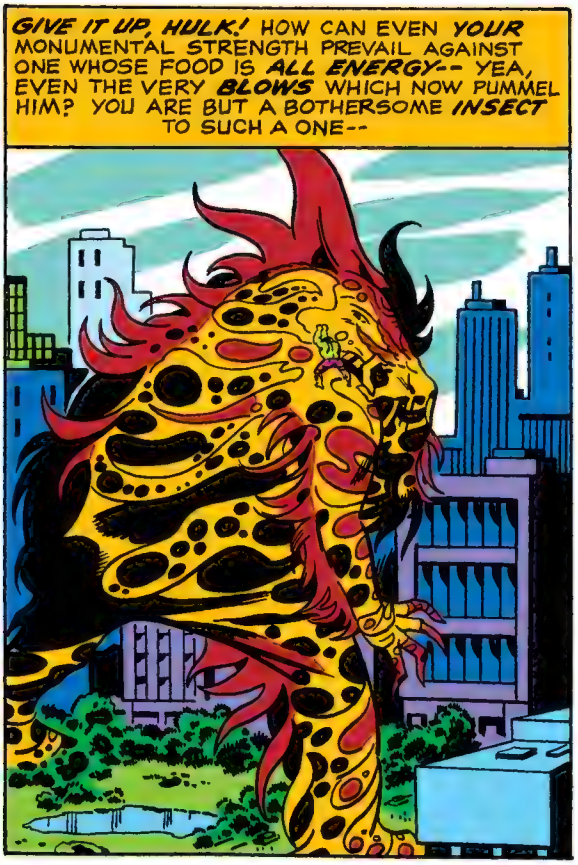

BUT, LEST YOU IMAGINE WE'VE FORGOTTEN OUR GREEN-SKINNED PROTAGONIST...
SO MUCH-- HAPPENING AT ONCE!
SOLDIERS-- BOAT FROM THE SKY-- AND GIANT MONSTER!
SO HARD TO THINK! HULK IS CONFUSED!
AND, WHEN HULK IS CONFUSED--
YET, EVEN AS THE HULK HURLS HIMSELF AT THE LARGEST POSSIBLE OPPONENT IN SIGHT-- THE LOOMING BEHEMOTH-- A BOLT OF CRIMSON ENERGY SEEKS THE VERY SAME TARGET--
--HE FIGHTS!
12


--AND ONLY ONE MISSILE STRIKES THAT TARGET--!
BY THE GREAT NOVA! SOME GROTESQUE MAN-THING HURTLES AGAINST KLAATU'S BULK!
MY PREY BESTIRRED HIMSELF-- JUST ENOUGH SO THAT MY LASER-LINE WENT AWRY!
BUT-- DOES THAT NATIVE-BORN CREATURE HOPE TO HARM KLAATU-- BY SHEER PHYSICAL PROWESS ALONE?
13

KROOM!

ZKAAK!

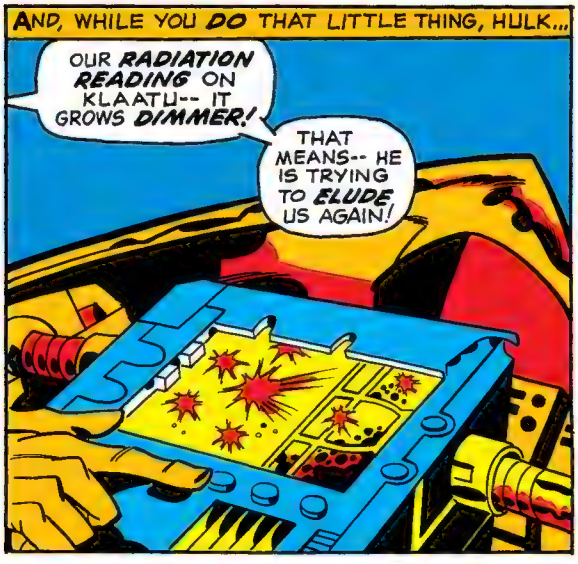
WROW!

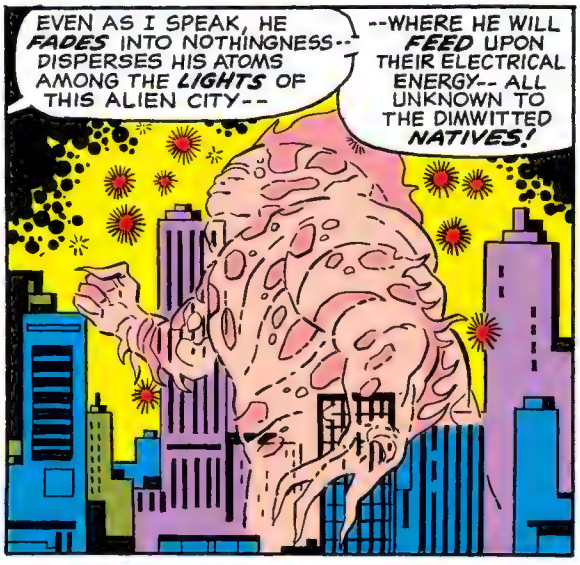

GIVE IT UP, HULK! HOW CAN EVEN YOUR MONUMENTAL STRENGTH PREVAIL AGAINST ONE WHOSE FOOD IS ALL ENERGY-- YEA, EVEN THE VERY BLOWS WHICH NOW PUMMEL HIM? YOU ARE BUT A BOTHERSOME INSECT TO SUCH A ONE--

-- NO MORE, NO LESS!
FLIK!

WUH-
THOOM!

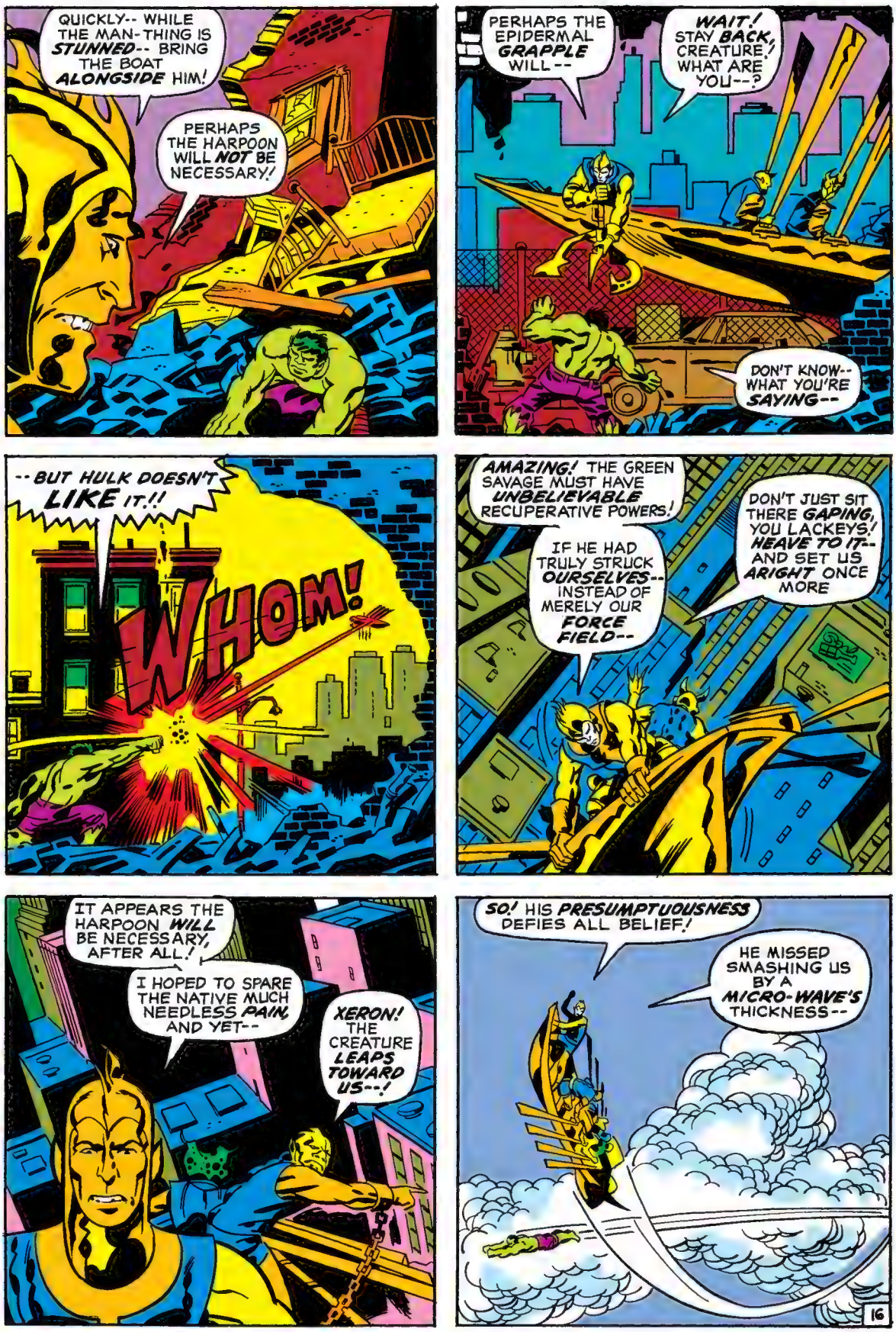
MONSTER THINKS IT *FINISHED* HULK-- BUT HULK WILL BE *BACK!*
JUST NEED A MINUTE TO CLEAR *HEAD*-- TO *THINK*-- THINK WHAT TO *DO*--!

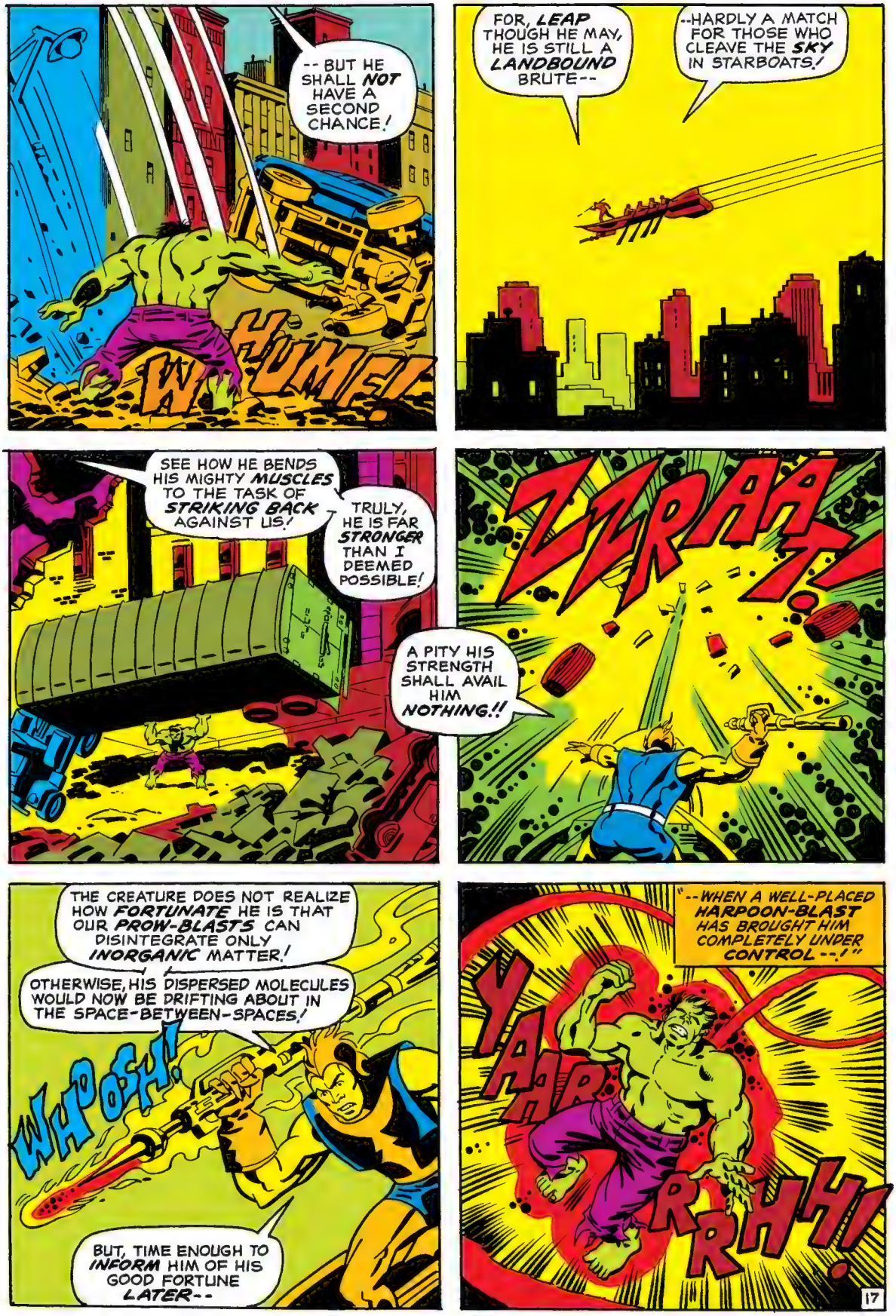

AND, WHILE YOU *DO* THAT LITTLE THING, HULK...
OUR *RADIATION READING* ON KLAATU-- IT GROWS *DIMMER!*
THAT MEANS-- HE IS TRYING TO *ELUDE* US AGAIN!

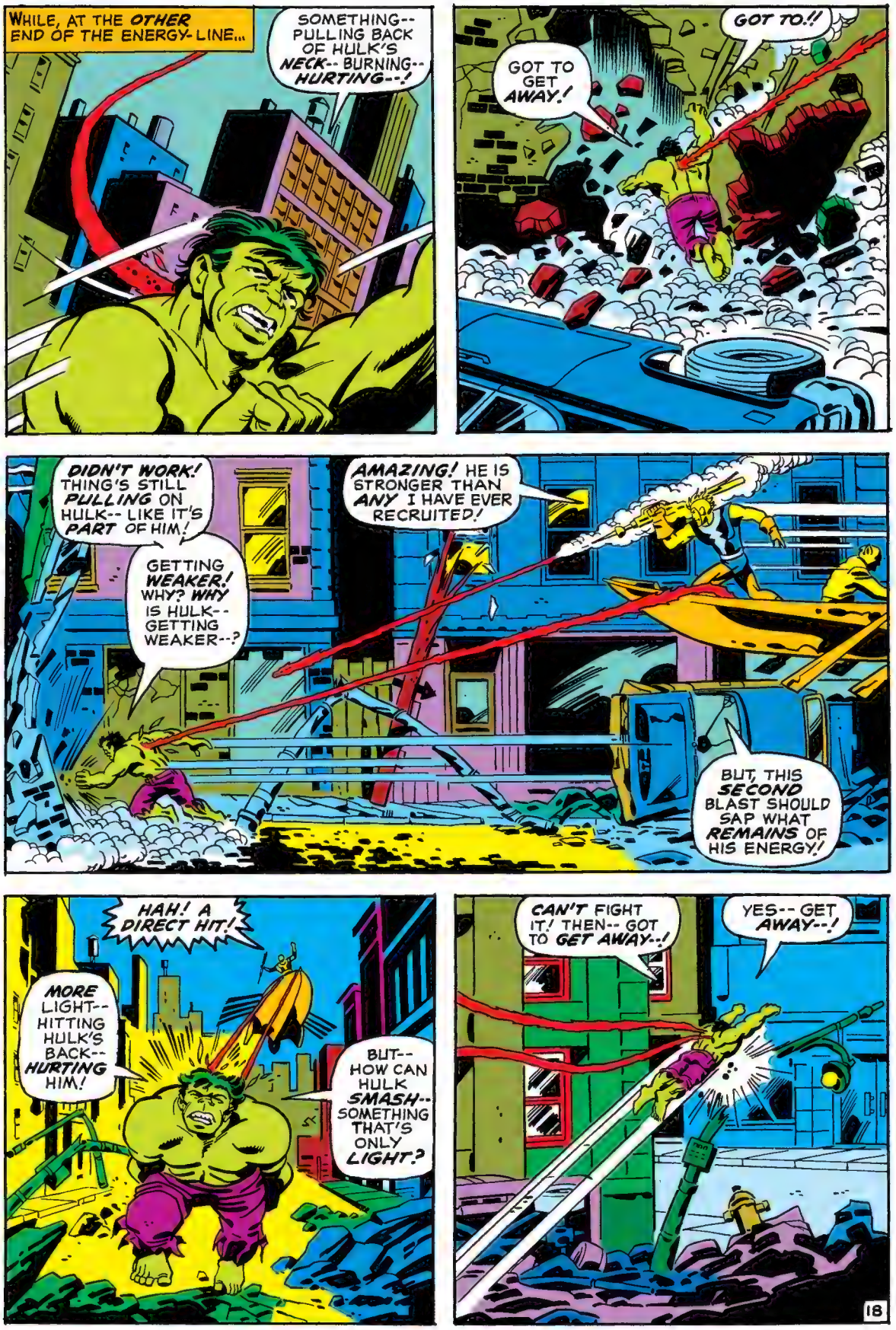

EVEN AS I SPEAK, HE *FADES* INTO NOTHINGNESS-- DISPERSES HIS ATOMS AMONG THE *LIGHTS* OF THIS ALIEN CITY--
--WHERE HE WILL *FEED* UPON THEIR ELECTRICAL ENERGY-- ALL UNKNOWN TO THE DIMWITTED *NATIVES!*

AND SO HE IS *HIDDEN* FROM US AGAIN-- JUST WHEN I THOUGHT HE WAS *OURS* AT LAST!
HAVE WE JOURNEYED SO FAR-- COME SO CLOSE-- ONLY TO *FAIL* ONCE MORE?
NO! HE *WILL* FALL BEFORE MY HARPOON-BLASTS-- I *SWEAR* IT!

BUT MEANWHILE, IT IS THE GREEN-SKINNED *SAVAGE* WHO UNWITTINGLY *AIDED* KLAATU'S ESCAPE!
WELL, I HAVE *PLANS* FOR THAT ONE!
PLANS BEYOND HIS WILDEST *IMAGININGS!*

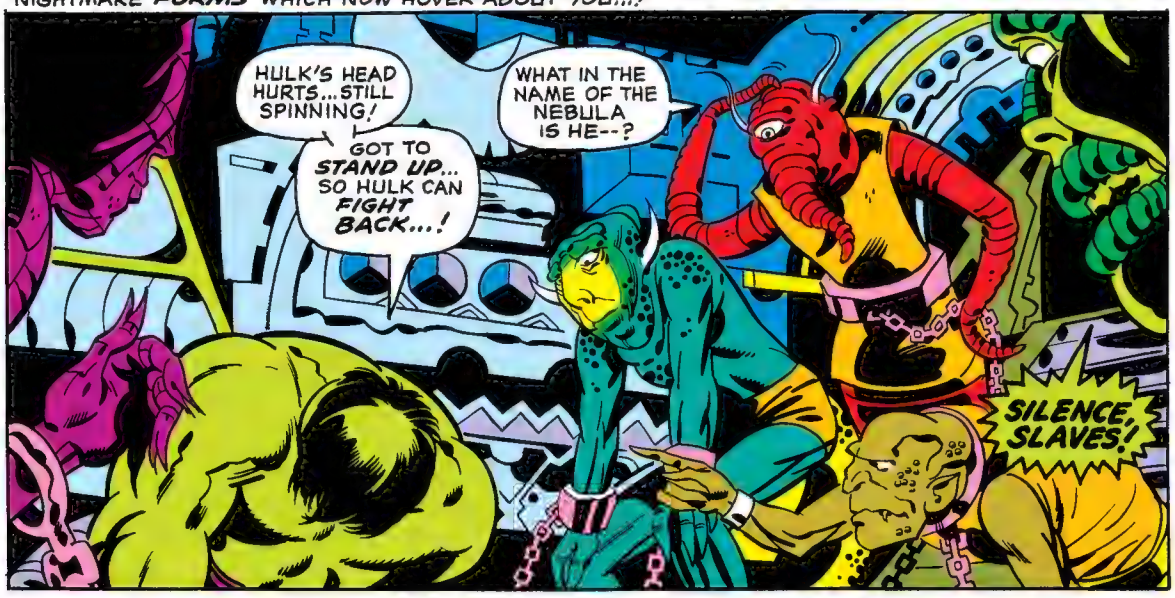

QUICKLY-- WHILE THE MAN-THING IS STUNNED-- BRING THE BOAT ALONGSIDE HIM!
PERHAPS THE HARPOON WILL NOT BE NECESSARY!
PERHAPS THE EPIDERMAL GRAPPLE WILL --
WAIT! STAY BACK, CREATURE! WHAT ARE YOU--?
DON'T KNOW-- WHAT YOU'RE SAYING--
--BUT HULK DOESN'T LIKE IT!!
WHOM!
AMAZING! THE GREEN SAVAGE MUST HAVE UNBELIEVABLE RECUPERATIVE POWERS!
IF HE HAD TRULY STRUCK OURSELVES-- INSTEAD OF MERELY OUR FORCE FIELD--
DON'T JUST SIT THERE GAPING, YOU LACKEYS! HEAVE TO IT-- AND SET US ARIGHT ONCE MORE
IT APPEARS THE HARPOON WILL BE NECESSARY, AFTER ALL!
I HOPED TO SPARE THE NATIVE MUCH NEEDLESS PAIN, AND YET--
XERON! THE CREATURE LEAPS TOWARD US--!
SO! HIS PRESUMPTUOUSNESS DEFIES ALL BELIEF!
HE MISSED SMASHING US BY A MICRO-WAVE'S THICKNESS--
16


-- BUT HE SHALL NOT HAVE A SECOND CHANCE!
WHUMF!
FOR, LEAP THOUGH HE MAY, HE IS STILL A LANDBOUND BRUTE--
--HARDLY A MATCH FOR THOSE WHO CLEAVE THE SKY IN STARBOATS!
SEE HOW HE BENDS HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES TO THE TASK OF STRIKING BACK AGAINST US!
TRULY, HE IS FAR STRONGER THAN I DEEMED POSSIBLE!
A PITY HIS STRENGTH SHALL AVAIL HIM NOTHING!!
ZZRAAT!
THE CREATURE DOES NOT REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE HE IS THAT OUR PROW-BLASTS CAN DISINTEGRATE ONLY INORGANIC MATTER!
OTHERWISE, HIS DISPERSED MOLECULES WOULD NOW BE DRIFTING ABOUT IN THE SPACE-BETWEEN-SPACES!
WHOOSH!
BUT, TIME ENOUGH TO INFORM HIM OF HIS GOOD FORTUNE LATER--
"--WHEN A WELL-PLACED HARPOON-BLAST HAS BROUGHT HIM COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL--!"
YAARRRRHH!

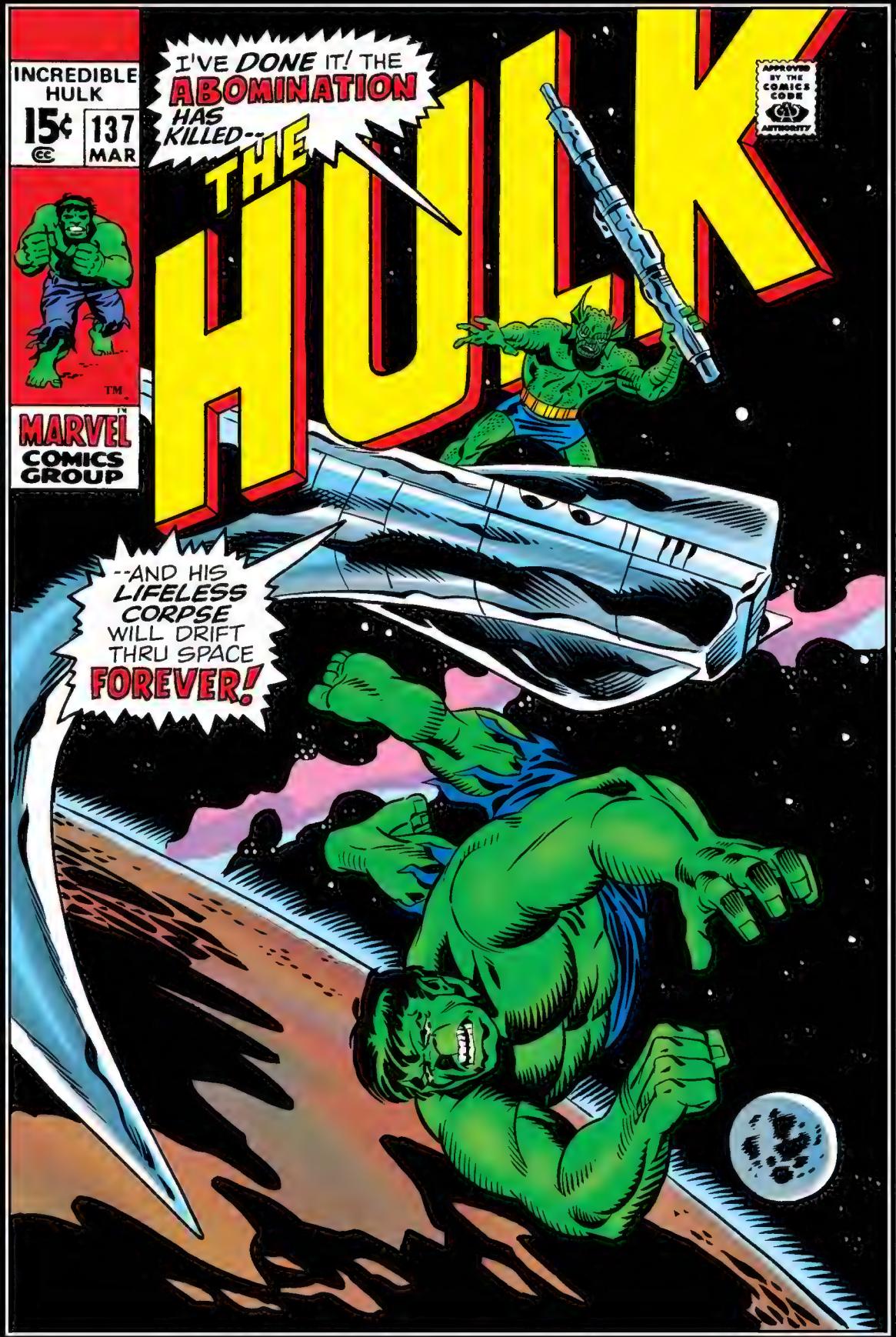

WHILE, AT THE OTHER END OF THE ENERGY-LINE...
SOMETHING-- PULLING BACK OF HULK'S NECK-- BURNING-- HURTING--!
GOT TO GET AWAY!
GOT TO!!
DIDN'T WORK! THING'S STILL PULLING ON HULK-- LIKE IT'S PART OF HIM!
GETTING WEAKER! WHY? WHY IS HULK-- GETTING WEAKER--?
AMAZING! HE IS STRONGER THAN ANY I HAVE EVER RECRUITED!
BUT, THIS SECOND BLAST SHOULD SAP WHAT REMAINS OF HIS ENERGY!
HAH! A DIRECT HIT!
MORE LIGHT-- HITTING HULK'S BACK-- HURTING HIM!
BUT-- HOW CAN HULK SMASH-- SOMETHING THAT'S ONLY LIGHT?
CAN'T FIGHT IT! THEN-- GOT TO GET AWAY--!
YES-- GET AWAY--!
18

--BEFORE--
--TOO--
--WEAKKKKK
KRUNTCH!
THE POOR PRIMITIVE BRUTE! IF I COULD KNOW PITY, I WOULD FEEL IT FOR HIM!
HIS MIGHT COULD MAKE HIM A KING ON THIS PLANET OF PUNIER SPECIMENS--
BUT, HIS PHYSICAL STRENGTH WAS AS NOTHING BESIDE THAT OF THE UNSPEAKABLE KLAATU--
-- OR BESIDE THE EONS-OLD SCIENCE THAT DARES HUNT EVEN THE BESTIAL BEHEMOTH ITSELF!
AND NOW, IT IS MY DUTY TO CARRY HIM INTO THE DEPTHS OF SPACE--
-- WHENCE HE SHALL NEVER RETURN!!

SLEEP, HULK! AY, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU WERE *NEVER* TO AWAKEN FROM THAT DREAMLESS, ENERGY-INDUCED STATE IN WHICH YOU NOW FIND YOURSELF... FOR PERHAPS EVEN *YOUR* ELEMENTAL MIND MAY BE SHAKEN, STAGGERED, *UNHINGED* BY THE FATE THAT NOW AWAITS YOU... AND BY THE NOXIOUS, NIGHTMARE *FORMS* WHICH NOW HOVER ABOUT YOU...!



I AM FIRST MATE HERE-- AND *I* WILL DEAL WITH THIS MISERABLE SPECIMEN!
SO, HULK-- I SEE THE GLINT OF *RECOGNITION* IN YOUR PIGGISH EYES! DO YOU *KNOW* ME?
YES-- HULK KNOWS YOU-- FROM SOMEWHERE--
BUT-- SO *LONG AGO*-- HULK CAN'T *REMEMBER*--!
THEN I'LL *REFRESH* YOUR MEMORY, GARGOYLE!
ON THE WORLD YOU JUST *LEFT*-- AND WHICH YOU'LL NEVER *SEE* AGAIN-- MEN CALLED ME--
THE ABOMINATION!
HULKINUED!


INCREDIBLE HULK
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137
MAR
I'VE DONE IT! THE ABOMINATION HAS KILLED--
THE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
TM
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
--AND HIS LIFELESS CORPSE WILL DRIFT THRU SPACE FOREVER!

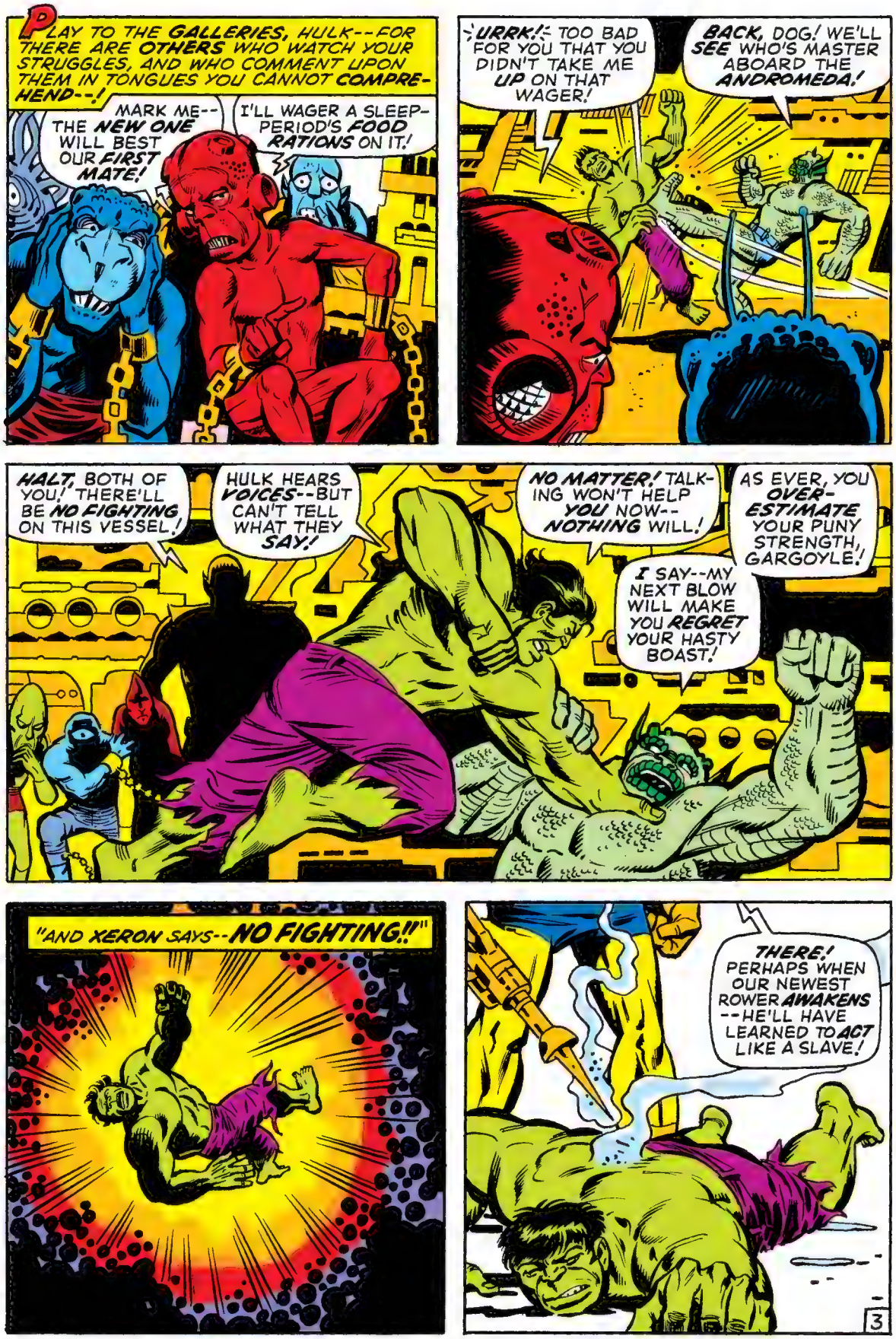
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

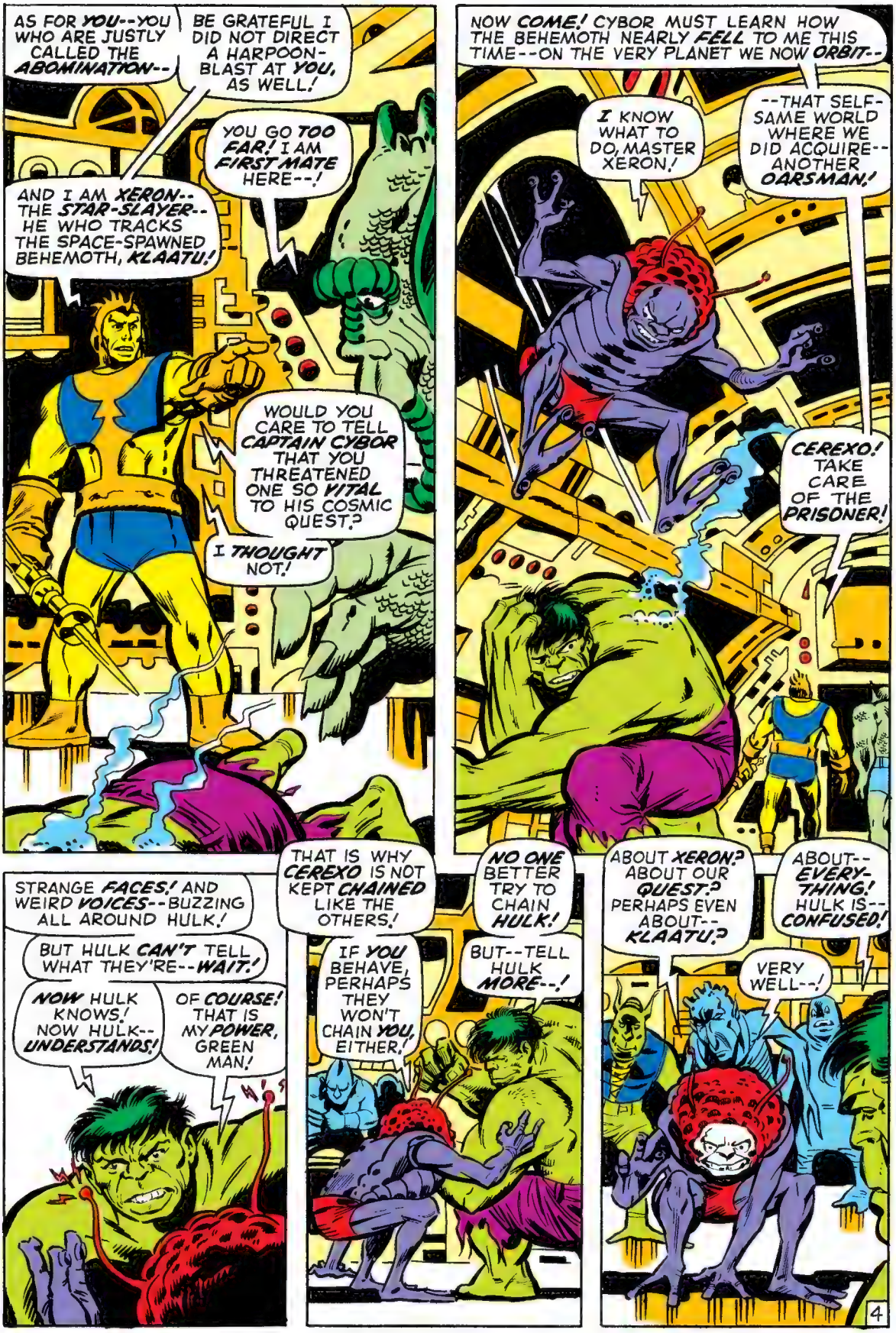
THE STARS, MINE ENEMY!

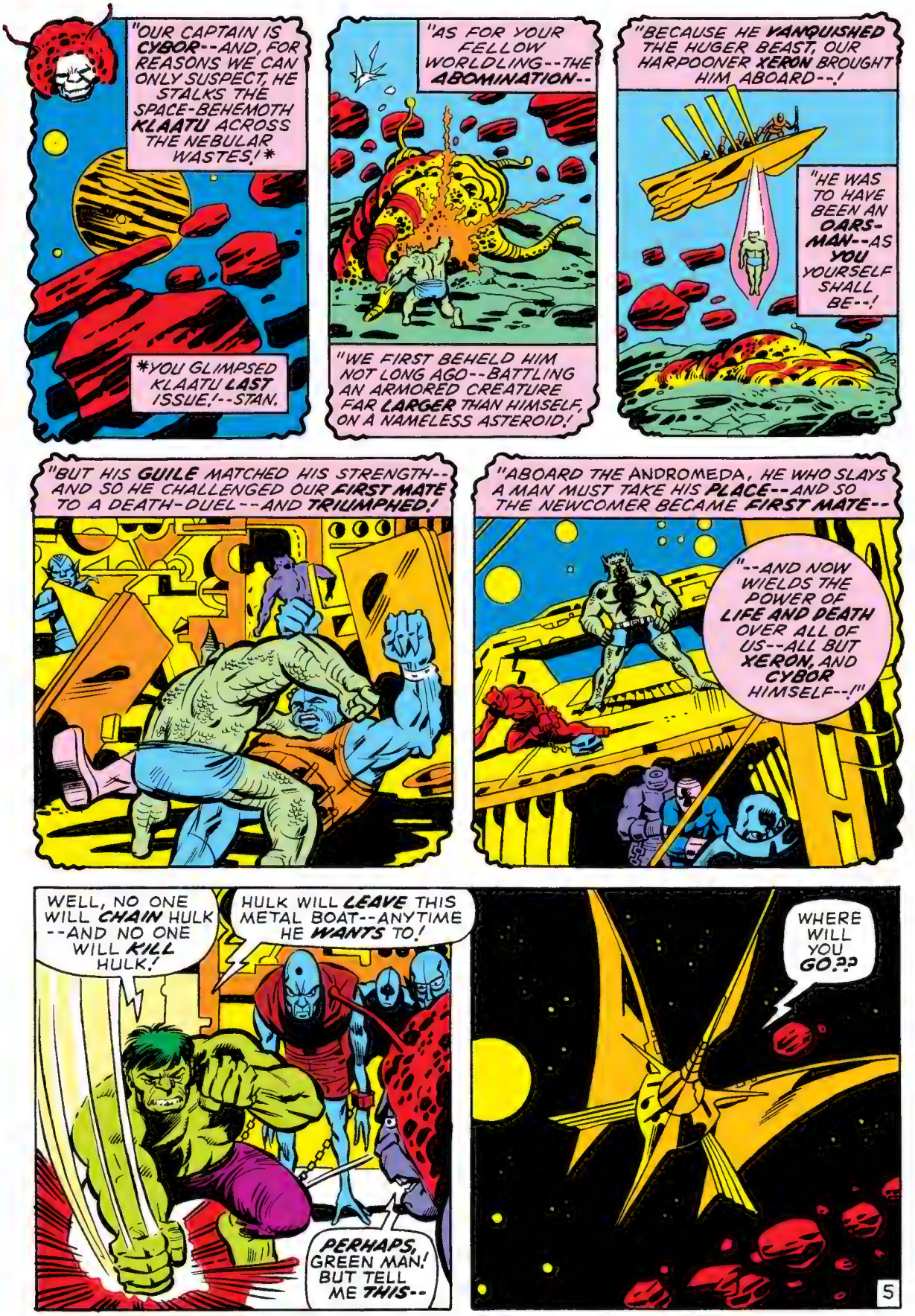
OPEN YOUR EYES, HULK! SHRUG OFF THE LAST LINGERING EFFECTS OF THE ENERGY BLASTS WHICH FELLED YOU, UNTOLD HOURS AGO! LOOK ABOUT YOU--AT THE AWESOME, ALIEN FACES OF THOSE WHO MUST BE YOUR ABDUCTORS--THOSE WHO HAVE SNARED YOU, STOLEN YOU AWAY FROM THE PLANET OF YOUR BIRTH--AND AMONG THOSE FACES, ONE THAT YOU DO HATE MOST OF ALL--!

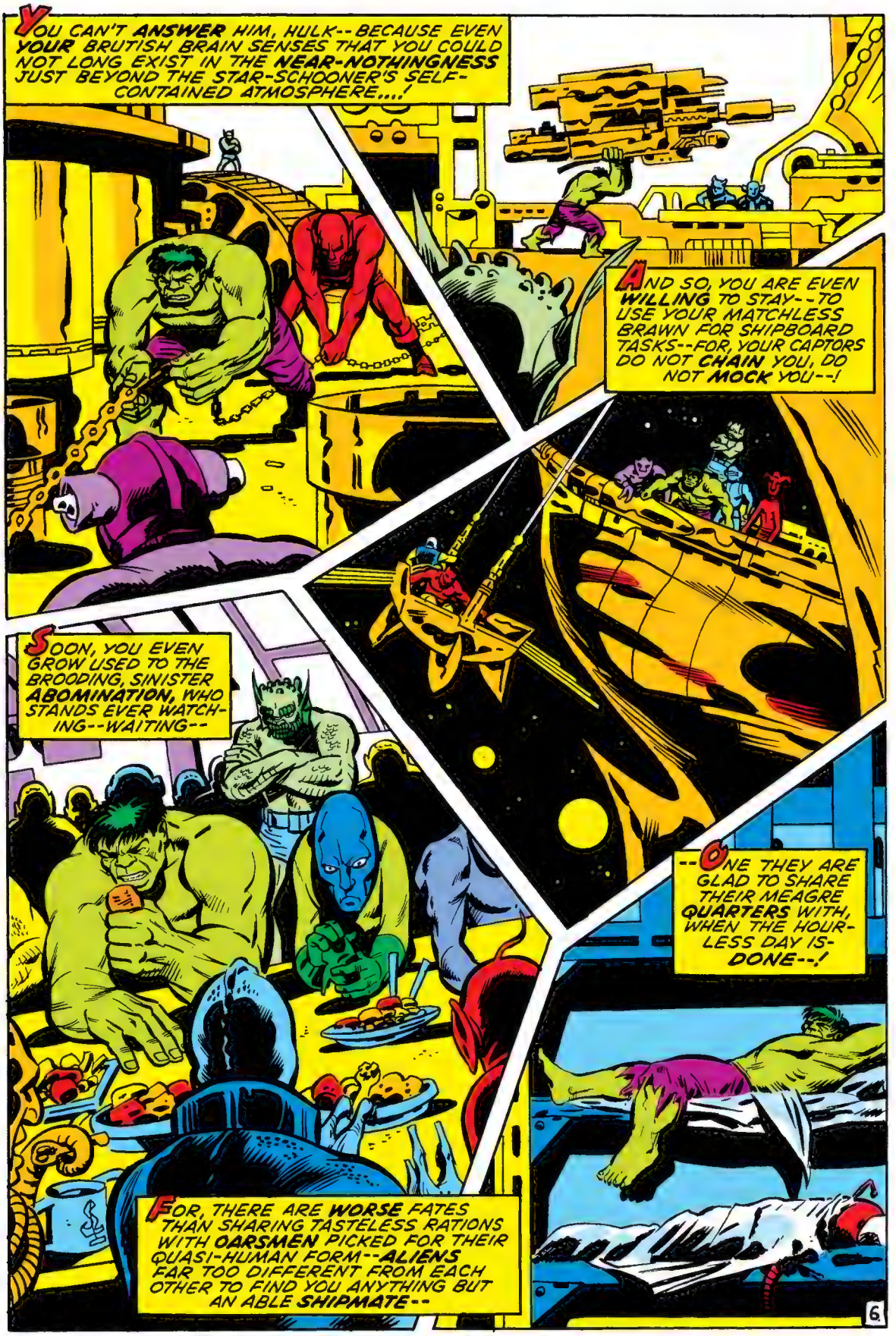
YOU! HULK KNOWS YOU!
OF COURSE YOU DO, YOU IGNORANT BRUTE!
WHAT MAN OR MONSTER-- HAVING ONCE SEEN THE ABOMINATION-- COULD EVER FORGET HIM??
STAN LEE EDITOR
ROY THOMAS, WRITER
HERB TRIMPE, ARTIST
MIKE ESPOSITO INKER
ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER

WHO
YOUR NAME MEANS NOTHING TO HULK!
OM
BUT--YOUR FACE! HULK KNOWS IT--AND HULK HATES IT!
BUT DO YOU REMEMBER--WHY YOU DESPISE IT, FOOL?
PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE YOU DIMLY RECALL--
THRAK!
--THAT I AM STRONGER THAN YOU--FAR STRONGER!
BKOK!
DIDN'T KNOW THAT--AND STILL DON'T KNOW IT!
NOBODY IS STRONGER THAN THE HULK!
NOBODY, YOU LUMBERING LUMMOX? WHAT ABOUT--?
I SAID--NOBODY!
ZOT!
BRRRM!
DID YOU HEAR?
NOBODY!


PLAY TO THE GALLERIES, HULK--FOR THERE ARE OTHERS WHO WATCH YOUR STRUGGLES, AND WHO COMMENT UPON THEM IN TONGUES YOU CANNOT COMPREHEND--!
MARK ME--THE NEW ONE WILL BEST OUR FIRST MATE!
I'LL WAGER A SLEEP-PERIOD'S FOOD RATIONS ON IT!
URRK!--TOO BAD FOR YOU THAT YOU DIDN'T TAKE ME UP ON THAT WAGER!
BACK, DOG! WE'LL SEE WHO'S MASTER ABOARD THE ANDROMEDA!
HALT, BOTH OF YOU! THERE'LL BE NO FIGHTING ON THIS VESSEL!
HULK HEARS VOICES--BUT CAN'T TELL WHAT THEY SAY!
NO MATTER! TALKING WON'T HELP YOU NOW--NOTHING WILL!
AS EVER, YOU OVER-ESTIMATE YOUR PUNY STRENGTH, GARGOYLE!
I SAY--MY NEXT BLOW WILL MAKE YOU REGRET YOUR HASTY BOAST!
"AND XERON SAYS--NO FIGHTING!!"
THERE! PERHAPS WHEN OUR NEWEST ROWER AWAKENS --HE'LL HAVE LEARNED TO ACT LIKE A SLAVE!
3


AS FOR YOU--YOU WHO ARE JUSTLY CALLED THE ABOMINATION--
BE GRATEFUL I DID NOT DIRECT A HARPOON-BLAST AT YOU, AS WELL!
YOU GO TOO FAR! I AM FIRST MATE HERE--!
AND I AM XERON--THE STAR-SLAYER--HE WHO TRACKS THE SPACE-SPAWNED BEHEMOTH, KLAATU!
WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL CAPTAIN CYBOR THAT YOU THREATENED ONE SO VITAL TO HIS COSMIC QUEST?
I THOUGHT NOT!
NOW COME! CYBOR MUST LEARN HOW THE BEHEMOTH NEARLY FELL TO ME THIS TIME--ON THE VERY PLANET WE NOW ORBIT--
I KNOW WHAT TO DO, MASTER XERON!
--THAT SELF-SAME WORLD WHERE WE DID ACQUIRE--ANOTHER OARSMAN!
CEREXO! TAKE CARE OF THE PRISONER!
STRANGE FACES! AND WEIRD VOICES--BUZZING ALL AROUND HULK!
BUT HULK CAN'T TELL WHAT THEY'RE--WAIT!
NOW HULK KNOWS! NOW HULK--UNDERSTANDS!
OF COURSE! THAT IS MY POWER, GREEN MAN!
THAT IS WHY CEREXO IS NOT KEPT CHAINED LIKE THE OTHERS!
IF YOU BEHAVE, PERHAPS THEY WON'T CHAIN YOU, EITHER!
NO ONE BETTER TRY TO CHAIN HULK!
BUT--TELL HULK MORE--!
ABOUT XERON? ABOUT OUR QUEST? PERHAPS EVEN ABOUT--KLAATU?
ABOUT--EVERY-THING! HULK IS--CONFUSED!
VERY WELL--!
4


"OUR CAPTAIN IS CYBOR--AND, FOR REASONS WE CAN ONLY SUSPECT, HE STALKS THE SPACE-BEHEMOTH KLAATU ACROSS THE NEBULAR WASTES!*
*YOU GLIMPSED KLAATU LAST ISSUE!--STAN.
"AS FOR YOUR FELLOW WORLDLING--THE ABOMINATION--
"WE FIRST BEHELD HIM NOT LONG AGO--BATTLING AN ARMORED CREATURE FAR LARGER THAN HIMSELF, ON A NAMELESS ASTEROID!
"BECAUSE HE VANQUISHED THE HUGER BEAST, OUR HARPOONER XERON BROUGHT HIM ABOARD--!
"HE WAS TO HAVE BEEN AN OARS-MAN--AS YOU YOURSELF SHALL BE--!
"BUT HIS GUILE MATCHED HIS STRENGTH--AND SO HE CHALLENGED OUR FIRST MATE TO A DEATH-DUEL--AND TRIUMPHED!
"ABOARD THE ANDROMEDA, HE WHO SLAYS A MAN MUST TAKE HIS PLACE--AND SO THE NEWCOMER BECAME FIRST MATE--
"--AND NOW WIELDS THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER ALL OF US--ALL BUT XERON, AND CYBOR HIMSELF--!"
WELL, NO ONE WILL CHAIN HULK --AND NO ONE WILL KILL HULK!
HULK WILL LEAVE THIS METAL BOAT--ANYTIME HE WANTS TO!
PERHAPS, GREEN MAN! BUT TELL ME THIS--
WHERE WILL YOU GO??
5


YOU CAN'T ANSWER HIM, HULK--BECAUSE EVEN YOUR BRUTISH BRAIN SENSES THAT YOU COULD NOT LONG EXIST IN THE NEAR-NOTHINGNESS JUST BEYOND THE STAR-SCHOONER'S SELF-CONTAINED ATMOSPHERE....!
AND SO, YOU ARE EVEN WILLING TO STAY--TO USE YOUR MATCHLESS BRAWN FOR SHIPBOARD TASKS--FOR, YOUR CAPTORS DO NOT CHAIN YOU, DO NOT MOCK YOU--!
SOON, YOU EVEN GROW USED TO THE BROODING, SINISTER ABOMINATION, WHO STANDS EVER WATCHING--WAITING--
--ONE THEY ARE GLAD TO SHARE THEIR MEAGRE QUARTERS WITH, WHEN THE HOURLESS DAY IS-DONE--!
FOR, THERE ARE WORSE FATES THAN SHARING TASTELESS RATIONS WITH OARSMEN PICKED FOR THEIR QUASI-HUMAN FORM--ALIENS FAR TOO DIFFERENT FROM EACH OTHER TO FIND YOU ANYTHING BUT AN ABLE SHIPMATE--

BUT STILL THE ANDROMEDA ORBITS THE UNSUSPECTING EARTH BELOW--AND ONCE, UNABLE TO SLEEP, YOU **RISE** FROM YOUR BUNK--

--AND **LUCKY** YOU SHALL BE IF EVER YOU LIE DOWN **AGAIN**--!

YOU KNOW THAT YOUR FEEBLE BRAIN CANNOT BEGIN TO FATHOM THE **DEEPER** MYSTERIES OF THIS SPACE-BORN CRAFT --THE COSMIC **OARS** WHICH USE THE **LIGHT-RAYS** AS A SEA-GOING BOAT MIGHT CATCH THE **WIND**--!

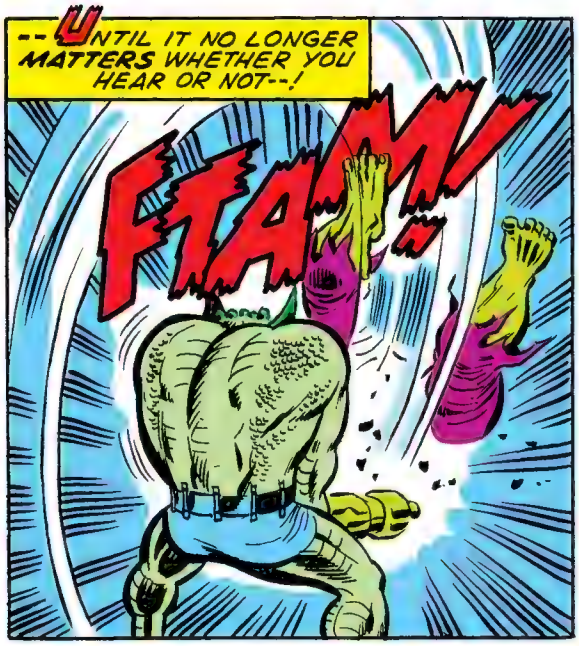
THUS, YOU **CONTENT** YOURSELF WITH GLIMPSING, THRU YOUR MIND'S DARK GLASS, THE MORE **IMMEDIATE**--THE MORE **ELEMENTARY** QUESTIONS WHICH SURGE WITHIN YOUR BREAST--!

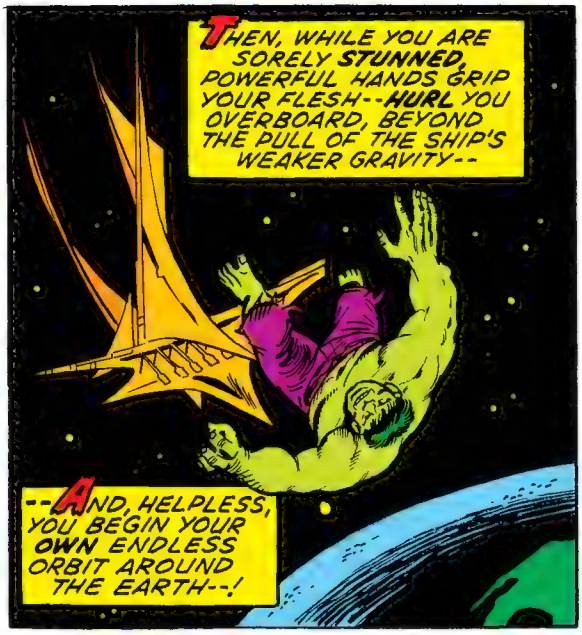
YOU WONDER WHY THE MYSTERIOUS **CAPTAIN** OF THE VESSEL HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BY MOST OF THE ENSLAVED OARSMEN--WHY HE HAS CROSSED THE OCEAN OF SPACE IN SEARCH OF THE BRUTE-THING CALLED **KLAATU**--

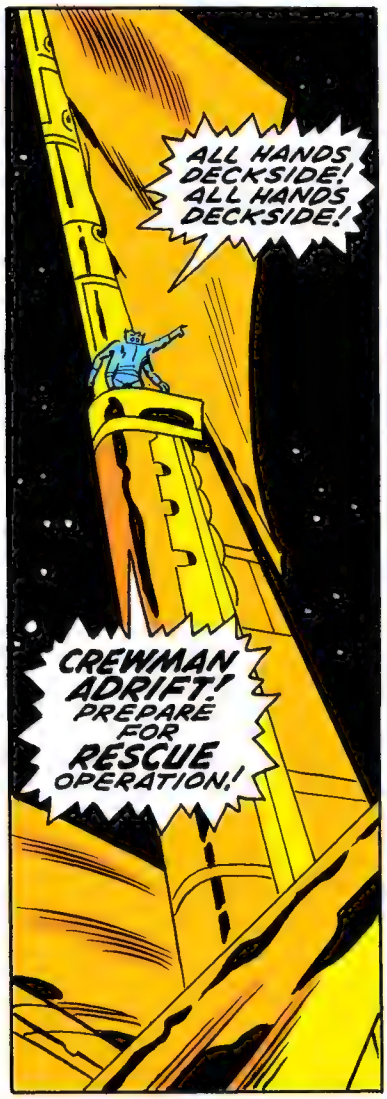
AND, MOST OF ALL, AS YOU GAZE **BACK** TOWARD THE WORLD THAT WAS YOUR HOME--

--YOU WONDER IF YOUR CAPTORS WILL WILLINGLY **RELEASE** YOU WHEN THEIR SEARCH IS DONE--AND WHETHER YOU **WANT** TO BE SET FREE FROM THIS COMMUNITY OF **OUTCASTS** --SO MUCH UNLIKE YOURSELF, YET SO STRANGELY **SIMILAR**--!

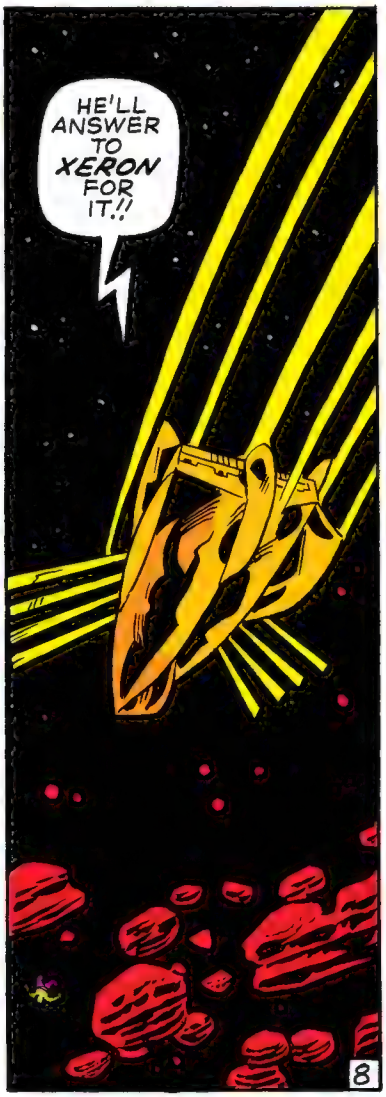
YES, ALL THESE THINGS YOU **WONDER**--AND SO YOU DO NOT HEAR THE STEALTHY FOOTSTEP BEHIND YOU--THE BAREST SCRAPING AS A SPARE **HARPOON** IS LIFTED FROM THE DECK AND ONTO A STRAINING SHOULDER--

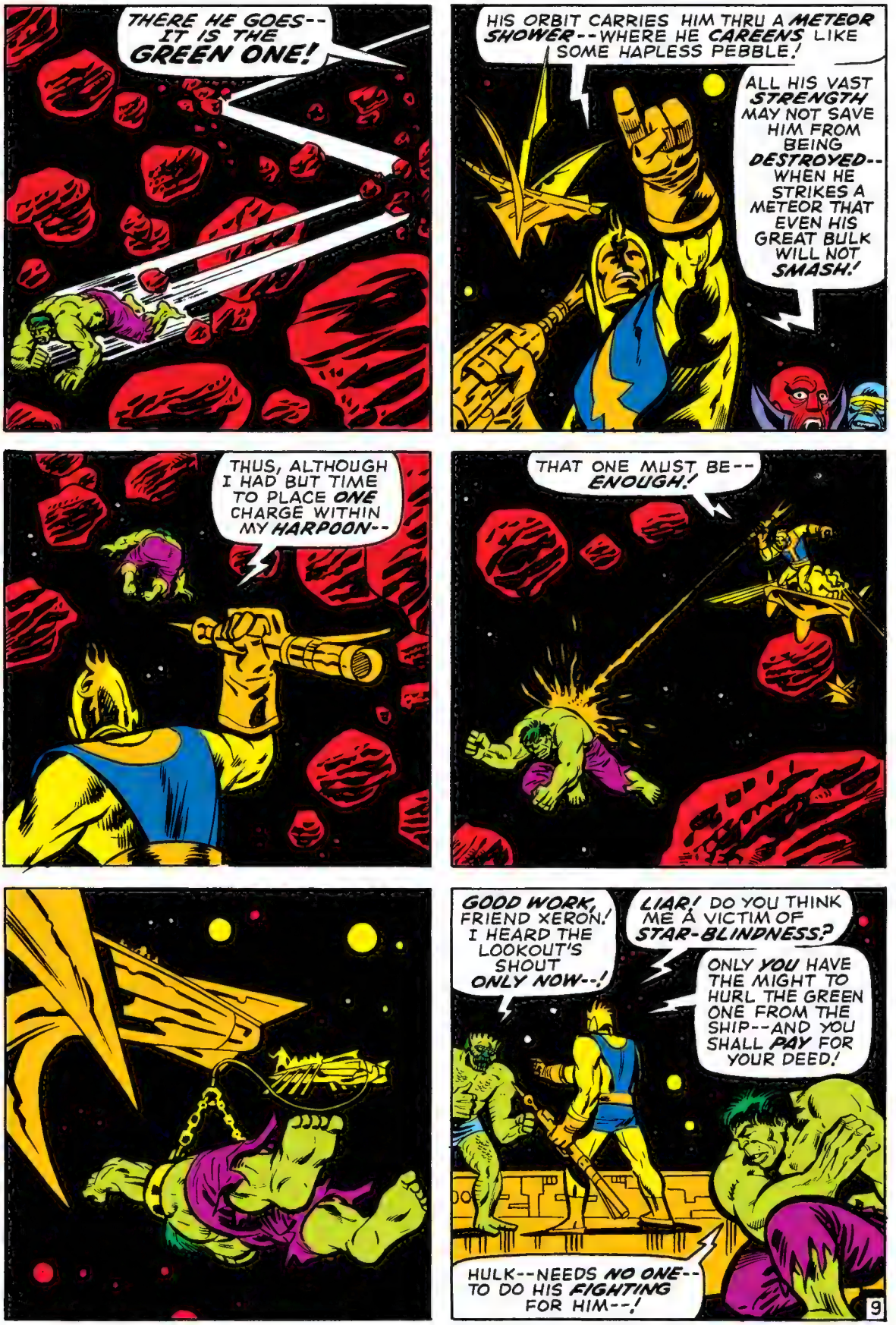

--UNTIL IT NO LONGER MATTERS WHETHER YOU HEAR OR NOT--!
FTAM!

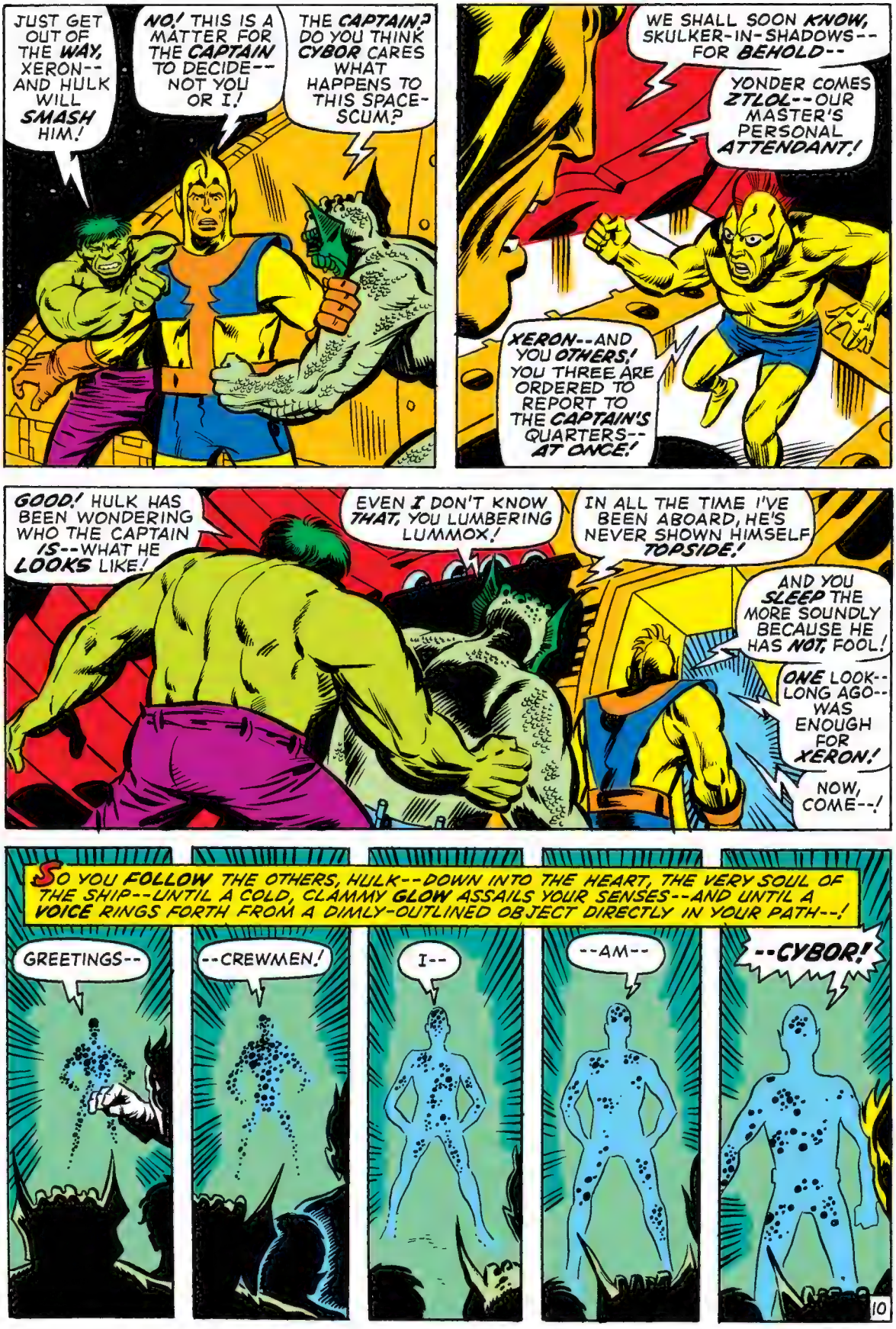

THEN, WHILE YOU ARE SORELY STUNNED, POWERFUL HANDS GRIP YOUR FLESH--HURL YOU OVERBOARD, BEYOND THE PULL OF THE SHIP'S WEAKER GRAVITY--
--AND, HELPLESS, YOU BEGIN YOUR OWN ENDLESS ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH--!


ALL HANDS DECKSIDE! ALL HANDS DECKSIDE!
CREWMAN ADRIFT! PREPARE FOR RESCUE OPERATION!

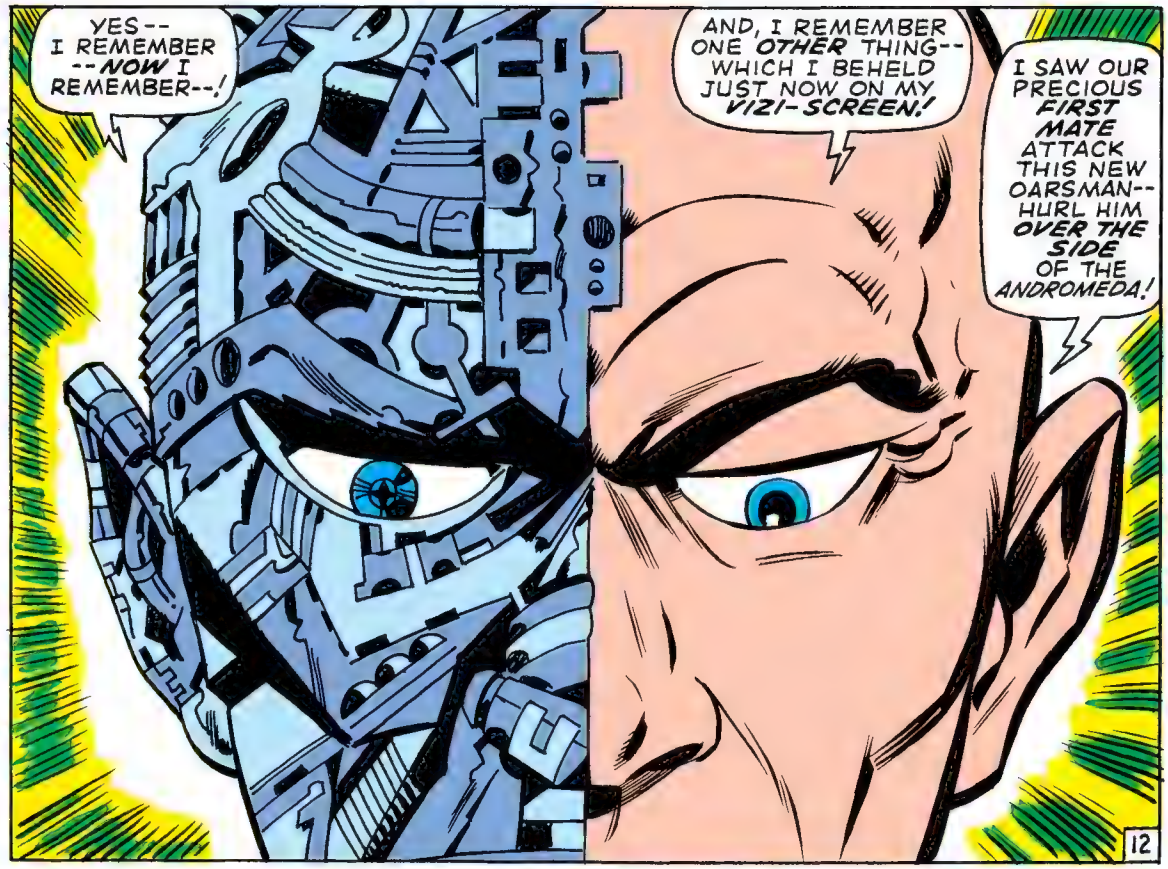
ABOARD THE ANDROMEDA --COUNTLESS LIGHT-YEARS AWAY FROM THE GALAXY THAT SPAWNED HER--EVERY CREWMEN ANSWERS SUCH A CALL--!
MOVE TO IT, YOU WEAKLINGS!
WE'LL NEED ALL OUR MANPOWER WHEN WE FINALLY LOCATE KLAATU!
IF I BEHOLD ANY OF YOU SHIRKING AT THE OARS--


HE'LL ANSWER TO XERON FOR IT!!


THERE HE GOES-- IT IS THE GREEN ONE!
HIS ORBIT CARRIES HIM THRU A METEOR SHOWER--WHERE HE CAREENS LIKE SOME HAPLESS PEBBLE!
ALL HIS VAST STRENGTH MAY NOT SAVE HIM FROM BEING DESTROYED-- WHEN HE STRIKES A METEOR THAT EVEN HIS GREAT BULK WILL NOT SMASH!
THUS, ALTHOUGH I HAD BUT TIME TO PLACE ONE CHARGE WITHIN MY HARPOON--
THAT ONE MUST BE-- ENOUGH!
GOOD WORK, FRIEND XERON! I HEARD THE LOOKOUT'S SHOUT ONLY NOW--!
LIAR! DO YOU THINK ME A VICTIM OF STAR-BLINDNESS?
ONLY YOU HAVE THE MIGHT TO HURL THE GREEN ONE FROM THE SHIP--AND YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR DEED!
HULK--NEEDS NO ONE-- TO DO HIS FIGHTING FOR HIM--!
9


JUST GET OUT OF THE WAY, XERON--AND HULK WILL SMASH HIM!
NO! THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE CAPTAIN TO DECIDE--NOT YOU OR I!
THE CAPTAIN? DO YOU THINK CYBOR CARES WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS SPACE-SCUM?
WE SHALL SOON KNOW, SKULKER-IN-SHADOWS--FOR BEHOLD--
YONDER COMES ZTLOL--OUR MASTER'S PERSONAL ATTENDANT!
XERON--AND YOU OTHERS! YOU THREE ARE ORDERED TO REPORT TO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS--AT ONCE!
GOOD! HULK HAS BEEN WONDERING WHO THE CAPTAIN IS--WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!
EVEN I DON'T KNOW THAT, YOU LUMBERING LUMMOX!
IN ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN ABOARD, HE'S NEVER SHOWN HIMSELF TOPSIDE!
AND YOU SLEEP THE MORE SOUNDLY BECAUSE HE HAS NOT, FOOL!
ONE LOOK--LONG AGO--WAS ENOUGH FOR XERON!
NOW, COME--!
SO YOU FOLLOW THE OTHERS, HULK--DOWN INTO THE HEART, THE VERY SOUL OF THE SHIP--UNTIL A COLD, CLAMMY GLOW ASSAILS YOUR SENSES--AND UNTIL A VOICE RINGS FORTH FROM A DIMLY-OUTLINED OBJECT DIRECTLY IN YOUR PATH--!
GREETINGS--
--CREWMEN!
I--
--AM--
--CYBOR!

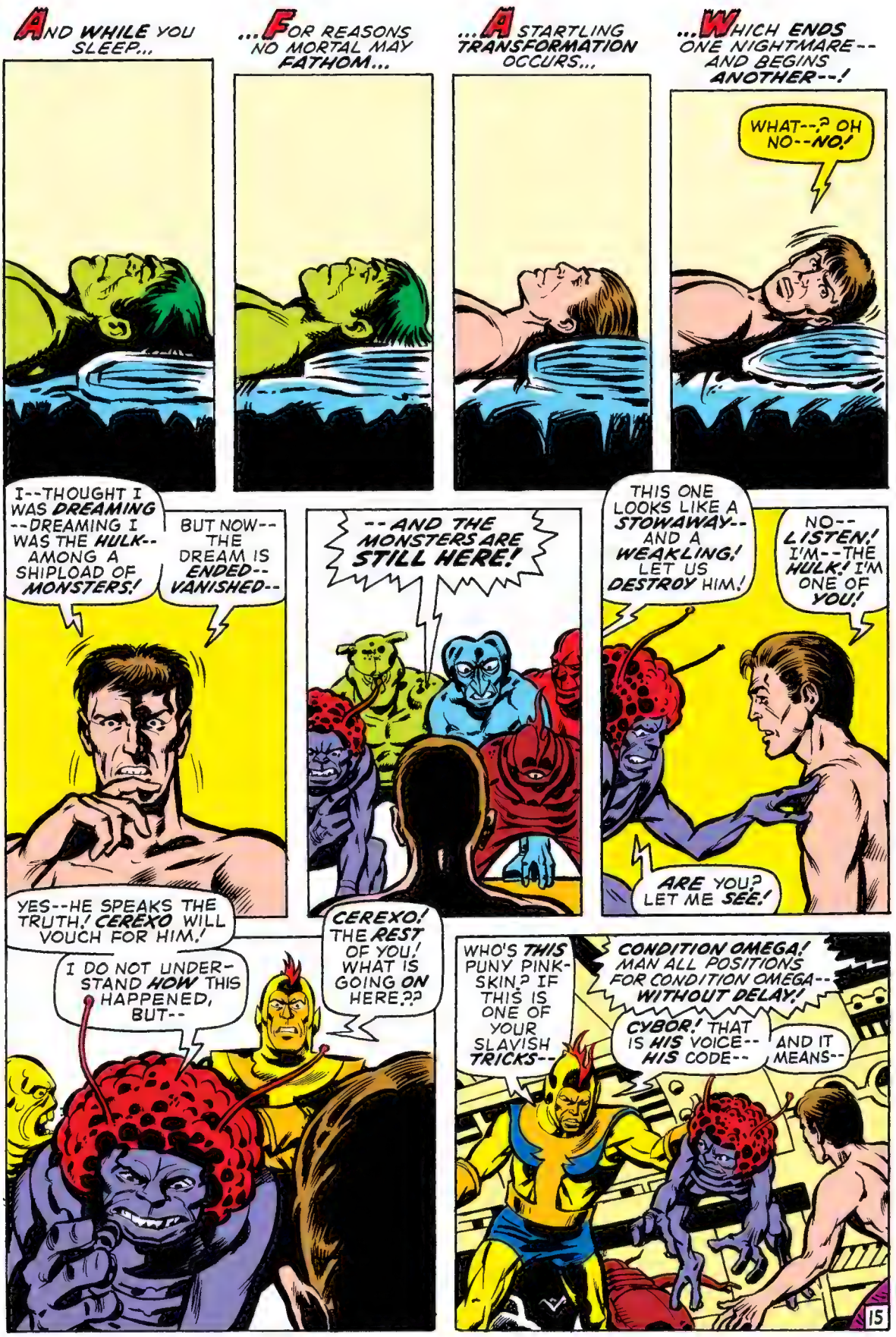
THEN ARE GONE BOTH THE ICE-SHARP GLOW--AND THE LOW, SOFT HUMMING YOU HADN'T TRULY HEARD UNTIL IT STOPPED! AND YOU STAND WITH THE OTHERS IN A TWILIGHT CHAMBER LINED WITH INSTRUMENTS YOUR DIM BRAIN CAN SCARCELY COMPREHEND--YOUR SQUINTING EYES FOCUS ON A PARTIALLY-ILLUMINED FORM--AND SUDDENLY YOU, EVEN YOU, UNDERSTAND WHY YOU HAVE NEVER BEFORE GAZED UPON THE CAPTAIN OF THE ANDROMEDA--!
YES, THAT'S RIGHT--LOOK AT ME!
TAKE A LONG, LINGERING LOOK--ALL OF YOU!
BEHOLD THE HALF-MAN--THE ONCE-WAS-HUMAN--THE USED-TO-BE BEING!!
FOR, I AM CYBOR --HE WHO DWELLS AMONG THE PHOTONIC ENGINES WHICH CATCH THE LIGHT-RAYS WHICH POWER THIS GREAT STAR-SCHOONER!
MOCK ME, WHY DON'T YOU? MOCK THE HALF-MAN, HALF-THING WHICH IS MORE AT HOME WITH UNSPEAKING MACHINES THAN IN THE COMPANY OF MORTAL CREATURES!
WE--HAVE NOT COME TO MOCK, O CAPTAIN!
YOU SUMMONED US--DO YOU NOT REMEMBER--?

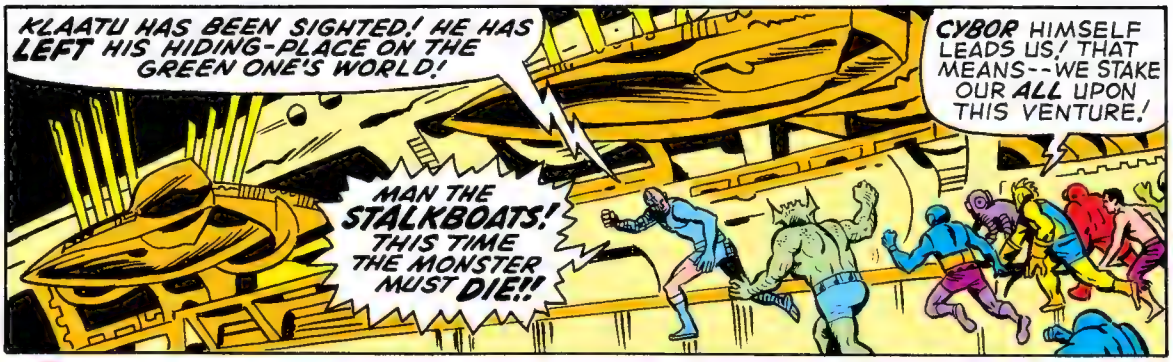

YES--
I REMEMBER
--NOW I
REMEMBER--!
AND, I REMEMBER
ONE OTHER THING--
WHICH I BEHELD
JUST NOW ON MY
VIZI-SCREEN!
I SAW OUR
PRECIOUS
FIRST
MATE
ATTACK
THIS NEW
OARSMAN--
HURL HIM
OVER THE
SIDE
OF THE
ANDROMEDA!
12

CAPTAIN--I--
ABOUT WHAT
YOU SAW--!
IT WAS THE
HULK WHO
ATTACKED ME
FIRST! I--
SILENCE!
DO YOU
THINK I
WANT TO
HEAR YOUR
EXCUSES--
YOUR LIES?
I WANT
NOTHING--
NOTHING
SAVE
RESULTS!

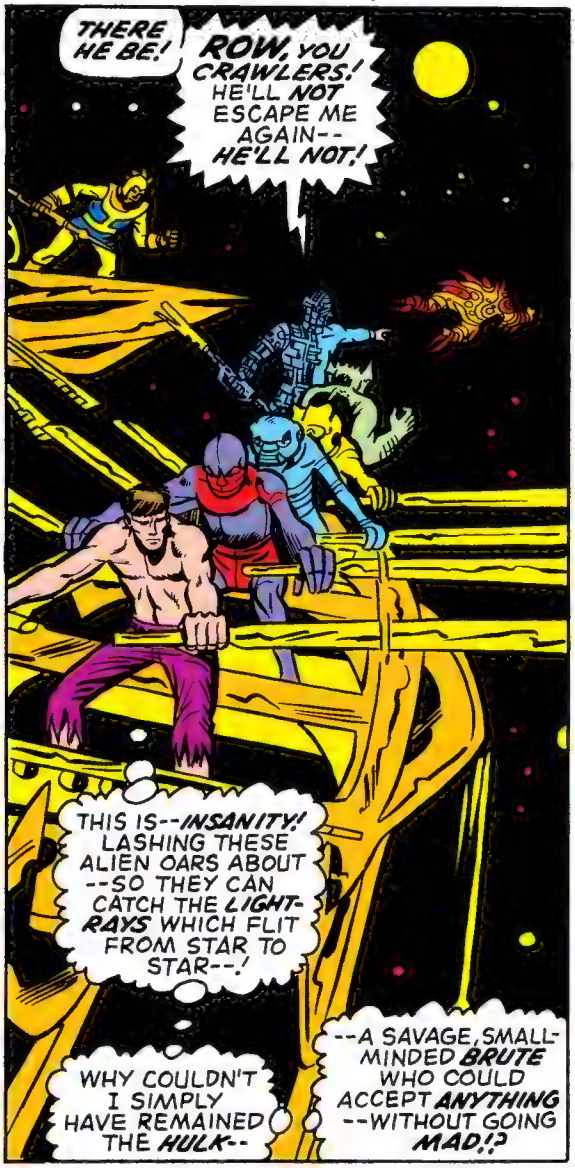
NOTHING SAVE
REVENGE--
REVENGE UPON
THE COSMOS-
SPANNING MONSTER
WHOSE IMAGE I
KEEP ALWAYS
BEFORE ME!
LISTEN TO ME--
AND YOU SHALL
LEARN WHY YOUR
PETTY SQUABBLES
MEAN NAUGHT TO
ME--SAVE AS THEY
ENDANGER MY
LIFE'S MISSION!
13

"ONCE I WAS A HARPOONER LIKE XERON--AYE, AND WHOLLY HUMAN--A BRAZEN YOUTH WHO DARED STALK THE ACCURSED KLAATU ALONE--!
"HE TURNED ON ME--RENT MY CRAFT ASUNDER LIKE SOME FLIMSY EGGSHELL--
"--WHILE I, PROTECTED ONLY BY MY PERSONAL AIR-SHIELD, DRIFTEDLY SLOWLY, FATALLY STARWARD--!
"I WAS, OF COURSE, RESCUED--BUT NOT BEFORE THAT SIDE OF ME WHICH FACED THE STAR WAS BURNED BEYOND RECOGNITION OF HUMANITY--!"
SO THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HALF MAN--AND HALF MACHINE!
WELL, HULK DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THAT--ANY OF IT!
HULK JUST WANTS TO SMASH THE ONE WHO HIT HIM--THAT'S ALL!
NO! THERE WILL BE NO PERSONAL COMBATS ON BOARD--NOT WHILE KLAATU STILL LIVES!
XERON--ESCORT THIS BRUTE BACK TO HIS QUARTERS!
BRUTE? HULK WILL--
STOP, HULK! IF YOU HARM CYBOR, NOT YOU, NOT ANY OF US WOULD EVER SEE OUR HOME WORLDS AGAIN!
HIS ROBOT HALF ALONE SERVES TO CONTROL THE SHIP--AND WITHOUT HIM, WE WOULD ORBIT HERE FOREVER!
YOU HAVE SUMMED UP THE SITUATION MOST SUCCINCTLY, STAR-SLAYER!
NOW GO--AND TAKE THESE TWO FOOLS WITH YOU!
AH, IF ONLY YOURS WERE A MORE SUBTLE MENTALITY, HULK--THEN YOU WOULD KNOW AT LAST WHY THE ANDROMEDA IS MANNED SOLELY BY NEAR-HUMANS--THOSE WHO DO NOT REMIND THE CAPTAIN OVERMUCH OF HIS LONG-LOST HUMANITY!
BUT, THERE IS NO GUILE IN YOU--AND SO YOU SLEEP THE LONG, DEEP, SLEEP--
14

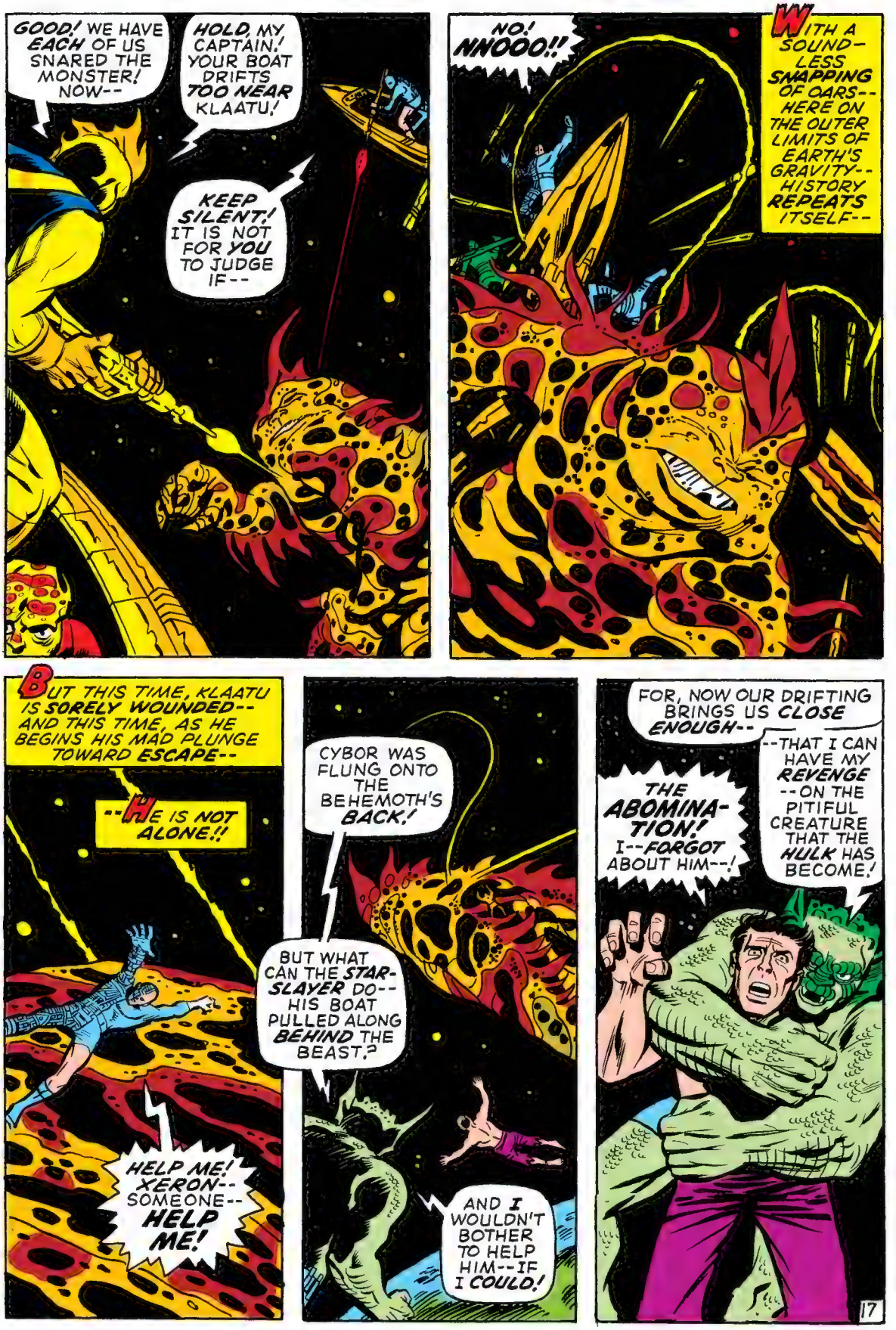

AND WHILE YOU SLEEP...
...FOR REASONS NO MORTAL MAY FATHOM...
...A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION OCCURS...
...WHICH ENDS ONE NIGHTMARE--AND BEGINS ANOTHER--!
WHAT--? OH NO--NO!
I--THOUGHT I WAS DREAMING --DREAMING I WAS THE HULK-- AMONG A SHIPLOAD OF MONSTERS!
BUT NOW-- THE DREAM IS ENDED-- VANISHED--
--AND THE MONSTERS ARE STILL HERE!
THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE A STOWAWAY-- AND A WEAKLING! LET US DESTROY HIM!
NO-- LISTEN! I'M--THE HULK! I'M ONE OF YOU!
ARE YOU? LET ME SEE!
YES--HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! CEREXO WILL VOUCH FOR HIM!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THIS HAPPENED, BUT--
CEREXO! THE REST OF YOU! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE??
WHO'S THIS PUNY PINK-SKIN? IF THIS IS ONE OF YOUR SLAVISH TRICKS--
CONDITION OMEGA! MAN ALL POSITIONS FOR CONDITION OMEGA-- WITHOUT DELAY!
CYBOR! THAT IS HIS VOICE-- HIS CODE--
AND IT MEANS--
15

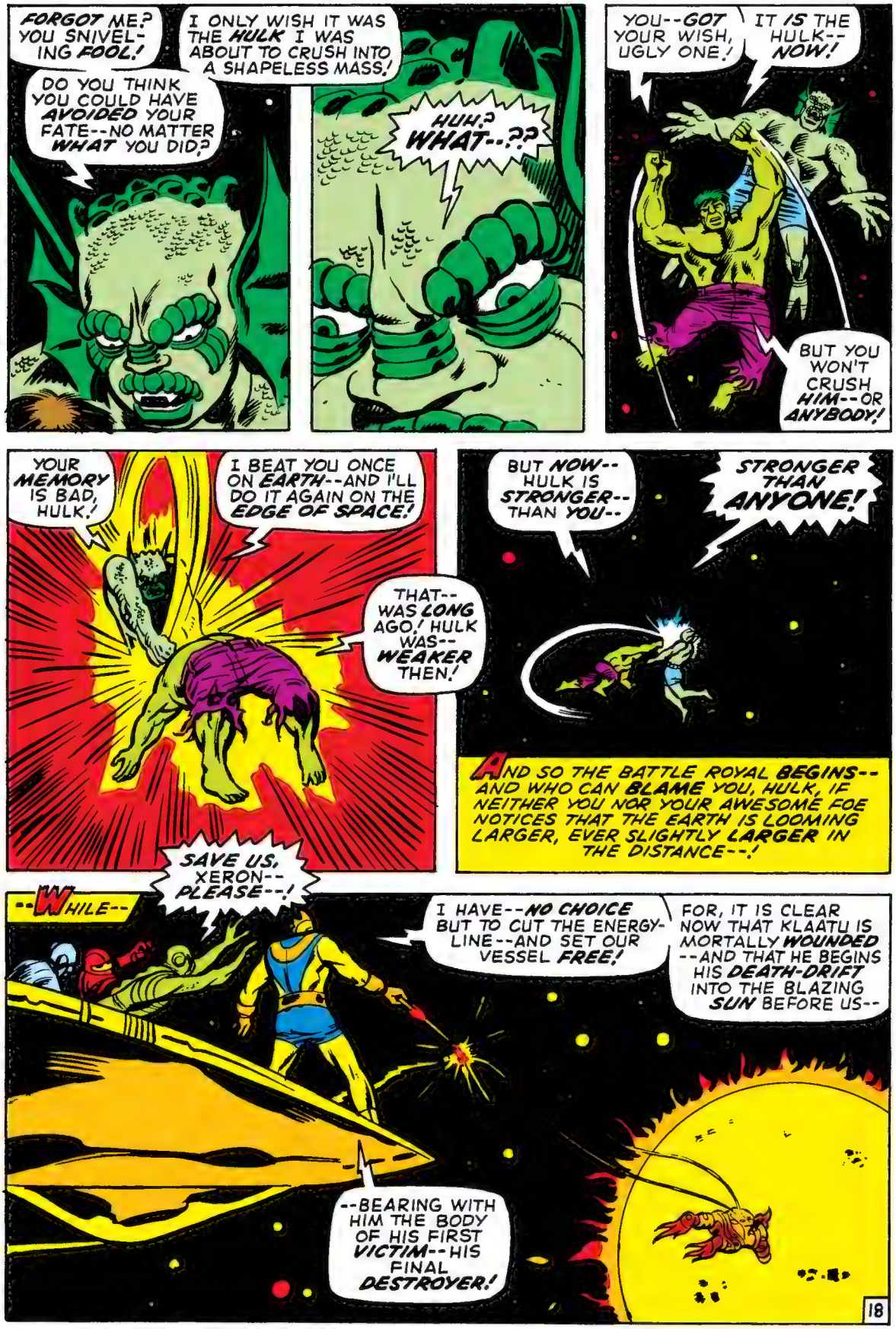

KLAATU HAS BEEN SIGHTED! HE HAS LEFT HIS HIDING-PLACE ON THE GREEN ONE'S WORLD!
CYBOR HIMSELF LEADS US! THAT MEANS--WE STAKE OUR ALL UPON THIS VENTURE!
MAN THE STALKBOATS! THIS TIME THE MONSTER MUST DIE!!

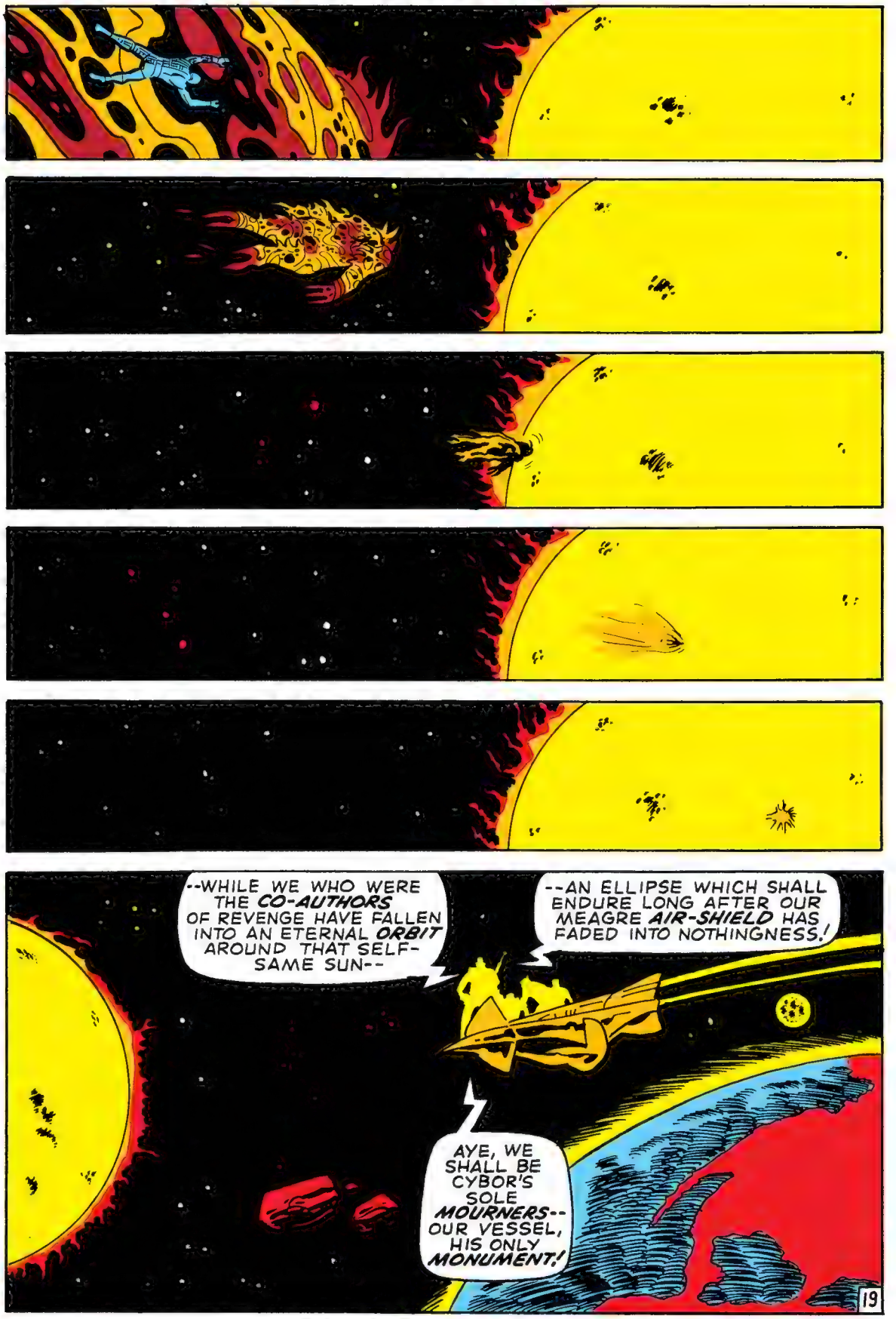
DO YOU EXIST AT ALL, HULK, WHEN THE FORM OF BRUCE BANNER IS ABROAD IN THE UNIVERSE? IF SO, THEN HOW YOU MUST GUFFAW AT THE SIGHT OF THAT FRAIL PHYSICIST MANNING THE OARS OF ONE OF THE TWO PURSUIT CRAFT--BENDING HIS SPINDLY BACK IN TIME WITH GRIM GROTESQUERIES FROM BEYOND THE FARTHEST STAR--!

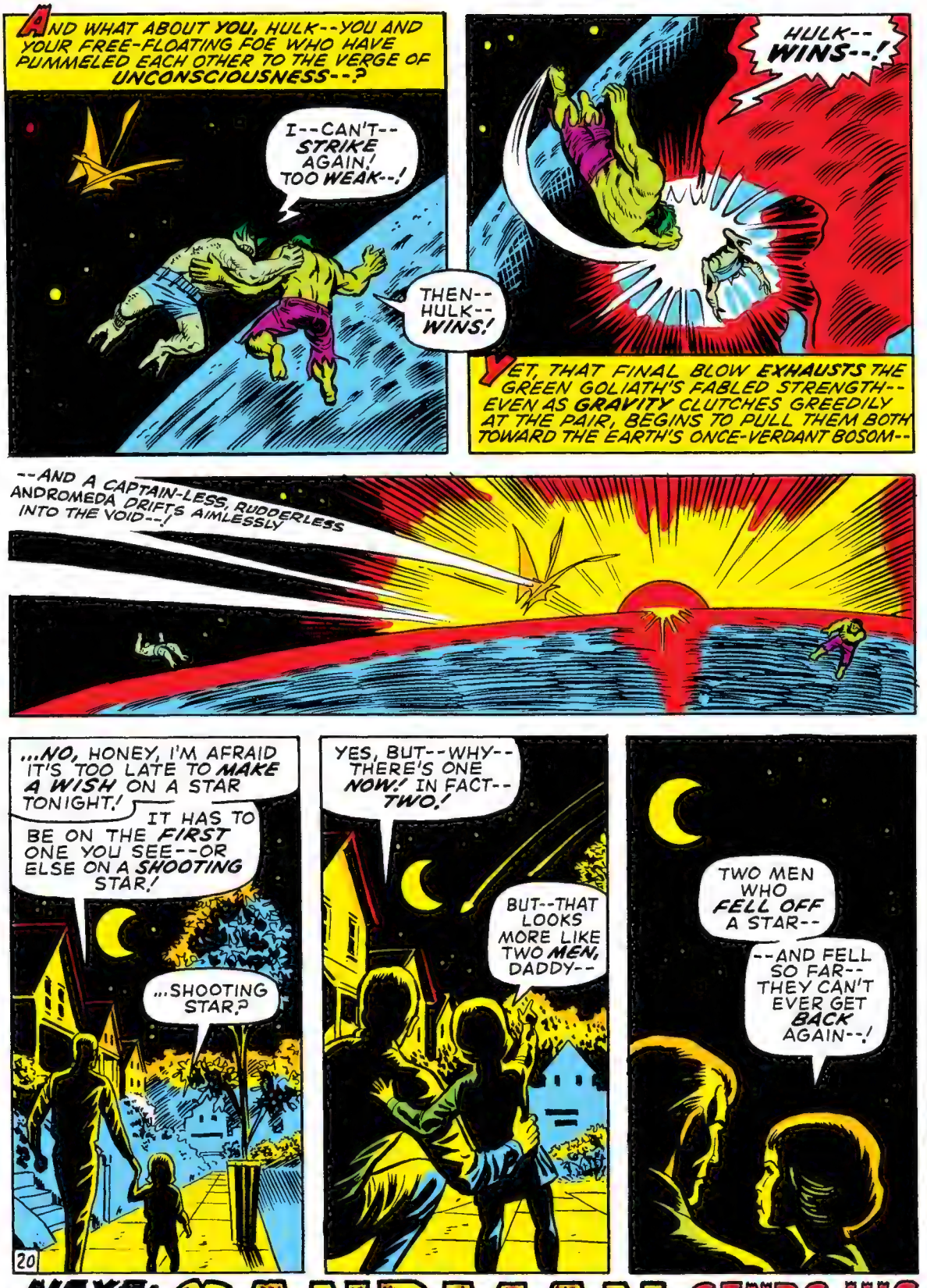

THERE HE BE!
ROW, YOU CRAWLERS! HE'LL NOT ESCAPE ME AGAIN-- HE'LL NOT!
THIS IS--INSANITY! LASHING THESE ALIEN OARS ABOUT --SO THEY CAN CATCH THE LIGHT-RAYS WHICH FLIT FROM STAR TO STAR--!
WHY COULDN'T I SIMPLY HAVE REMAINED THE HULK--
--A SAVAGE, SMALL-MINDED BRUTE WHO COULD ACCEPT ANYTHING --WITHOUT GOING MAD!?

XERON! YOUR BLASTS MAY PROD THE MONSTER --EVEN WOUND HIM-- BUT MINE MUST BE THE BLOW THAT SLAYS!
HAH! IN SUCH BRAIN AS HE HAS, KLAATU THOUGHT HE COULD OUT-LAST ME, SKULKING AMONG THE ENERGY-SOURCES OF THAT PLANET DOWN THERE!
BUT, CYBOR OUTWAITED HIM--KNOWING HIS SPACE-SPAWNED BODY COULD NOT LIVE FOR LONG AMID AN ATMOSPHERE RICH IN OXYGEN!
I KNEW HE MUST COME-- UP FROM AIR!


GOOD! WE HAVE EACH OF US SNARED THE MONSTER! NOW--
HOLD, MY CAPTAIN! YOUR BOAT DRIFTS TOO NEAR KLAATU!
KEEP SILENT! IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO JUDGE IF--
NO! NNOOO!!
WITH A SOUND-LESS SNAPPING OF OARS--HERE ON THE OUTER LIMITS OF EARTH'S GRAVITY--HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF--
BUT THIS TIME, KLAATU IS SORELY WOUNDED--AND THIS TIME, AS HE BEGINS HIS MAD PLUNGE TOWARD ESCAPE--
--HE IS NOT ALONE!!
HELP ME! XERON--SOMEONE--HELP ME!
CYBOR WAS FLUNG ONTO THE BEHEMOTH'S BACK!
BUT WHAT CAN THE STAR-SLAYER DO--HIS BOAT PULLED ALONG BEHIND THE BEAST?
AND I WOULDN'T BOTHER TO HELP HIM--IF I COULD!
FOR, NOW OUR DRIFTING BRINGS US CLOSE ENOUGH--
THE ABOMINATION! I--FORGOT ABOUT HIM--!
--THAT I CAN HAVE MY REVENGE--ON THE PITIFUL CREATURE THAT THE HULK HAS BECOME!


FORGOT ME? YOU SNIVELING FOOL!
I ONLY WISH IT WAS THE HULK I WAS ABOUT TO CRUSH INTO A SHAPELESS MASS!
DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HAVE AVOIDED YOUR FATE--NO MATTER WHAT YOU DID?
HUH? WHAT--??
YOU--GOT YOUR WISH, UGLY ONE!
IT IS THE HULK--NOW!
BUT YOU WON'T CRUSH HIM--OR ANYBODY!
YOUR MEMORY IS BAD, HULK!
I BEAT YOU ONCE ON EARTH--AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN ON THE EDGE OF SPACE!
THAT--WAS LONG AGO! HULK WAS--WEAKER THEN!
BUT NOW--HULK IS STRONGER--THAN YOU--
STRONGER THAN ANYONE!
AND SO THE BATTLE ROYAL BEGINS--AND WHO CAN BLAME YOU, HULK, IF NEITHER YOU NOR YOUR AWESOME FOE NOTICES THAT THE EARTH IS LOOMING LARGER, EVER SLIGHTLY LARGER IN THE DISTANCE--!
--WHILE--
SAVE US, XERON--PLEASE--!
I HAVE--NO CHOICE BUT TO CUT THE ENERGY-LINE--AND SET OUR VESSEL FREE!
FOR, IT IS CLEAR NOW THAT KLAATU IS MORTALLY WOUNDED --AND THAT HE BEGINS HIS DEATH-DRIFT INTO THE BLAZING SUN BEFORE US--
--BEARING WITH HIM THE BODY OF HIS FIRST VICTIM--HIS FINAL DESTROYER!


--WHILE WE WHO WERE THE CO-AUTHORS OF REVENGE HAVE FALLEN INTO AN ETERNAL ORBIT AROUND THAT SELF-SAME SUN--
--AN ELLIPSE WHICH SHALL ENDURE LONG AFTER OUR MEAGRE AIR-SHIELD HAS FADED INTO NOTHINGNESS.!
AYE, WE SHALL BE CYBOR'S SOLE MOURNERS-- OUR VESSEL, HIS ONLY MONUMENT!

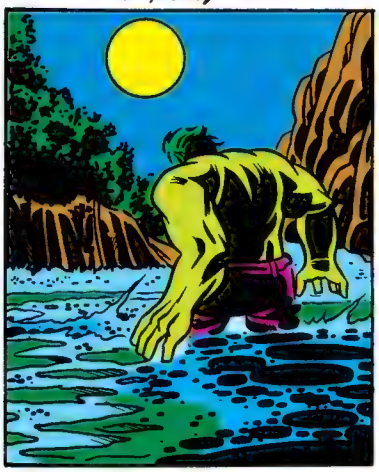

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, HULK--YOU AND YOUR FREE-FLOATING FOE WHO HAVE PUMMELED EACH OTHER TO THE VERGE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS--?
I--CAN'T-- STRIKE AGAIN! TOO WEAK--!
THEN-- HULK-- WINS!
HULK-- WINS--!
YET, THAT FINAL BLOW EXHAUSTS THE GREEN GOLIATH'S FABLED STRENGTH-- EVEN AS GRAVITY CLUTCHES GREEDILY AT THE PAIR, BEGINS TO PULL THEM BOTH TOWARD THE EARTH'S ONCE-VERDANT BOSOM--
--AND A CAPTAIN-LESS, RUDDERLESS ANDROMEDA DRIFTS AIMLESSLY INTO THE VOID--!
...NO, HONEY, I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO MAKE A WISH ON A STAR TONIGHT!
IT HAS TO BE ON THE FIRST ONE YOU SEE--OR ELSE ON A SHOOTING STAR!
...SHOOTING STAR?
YES, BUT--WHY-- THERE'S ONE NOW! IN FACT-- TWO!
BUT--THAT LOOKS MORE LIKE TWO MEN, DADDY--
TWO MEN WHO FELL OFF A STAR--
--AND FELL SO FAR-- THEY CAN'T EVER GET BACK AGAIN--!
20

NEXT: THE SANDMAN SENDS HIS REGARDS

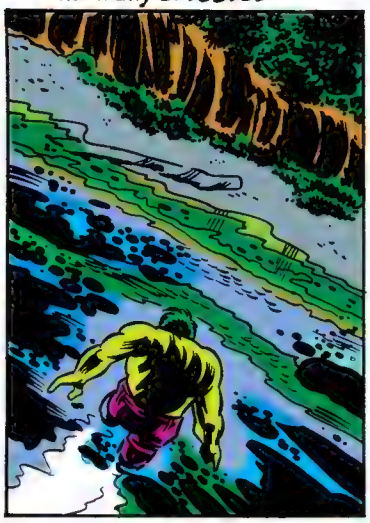
INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢
138
APR
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ONE MORE STEP--AND I DROP THE GIRL!
NO! IF THE GIRL FALLS--
YOU DIE!
TRIMPE
Sincerely Yours--
THE SANDMAN!
Featuring: THE FEARFUL FATE OF BETTY ROSS!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK! ™
STAN LEE EDITOR • ROY THOMAS WRITER • HERB TRIMPE ARTIST • SAM GRAINGER, INKER • SAM ROSEN, LETTERER
A MOMENT AGO-- HE WAS A FALLING STAR-- FRICTION SEARED HIM LIKE AN ANGRY TORCH-- AND HE TOPPLED INTO THE SEA LIKE A BURNT-OUT CINDER--
NOW-- HE SURFACES--- THE RAGE WITHIN HIS BREAST MATCHING HIS BLINDING PAIN--- AND YOU WONDER IF ANYTHING CAN EVER SOOTHE HIM AGAIN--!
Sincerely, THE SANDMAN!
529-2

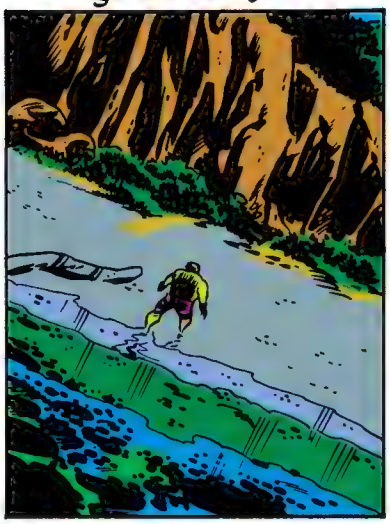
The brawling of a *sparrow* in the eaves,
The brilliant *moon* and all the milky *sky*---



And all that famous harmony of *leaves*---



...Had *blotted out* man's image and his cry.



A girl arose that had red mournful *lips*
And seemed the greatness of the world in *tears*---

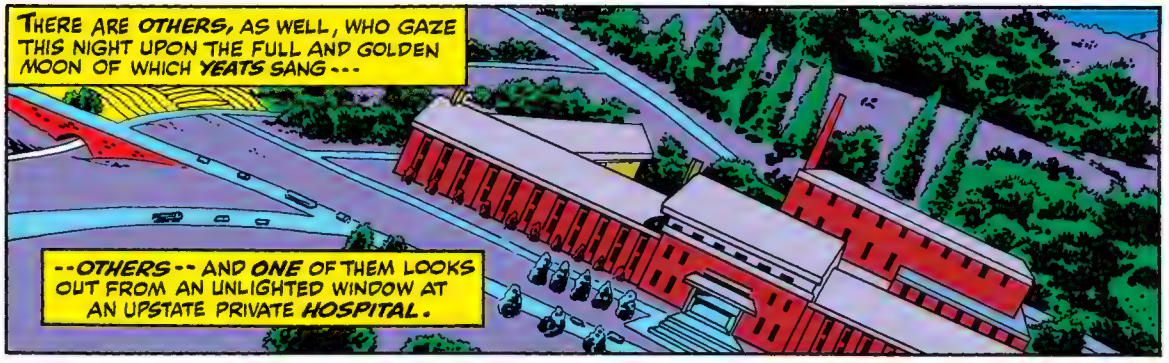
...*Doomed* like Odysseus and the labouring ships---

---And *proud* as Priam, murdered with his peers;

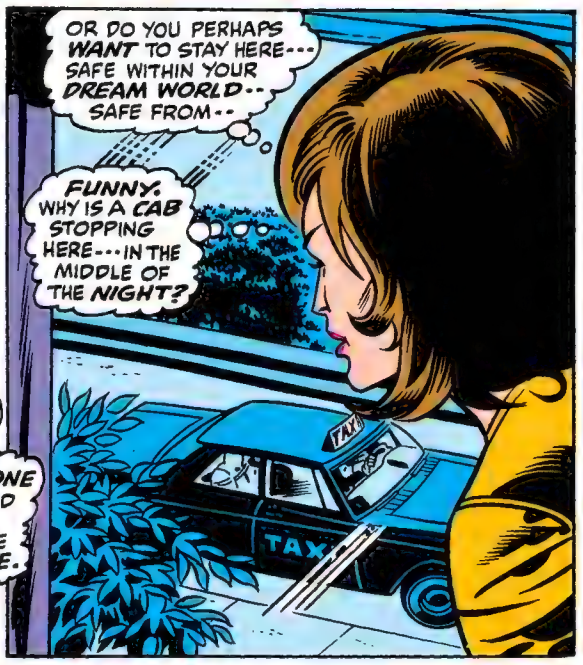
Arose, and on the instant clamorous *eaves*,
A climbing *moon* upon an empty sky---

---And all that lamentation of the *leaves*...

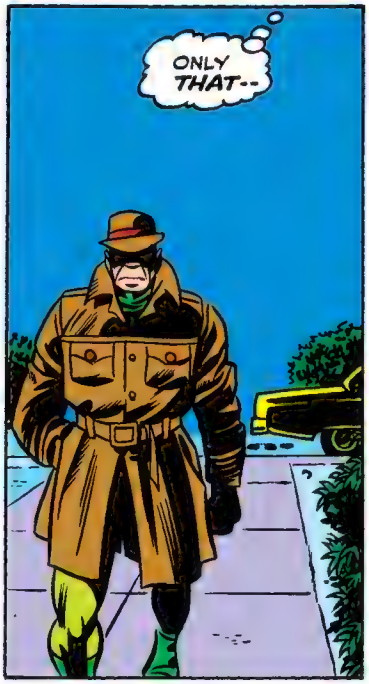
---Could but *compose* man's image... and his *cry*.

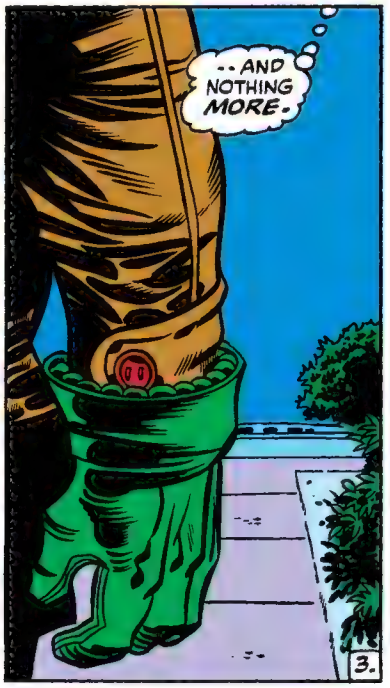

THERE ARE OTHERS, AS WELL, WHO GAZE THIS NIGHT UPON THE FULL AND GOLDEN MOON OF WHICH YEATS SANG---
--OTHERS-- AND ONE OF THEM LOOKS OUT FROM AN UNLIGHTED WINDOW AT AN UPSTATE PRIVATE HOSPITAL.

WHY DON'T YOU FACE UP TO FACTS, BETTY ROSS?
YOU SAW THE PHOTOS-- EVEN YOUR FATHER TOLD YOU HOW THE HULK WAS CARRIED OFF INTO OUTER SPACE BY SOME SORT OF COSMIC ROWBOAT.
IT'S BEEN WEEKS NOW.. SO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, GIRL.
THE HULK IS GONE FOREVER--- AND SO IS BRUCE BANNER-- THE MAN YOU LOVE.


OR DO YOU PERHAPS WANT TO STAY HERE--- SAFE WITHIN YOUR DREAM WORLD-- SAFE FROM--
FUNNY. WHY IS A CAB STOPPING HERE---IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?
TAXI

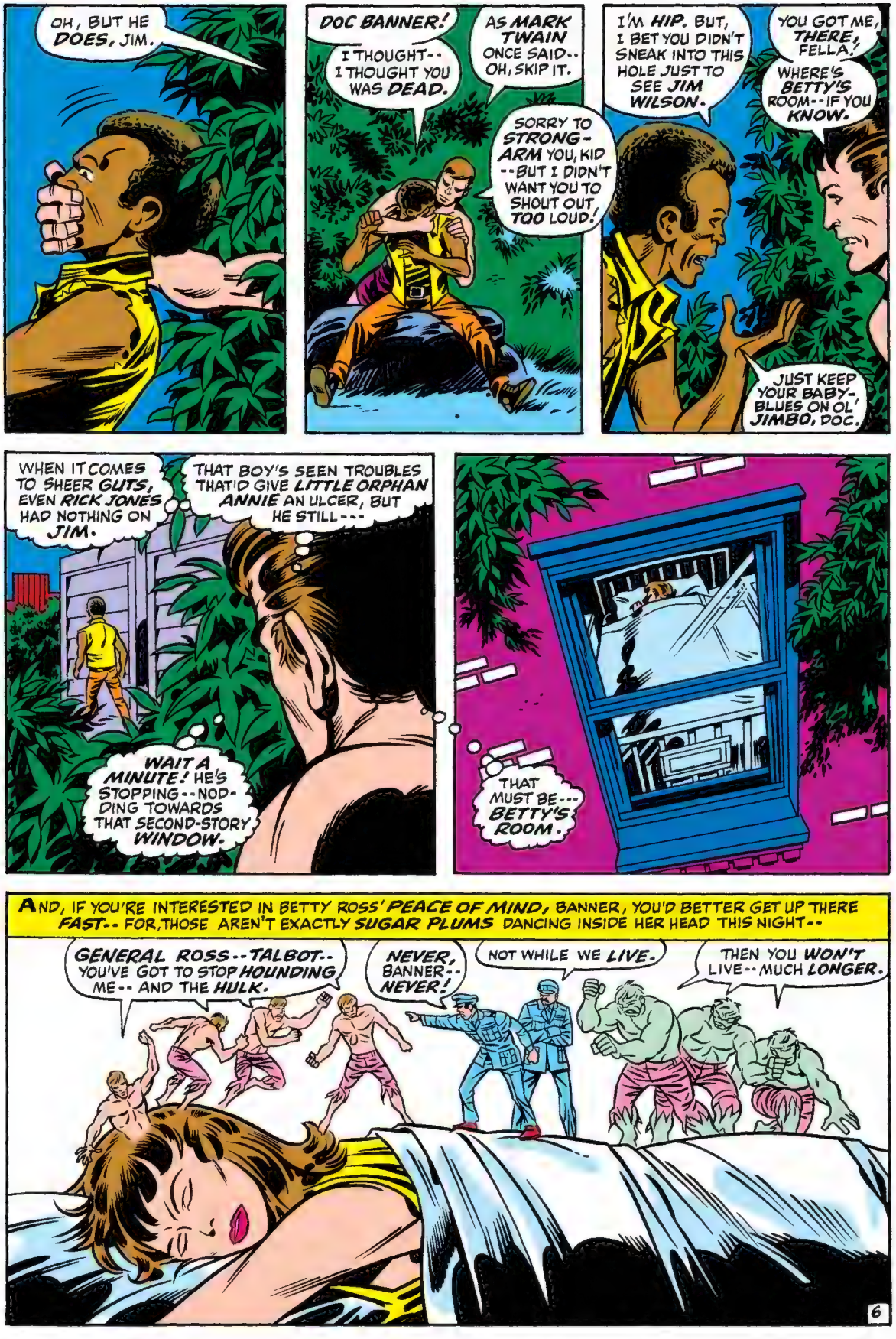
OH, STOP IT, GIRL! YOU'VE BEEN THRU HYSTERIA. IS PARANOIA NEXT ON THE LIST?
IT'S PROBABLY JUST ONE OF THE DOCTORS-- COMING BACK FROM A TOKEN HOUSE CALL.

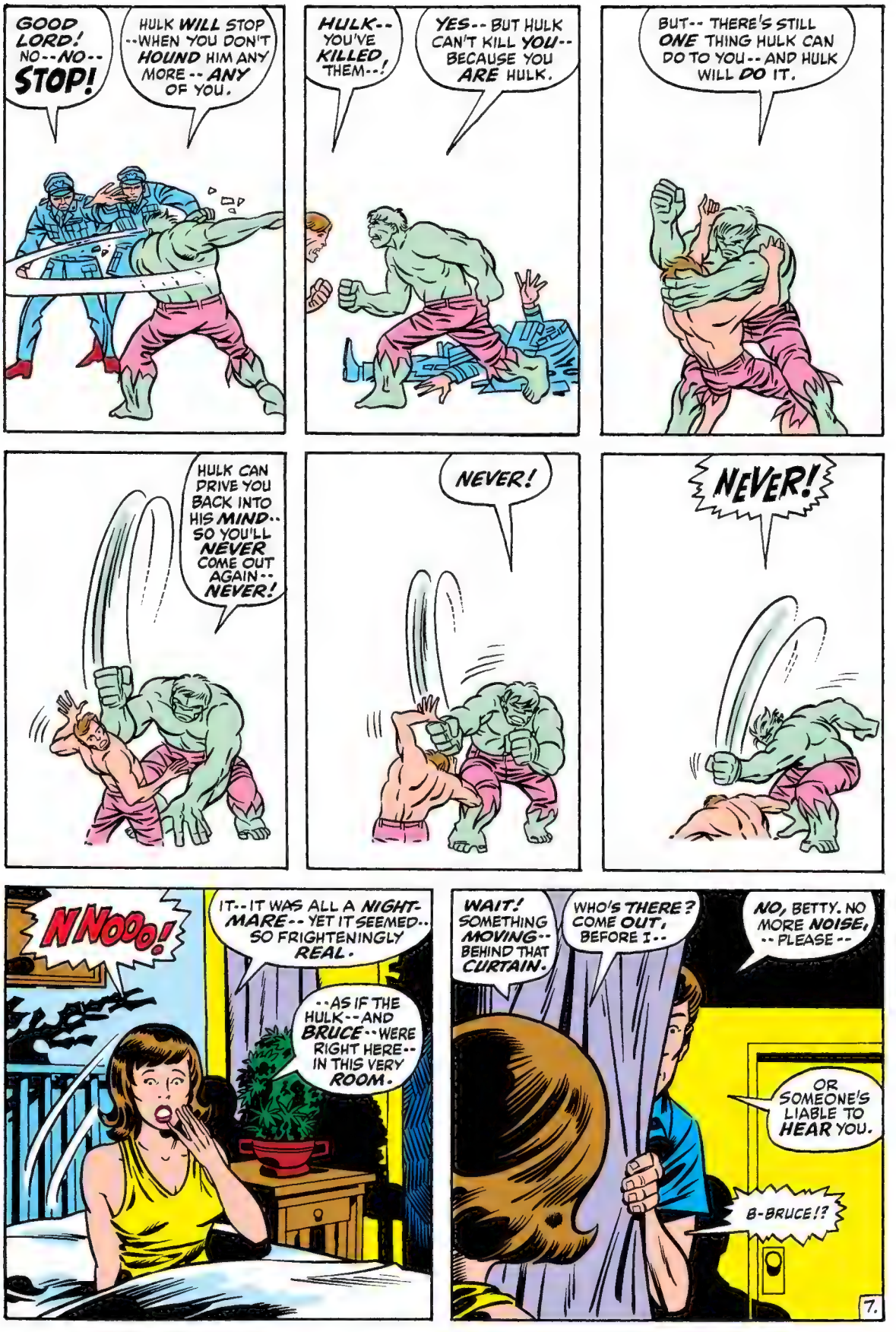

ONLY THAT--

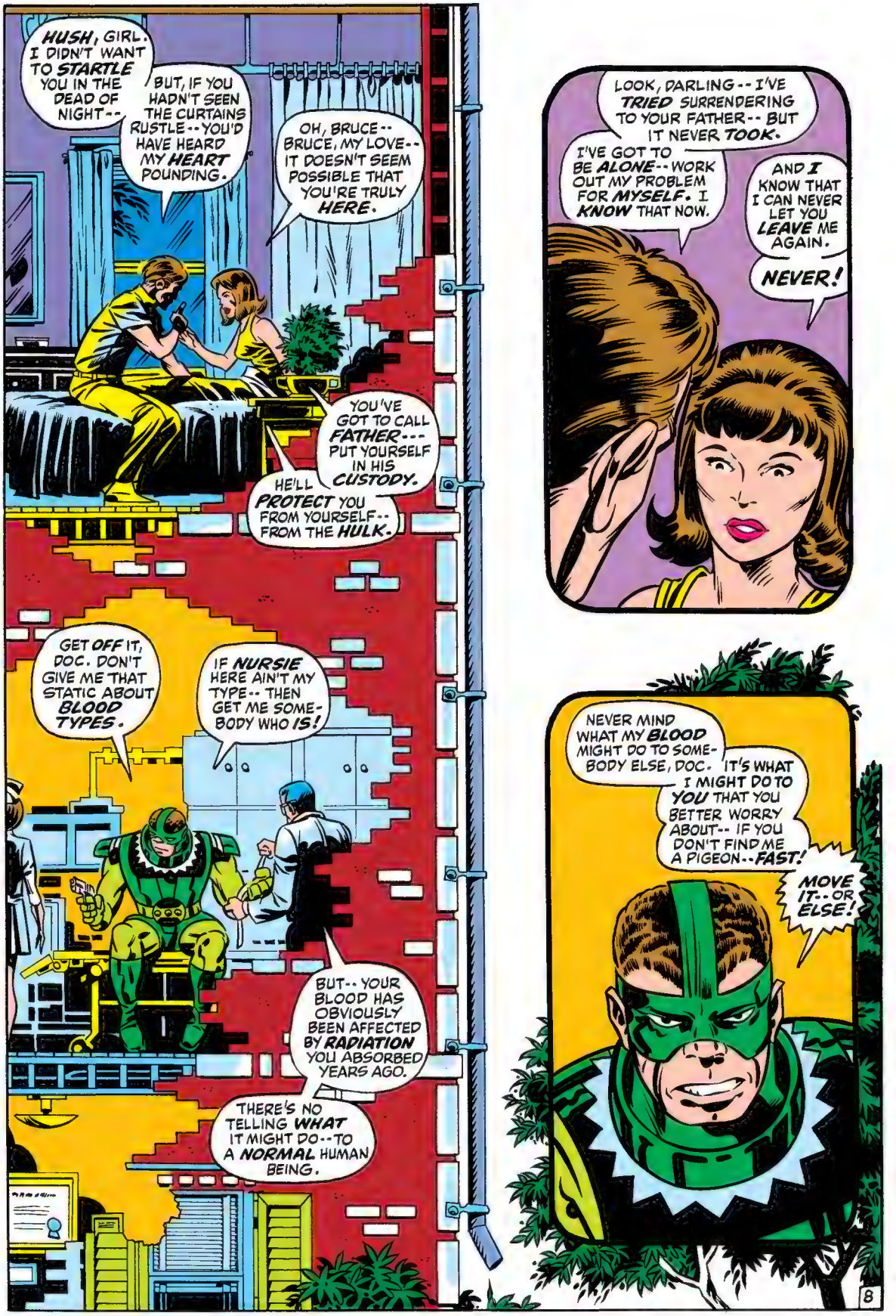

--AND NOTHING MORE.

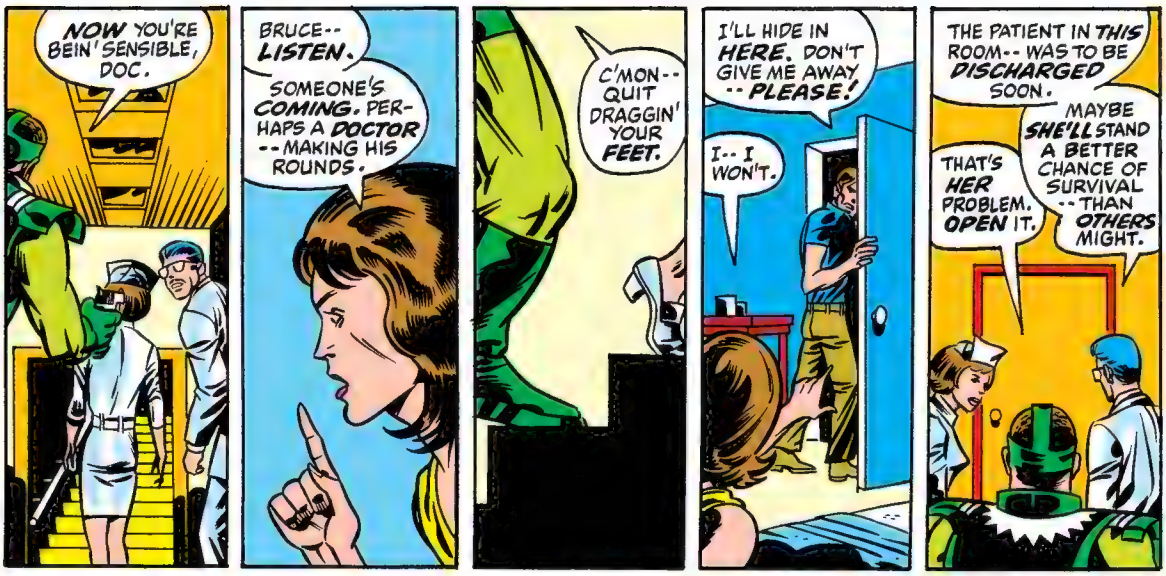
PARDON ME, NURSE-- I HATE TO BARGE IN ON YOU LIKE THIS---
BUT I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO DR. MARQUAND-- IF HE'S ON DUTY, THIS TIME OF NIGHT.
OH? WOULDN'T EVERY-BODY!
I'M SORRY TO SOUND SO SUSPICIOUS, SIR-- BUT SINCE THE RECENT PUBLICITY CONCERN-ING HIS SUCCESS WITH TOTAL BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS OF ACCIDENT VICTIMS---
DR. MARQUAND'S BEEN SO MUCH IN DEMAND HE'S BEEN WORKING THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT JUST TO ESCAPE THE MORBIDLY CURIOUS.
YOU DO UNDER-STAND, I HOPE.
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY --FAR BETTER THAN YOU COULD IMAGINE.
BUT, YOU SEE, I'VE PICKED UP THIS VERY RARE SKIN AILMENT--
--AND I'M SURE THAT NO ONE BUT DR. MARQUAND CAN CURE IT.
OH, I-- I SEE.
BUT-- THAT'S NOT THE DOCTOR'S SPECIALTY. I MEAN--I--
ANYTHING THE MATTER, MISS DUCKETT?
OH, WHY-- DR. MARQUAND--- IT'S SO LUCKY THAT YOU HAPPENED ALONG JUST NOW.
THIS GENTLEMAN HAS SOME SORT OF-- SKIN DISEASE--- AND HE SAYS THAT---
SKIN DISEASE? SORRY-- NOT MY FIELD. I SUGGEST HE TRY---
SAVE IT, DOC--
I'VE GOT NO MORE TIME TO PLAY GAMES WITH YOU.
OHHH!
QUIET, SISTER-- AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT--
MAYBE.
4

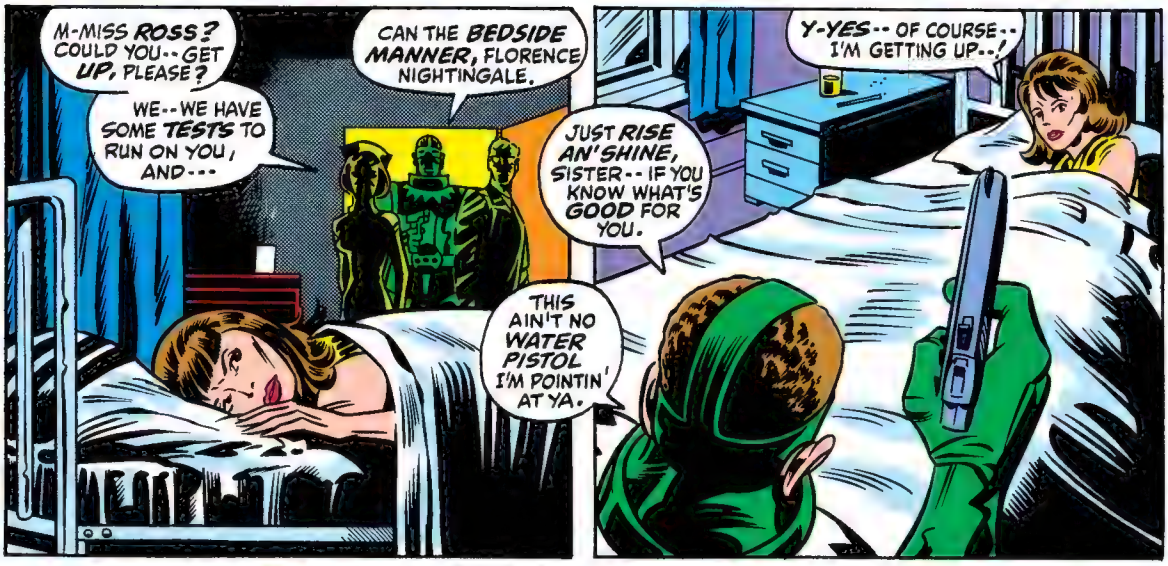
NOW, DOC-- DO I GET ONE OF THOSE TOTAL TRANSFUSIONS THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF--
JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE BLUFFING, HERE, MASKED MAN?
OR DO I DRILL YOU SO FULL'A HOLES THAT YOU NEED ONE?
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE-- OR WHY YOU THINK YOU NEED MY TREATMENT--
SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST PUT THAT PISTOL DOWN, AND WE'LL--
BUT YOU WON'T GET IT IF YOU KILL ME.
NICE TRY, DOC.
OKAY, SO MAYBE I WON'T PLUG YOU SO FAST--
BUT WHAT ABOUT SALLY BARTON HERE?
OHH!
ALL RIGHT-- STOP! YOU WIN.
I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY. WHY NOT?
JUST LET THE GIRL GO. SHE CAN'T HARM YOU.
NO, BUT SHE COULD CALL THE FUZZ--- WHICH AIN'T EXACTLY MY IDEA OF A REST CURE.
SO WE'LL JUST TAKE HER ALONG-- TO WHEREVER YOU'RE GONNA PLAY BELA LUGOSI.
TH-THIS WAY, MISTER--?!
THE NAME IS-- SANDMAN.
IT IS A SPRAWLING THING, THIS HOSPITAL-- WITH AMPLE SPACE FOR MANY PATIENTS, MANY PROBLEMS---
-- AND IT ISN'T TOO HARD FOR ONE OF THEM TO SNEAK OUT OF HIS ROOM TO BE ALONE--- AND PONDER.
S'LONG, HAPPYVALE! I JUST COME OUT TO SAY GOOD RIDDANCE.
BE LEAVIN' IN THE MORNING-- FAST AS I CAN PACK MY ONE BAG.
TOO BAD MISS ROSS GOT TO STAY HERE, THOUGH.
WONDER WHERE I'LL GO-- NOW THE HULK AIN'T AROUND TO NEED ME NO MORE.
5

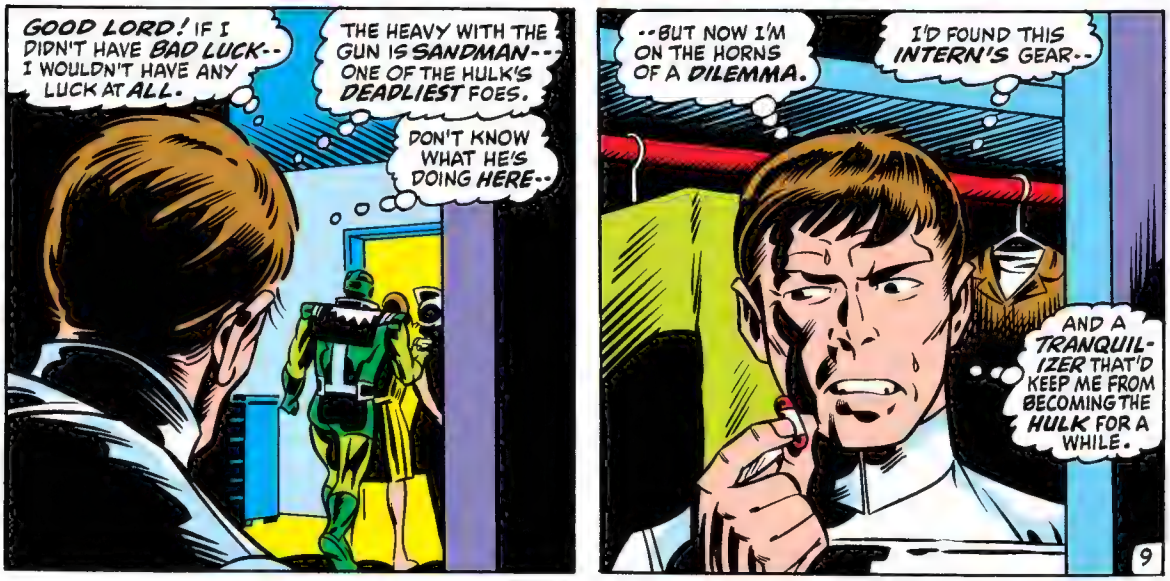

OH, BUT HE DOES, JIM.
DOC BANNER!
I THOUGHT-- I THOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD.
AS MARK TWAIN ONCE SAID-- OH, SKIP IT.
SORRY TO STRONG-ARM YOU, KID --BUT I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SHOUT OUT TOO LOUD!
I'M HIP. BUT, I BET YOU DIDN'T SNEAK INTO THIS HOLE JUST TO SEE JIM WILSON.
YOU GOT ME, THERE, FELLA.
WHERE'S BETTY'S ROOM--IF YOU KNOW.
JUST KEEP YOUR BABY-BLUES ON OL' JIMBO, DOC.
WHEN IT COMES TO SHEER GUTS, EVEN RICK JONES HAD NOTHING ON JIM.
THAT BOY'S SEEN TROUBLES THAT'D GIVE LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE AN ULCER, BUT HE STILL---
WAIT A MINUTE! HE'S STOPPING--NODDING TOWARDS THAT SECOND-STORY WINDOW.
THAT MUST BE--- BETTY'S ROOM.
AND, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN BETTY ROSS' PEACE OF MIND, BANNER, YOU'D BETTER GET UP THERE FAST-- FOR, THOSE AREN'T EXACTLY SUGAR PLUMS DANCING INSIDE HER HEAD THIS NIGHT--
GENERAL ROSS--TALBOT-- YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HOUNDING ME-- AND THE HULK.
NEVER, BANNER-- NEVER!
NOT WHILE WE LIVE.
THEN YOU WON'T LIVE--MUCH LONGER.
6

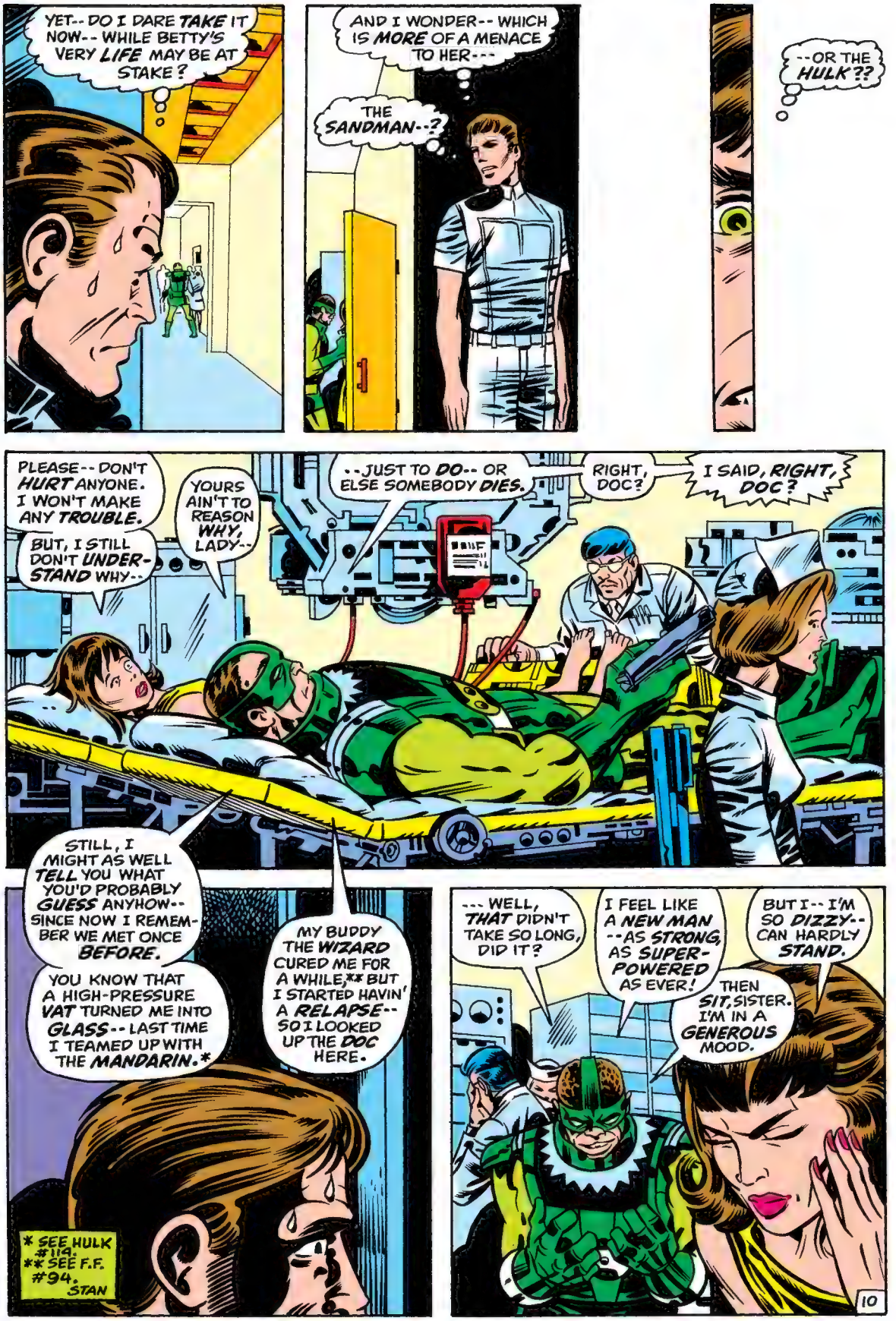

GOOD LORD! NO--NO-- STOP!
HULK WILL STOP --WHEN YOU DON'T HOUND HIM ANY MORE-- ANY OF YOU.
HULK-- YOU'VE KILLED THEM--!
YES-- BUT HULK CAN'T KILL YOU-- BECAUSE YOU ARE HULK.
BUT-- THERE'S STILL ONE THING HULK CAN DO TO YOU-- AND HULK WILL DO IT.
HULK CAN DRIVE YOU BACK INTO HIS MIND.. SO YOU'LL NEVER COME OUT AGAIN-- NEVER!
NEVER!
NEVER!
NNOOO!
IT-- IT WAS ALL A NIGHT-MARE-- YET IT SEEMED.. SO FRIGHTENINGLY REAL.
--AS IF THE HULK--AND BRUCE--WERE RIGHT HERE-- IN THIS VERY ROOM.
WAIT! SOMETHING MOVING-- BEHIND THAT CURTAIN.
WHO'S THERE? COME OUT, BEFORE I--
NO, BETTY. NO MORE NOISE, --PLEASE--
OR SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO HEAR YOU.
B-BRUCE!?
7.

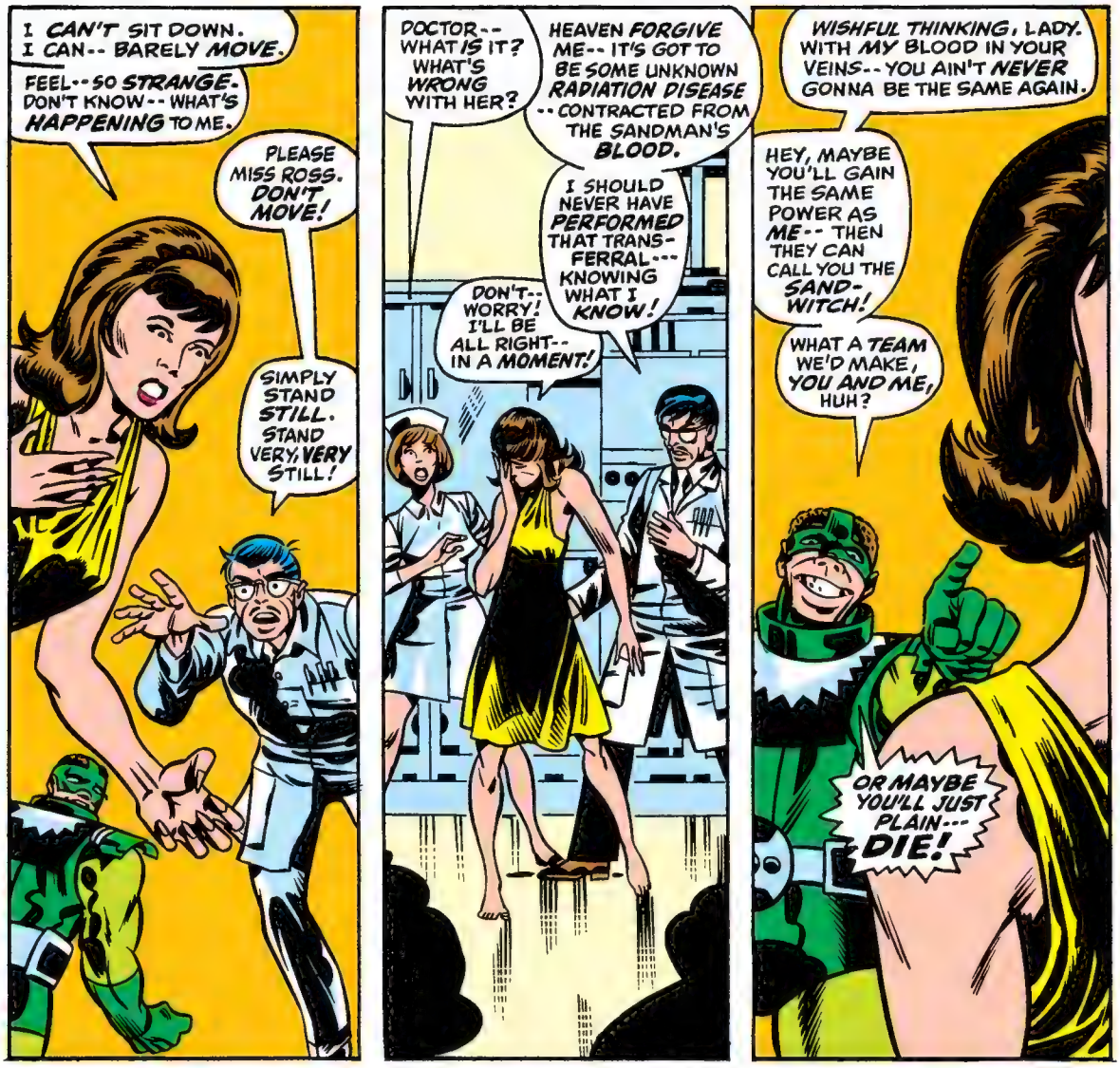

HUSH, GIRL. I DIDN'T WANT TO STARTLE YOU IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT--
BUT, IF YOU HADN'T SEEN THE CURTAINS RUSTLE--YOU'D HAVE HEARD MY HEART POUNDING.
OH, BRUCE-- BRUCE, MY LOVE-- IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THAT YOU'RE TRULY HERE.
YOU'VE GOT TO CALL FATHER--- PUT YOURSELF IN HIS CUSTODY.
HE'LL PROTECT YOU FROM YOURSELF-- FROM THE HULK.
LOOK, DARLING-- I'VE TRIED SURRENDERING TO YOUR FATHER-- BUT IT NEVER TOOK.
I'VE GOT TO BE ALONE-- WORK OUT MY PROBLEM FOR MYSELF. I KNOW THAT NOW.
AND I KNOW THAT I CAN NEVER LET YOU LEAVE ME AGAIN.
NEVER!
GET OFF IT, DOC. DON'T GIVE ME THAT STATIC ABOUT BLOOD TYPES.
IF NURSIE HERE AIN'T MY TYPE-- THEN GET ME SOMEBODY WHO IS!
BUT-- YOUR BLOOD HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN AFFECTED BY RADIATION YOU ABSORBED YEARS AGO.
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT IT MIGHT DO--TO A NORMAL HUMAN BEING.
NEVER MIND WHAT MY BLOOD MIGHT DO TO SOMEBODY ELSE, DOC.
IT'S WHAT I MIGHT DO TO YOU THAT YOU BETTER WORRY ABOUT-- IF YOU DON'T FIND ME A PIGEON--FAST!
MOVE IT--OR ELSE!
8

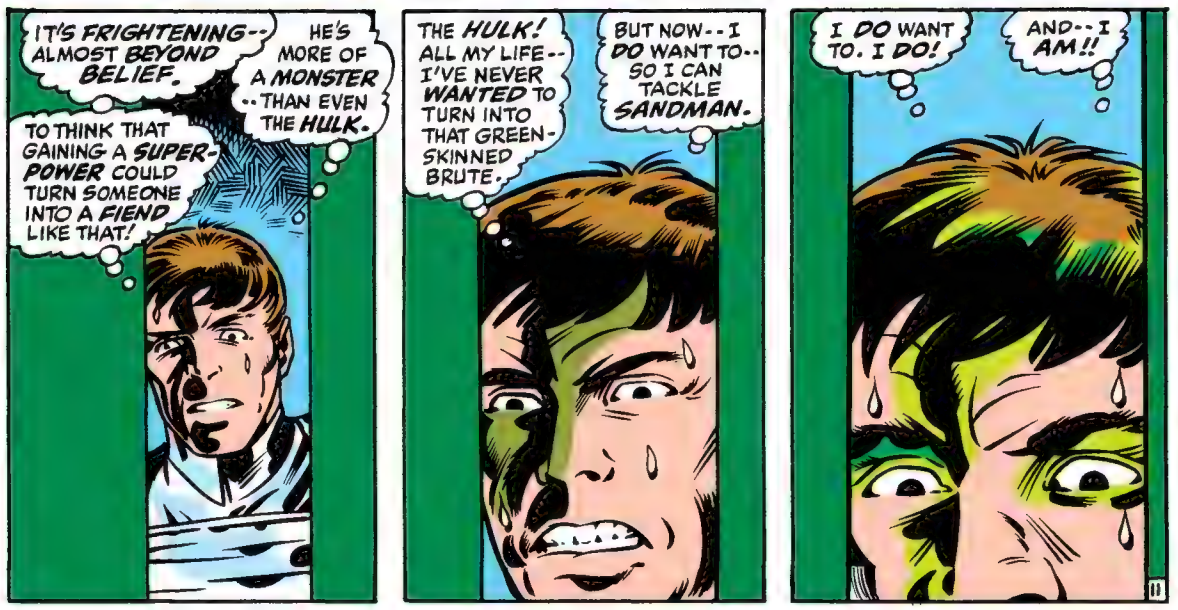

NOW YOU'RE BEIN' SENSIBLE, DOC.
BRUCE-- LISTEN.
SOMEONE'S COMING. PERHAPS A DOCTOR--MAKING HIS ROUNDS.
C'MON-- QUIT DRAGGIN' YOUR FEET.
I'LL HIDE IN HERE. DON'T GIVE ME AWAY--PLEASE!
I-- I WON'T.
THE PATIENT IN THIS ROOM-- WAS TO BE DISCHARGED SOON.
MAYBE SHE'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF SURVIVAL--THAN OTHERS MIGHT.
THAT'S HER PROBLEM. OPEN IT.


M-MISS ROSS? COULD YOU--GET UP, PLEASE?
WE--WE HAVE SOME TESTS TO RUN ON YOU, AND---
CAN THE BEDSIDE MANNER, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.
JUST RISE AN' SHINE, SISTER-- IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU.
THIS AIN'T NO WATER PISTOL I'M POINTIN' AT YA.
Y-YES-- OF COURSE-- I'M GETTING UP--!


GOOD LORD! IF I DIDN'T HAVE BAD LUCK-- I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY LUCK AT ALL.
THE HEAVY WITH THE GUN IS SANDMAN-- ONE OF THE HULK'S DEADLIEST FOES.
DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING HERE--
--BUT NOW I'M ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.
I'D FOUND THIS INTERN'S GEAR--
AND A TRANQUILIZER THAT'D KEEP ME FROM BECOMING THE HULK FOR A WHILE.


YET-- DO I DARE TAKE IT NOW-- WHILE BETTY'S VERY LIFE MAY BE AT STAKE?
AND I WONDER-- WHICH IS MORE OF A MENACE TO HER---
THE SANDMAN--?
--OR THE HULK??
PLEASE-- DON'T HURT ANYONE. I WON'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE.
BUT, I STILL DON'T UNDER-STAND WHY--
YOURS AIN'T TO REASON WHY, LADY--
--JUST TO DO-- OR ELSE SOMEBODY DIES.
RIGHT, DOC?
I SAID, RIGHT, DOC?
STILL, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'D PROBABLY GUESS ANYHOW-- SINCE NOW I REMEMBER WE MET ONCE BEFORE.
YOU KNOW THAT A HIGH-PRESSURE VAT TURNED ME INTO GLASS-- LAST TIME I TEAMED UP WITH THE MANDARIN.*
MY BUDDY THE WIZARD CURED ME FOR A WHILE,** BUT I STARTED HAVIN' A RELAPSE-- SO I LOOKED UP THE DOC HERE.
* SEE HULK #114.
** SEE F.F. #94.
STAN
--- WELL, THAT DIDN'T TAKE SO LONG, DID IT?
I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN --AS STRONG, AS SUPER-POWERED AS EVER!
BUT I-- I'M SO DIZZY-- CAN HARDLY STAND.
THEN SIT, SISTER. I'M IN A GENEROUS MOOD.
10


I CAN'T SIT DOWN. I CAN-- BARELY MOVE.
FEEL--SO STRANGE. DON'T KNOW-- WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME.
PLEASE MISS ROSS. DON'T MOVE!
SIMPLY STAND STILL. STAND VERY, VERY STILL!
DOCTOR-- WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?
HEAVEN FORGIVE ME-- IT'S GOT TO BE SOME UNKNOWN RADIATION DISEASE --CONTRACTED FROM THE SANDMAN'S BLOOD.
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE PERFORMED THAT TRANS-FERRAL--- KNOWING WHAT I KNOW!
DON'T-- WORRY! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT-- IN A MOMENT!
WISHFUL THINKING, LADY. WITH MY BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS-- YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA BE THE SAME AGAIN.
HEY, MAYBE YOU'LL GAIN THE SAME POWER AS ME-- THEN THEY CAN CALL YOU THE SAND-WITCH!
WHAT A TEAM WE'D MAKE, YOU AND ME, HUH?
OR MAYBE YOU'LL JUST PLAIN--- DIE!

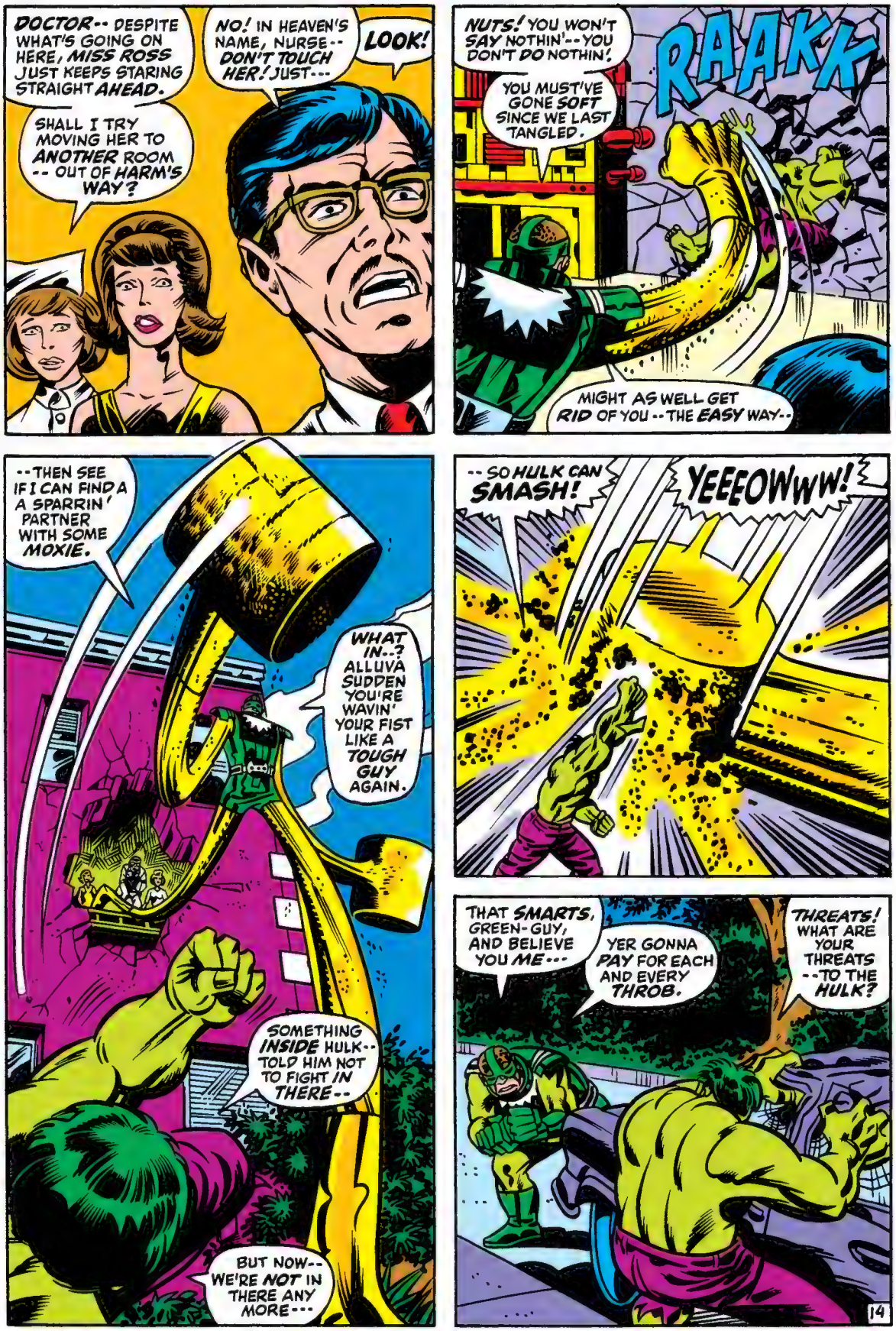

IT'S FRIGHTENING-- ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.
HE'S MORE OF A MONSTER --THAN EVEN THE HULK.
TO THINK THAT GAINING A SUPER-POWER COULD TURN SOMEONE INTO A FIEND LIKE THAT!
THE HULK! ALL MY LIFE-- I'VE NEVER WANTED TO TURN INTO THAT GREEN-SKINNED BRUTE.
BUT NOW-- I DO WANT TO-- SO I CAN TACKLE SANDMAN.
I DO WANT TO. I DO!
AND-- I AM!!

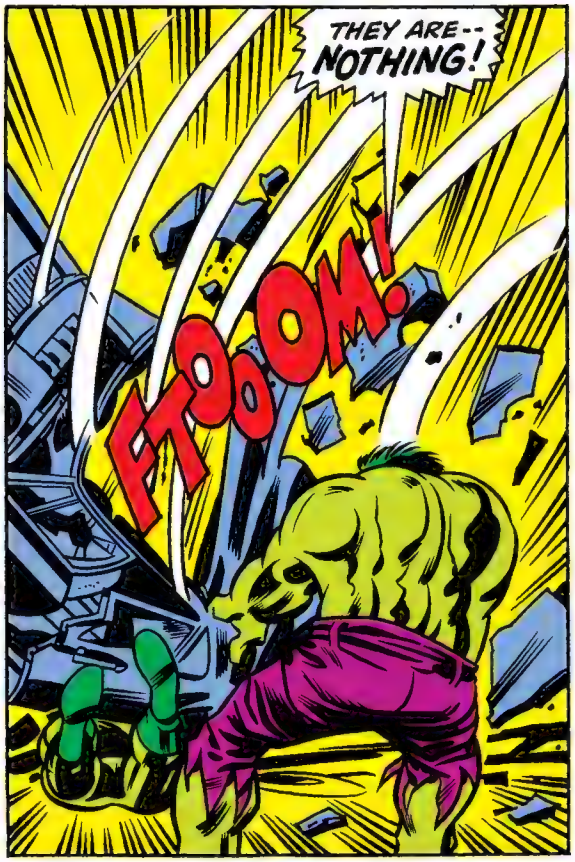
I AM -- THE HULK!
THRUTCH!
EEEEEEEE

BUT-- ALREADY HULK CANT REMEMBER-- WHY HE BROKE IN HERE.
HAD SOMETHING TO DO--WITH THE GIRL--- DON'T KNOW WHAT.
EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU'RE REALLY BRUCE BANNER, GREENIE --AND YOUR BETTER HALF IS SWEET ON BETTY ROSS.
JUST THE SAME, I'M GLAD YOU STOPPED BYE, GRUESOME--
'CAUSE, I FEEL EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN I USED TO BE---
12

-AND I'M BETTIN' I CAN TAKE YOU!
BOK!
SEE? TIME WAS, WHEN A PLAIN OLD ONE-TWO WOULDN'T HAVE FAZED YOU.

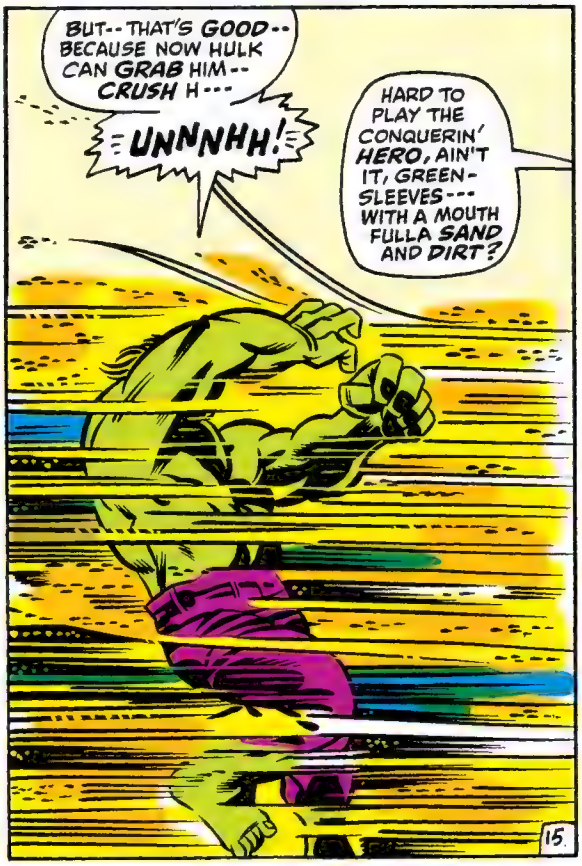
Y'KNOW, TALL-DARK-AN'-UGLY--- THIS MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY.
WHEN WORD GETS AROUND THAT I MADE MINCEMEAT OUTTA THE HULK, IT WON'T BE THE WISHY-WASHY WIZARD WHO LORDS IT OVER THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR.
IT'LL BE-- THE SAND-MAN!
COME TO THINK OF IT, MAYBE I SHOULD SEND YOU A THANK-YOU CARD--BEFORE I DEMOLISH YA.
13


DOCTOR-- DESPITE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, MISS ROSS JUST KEEPS STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD.
SHALL I TRY MOVING HER TO ANOTHER ROOM -- OUT OF HARM'S WAY?
NO! IN HEAVEN'S NAME, NURSE-- DON'T TOUCH HER! JUST---
LOOK!
NUTS! YOU WON'T SAY NOTHIN'--YOU DON'T DO NOTHIN!
YOU MUST'VE GONE SOFT SINCE WE LAST TANGLED.
RAAKK
MIGHT AS WELL GET RID OF YOU--THE EASY WAY--
--THEN SEE IF I CAN FIND A A SPARRIN' PARTNER WITH SOME MOXIE.
WHAT IN..? ALLUVA SUDDEN YOU'RE WAVIN' YOUR FIST LIKE A TOUGH GUY AGAIN.
SOMETHING INSIDE HULK-- TOLD HIM NOT TO FIGHT IN THERE--
BUT NOW-- WE'RE NOT IN THERE ANY MORE---
--SO HULK CAN SMASH!
YEEEOWWW!
THAT SMARTS, GREEN-GUY, AND BELIEVE YOU ME---
YER GONNA PAY FOR EACH AND EVERY THROB.
THREATS! WHAT ARE YOUR THREATS --TO THE HULK?
14


THEY ARE-- NOTHING!
FTOOOM!

THERE! THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF--
HUH? GRAINS OF SAND--SEEPING OUT FROM UNDER THE CAR!
SHOULD REMEMBER SOMETHING--ABOUT GRAINS OF SAND.
THINK, HULK. WHY DOES HEAD HURT--WHEN HULK TRIES TO THINK?

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT UP TO IT, FRANKENSTEIN.
BUT, IT'S TIME I GOT A MOVE ON. I'VE GOT OTHER FISH TO FRY.
SANDMAN! YES--THAT'S WHY HULK DOESN'T LIKE GRAINS.
THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO TURN INTO--- SANDMAN.
THWIP!

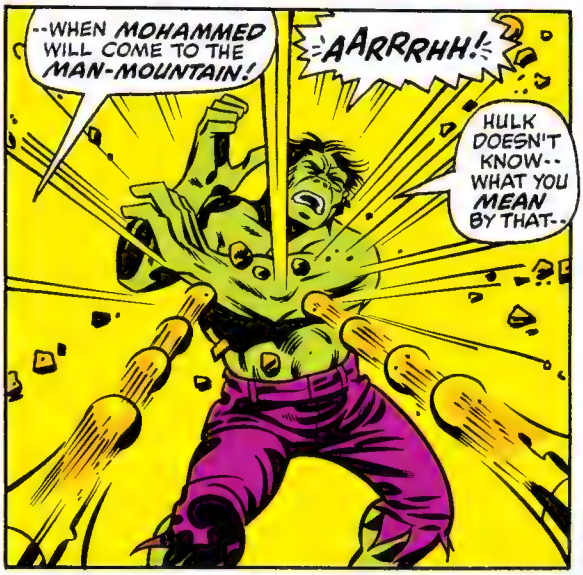

BUT--THAT'S GOOD--BECAUSE NOW HULK CAN GRAB HIM--CRUSH H---
UNNNHH!
HARD TO PLAY THE CONQUERIN' HERO, AIN'T IT, GREENSLEEVES--- WITH A MOUTH FULLA SAND AND DIRT?

HE TURNED INTO A SANDSTORM-- BURIED HULK UNDER MOUNTAIN OF DIRT!
AND NOW-- HE'S RUNNING AWAY!

WELL, HULK KNOWS ONE THING!

HE WON'T GET FAR!
WHUMM!

HULK MAY NOT KNOW MUCH -- BUT HE KNOWS YOU TRIED TO HURT-- THE GIRL.
BUT NOW-- YOU'LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID.
JUST STAY PUT, JADE-JAWS. NO NEED FOR YOU TO TROT ALL THE WAY OVER HERE--


--WHEN MOHAMMED WILL COME TO THE MAN-MOUNTAIN!
AARRRHH!
HULK DOESN'T KNOW-- WHAT YOU MEAN BY THAT--

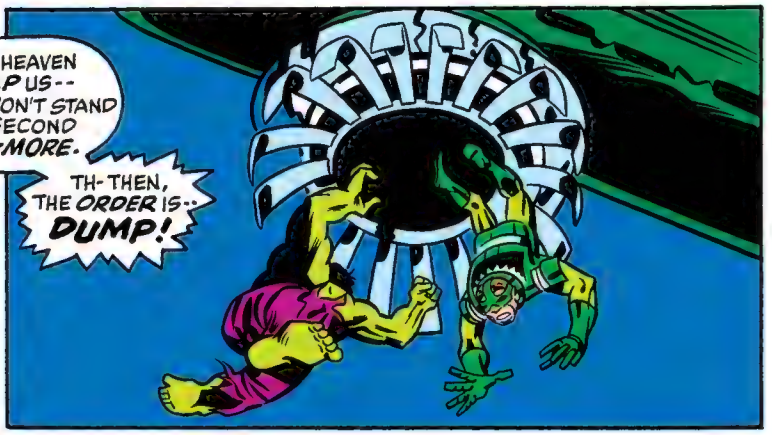
BUT HULK CAN TAKE IT-- AND HULK CAN DISH IT OUT, TOO!
YEEOWW

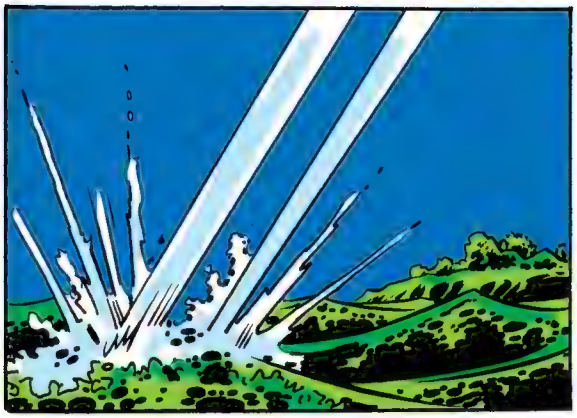
AMAZING! THAT SANDMAN CHARACTER JUST TURNED HIMSELF INTO SOLID GRANITE--AND THE HULK'S STILL BEATIN' THE TAR OUT OF HIM.
AND THE HORRIBLE PART OF IT IS-- I'M HANGED IF I CAN FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE I SHOULD ROOT FOR.
STILL, GENERAL ROSS--IT'S LUCKY YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING THAT HOSPITAL UNDER SURVEILLANCE.
OTHERWISE, WE'D NEVER HAVE GOT HERE IN TIME TO--
UH OH! LOOK ALIVE, YOU HEROES!
THAT BRUTE'S SEEN US!
ALL RIGHT, MEN-- YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
FORGET THAT THERE'S A MAN SOMEWHERE INSIDE THAT GROTESQUE GREEN FORM.
AND FORGET THAT MY DAUGHTER BETTY IS IN LOVE WITH THAT MAN.
WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO-- -- AND WE'RE GONNA DO IT---
STARTING NOW!!
WE'VE GET 'EM CAGED, SIR-- BOTH OF THEM.
GOOD! NOW, IF WE CAN JUST KEEP 'EM THERE--
--LONG ENOUGH TO PUMP THE AIR OUT OF THE CAGE-- AND KAYO THAT TWOSOME.

NOW, MAN THOSE AIR PUMPS, FLYBOYS, AND WE'LL ---
G-GREAT BALLS O' FIRE! WHAT IN THUNDER'S SHAKIN' THIS HEAP L-LIKE THAT?
THE H-HULK, SIR-- AND THE SANDMAN.
B-BOTH OF 'EM MUST BE P-POUNDING THE SIDES OF THEIR CAGE TO B-BEAT THE BAND.
GENERAL R-ROSS --THAT THING WAS D-DESIGNED TO HOLD THE HULK-- NOT A SUPER-VILLAIN AS W-WELL.
IF T-THEY SHATTER THE CAGE-- WHILE WE'RE OVER A POPULATED AREA---

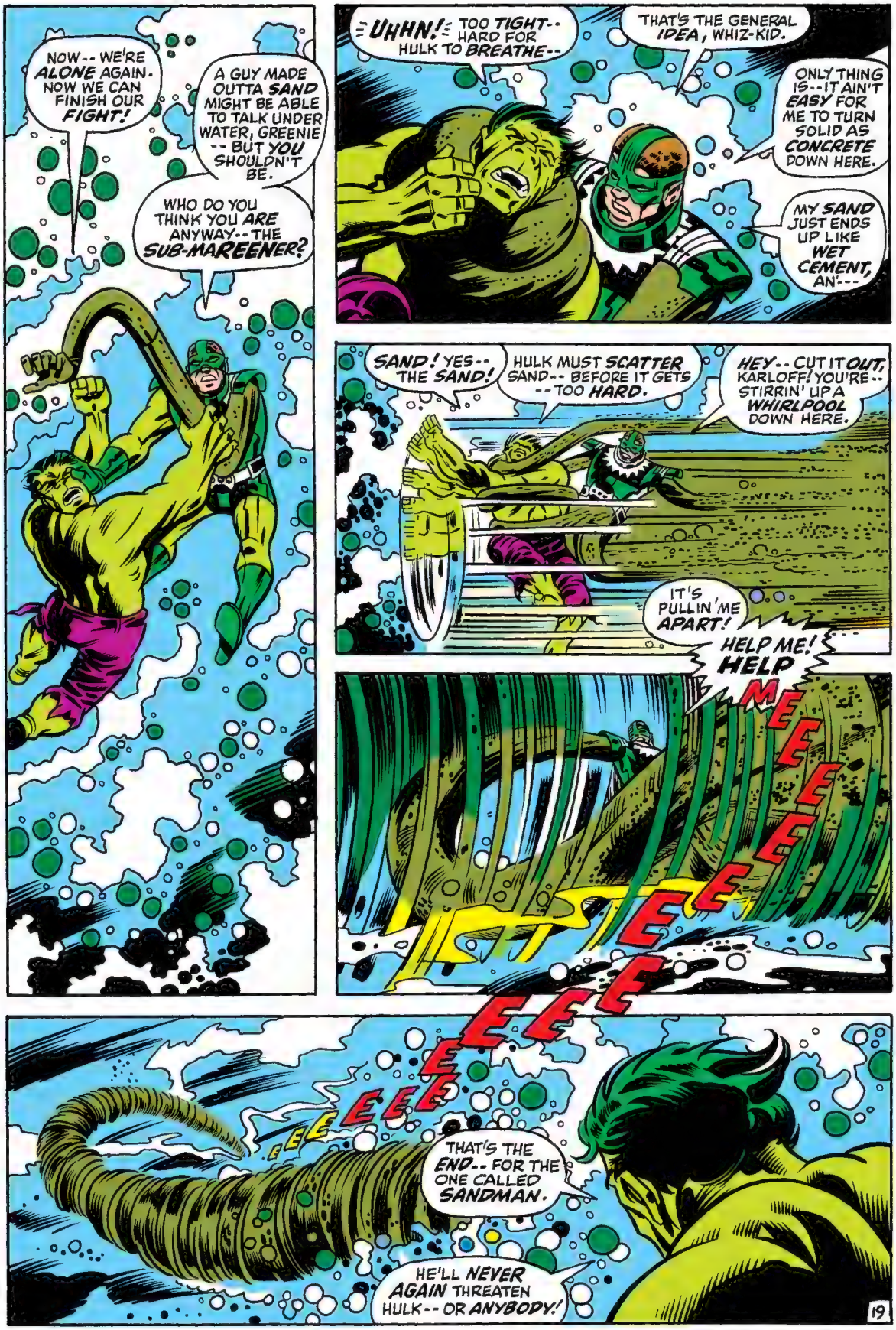
ALL R-RIGHT, MAJOR. YOU M-MADE YOUR POINT!
PILOT! TAKE THIS R-RICKETY BIRD OUT TO S-SEA -- AND I MEAN FAST!

OOMP!
CK!


H-HEAVEN HELP US-- SHE WON'T STAND A SECOND M-MORE.
TH-THEN, THE ORDER IS-- DUMP!



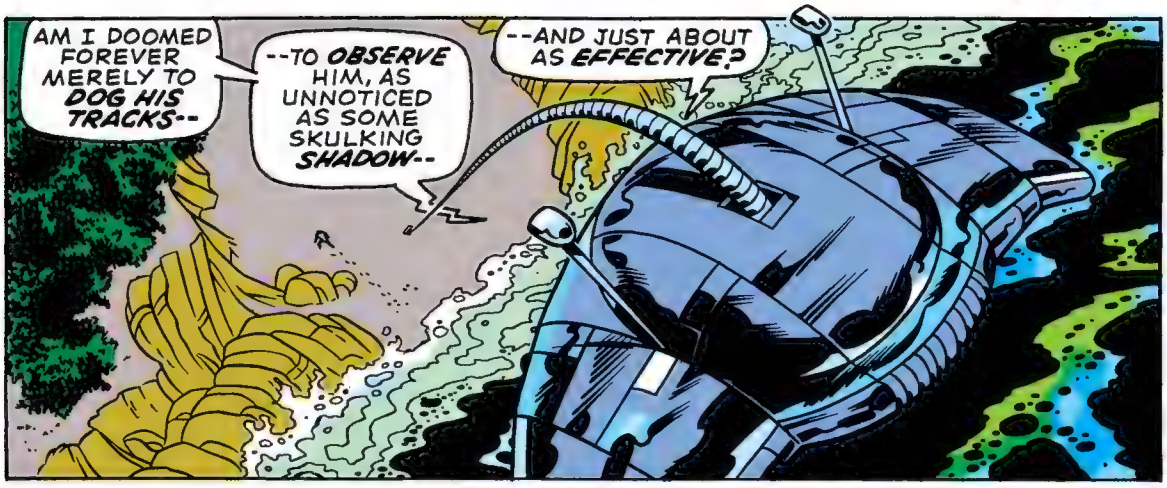
AND IF THOSE TWO MANIACS DESTROY EACH OTHER OUT THERE---
I ONLY HOPE MY DAUGHTER-- CAN FORGIVE ME.


NOW-- WE'RE ALONE AGAIN. NOW WE CAN FINISH OUR FIGHT!
A GUY MADE OUTTA SAND MIGHT BE ABLE TO TALK UNDER WATER, GREENIE -- BUT YOU SHOULDN'T BE.
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ANYWAY-- THE SUB-MAREENER?
UHHN! TOO TIGHT-- HARD FOR HULK TO BREATHE--
THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA, WHIZ-KID.
ONLY THING IS--IT AIN'T EASY FOR ME TO TURN SOLID AS CONCRETE DOWN HERE.
MY SAND JUST ENDS UP LIKE WET CEMENT, AN'---
SAND! YES-- THE SAND!
HULK MUST SCATTER SAND-- BEFORE IT GETS --TOO HARD.
HEY-- CUT IT OUT, KARLOFF! YOU'RE-- STIRRIN' UP A WHIRLPOOL DOWN HERE.
IT'S PULLIN' ME APART!
HELP ME! HELP
MEEE

--WELL, DR. MARQUAND, WE LOST THE MONSTER WE BAITED OUR LITTLE TRAP FOR-- BUT AT LEAST NO ONE WAS HURT.
GENERAL ROSS--I--
HOS
BETTY HAS RECOVERED FROM THAT, ER, OPERATION YOU CALLED US ABOUT, HASN'T SHE?
HASN'T SHE??
GENERAL, YOU-- YOU MUSTN'T GO IN THERE JUST NOW. WE MUST--
OUT OF MY WAY, MISTER!
THE HULK HIMSELF COULDN'T KEEP ME FROM THE SIDE OF-- MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD.
I'M-- SURE SHE'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SHE HAS TO BE---
JUST KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT, TALBOT.
SAY IT OFTEN ENOUGH-- LOUD ENOUGH, AND MAYBE--
OH, GOOD LORD IN HEAVEN--
NO! NO!!
SHE-- SHE ISN'T MY FLESH AND BLOOD-- NOT ANY MORE.
BETTY'S-- BEEN TURNED INTO A STATUE-- A THING OF LIFELESS, UNMOVING GLASS!
WE-- TRIED TO WARN YOU, SIR. IT WAS-- THE TRANSFUSION.
BUT, WE'LL BRING HER BACK TO LIFE --SOMEHOW. WE--
GET OUT ALL OF YOU--
GET OUT!
I-- WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE--
--WITH MY-- DAUGHTER--!
AND NOW, THE HULK SURFACES-- THE RAGE WITHIN HIS BREAST MATCHING HIS BLINDING PAIN--
--AND YOU WONDER IF ANYTHING CAN EVER SOOTHE HIM AGAIN--!
NEXT: A WORLD AGAINST HIM!

INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢
139
MAY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
MANY FOES HAS THE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ADD THEM ALL TOGETHER-- THEY SPELL DEATH!
TRIMPE

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™
MANY FOES HAS THE HULK!
BUT NOT ONE OF THEM SEEMS TO POSSESS POWER ENOUGH TO DEFEAT HIM.
NO, NOT EVEN I-- THE INCOMPARABLE LEADER!
STAN LEE EDITOR • ROY THOMAS WRITER • HERB TRIMPE ARTIST
SAM GRAINGER INKER • ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER
S49 Z

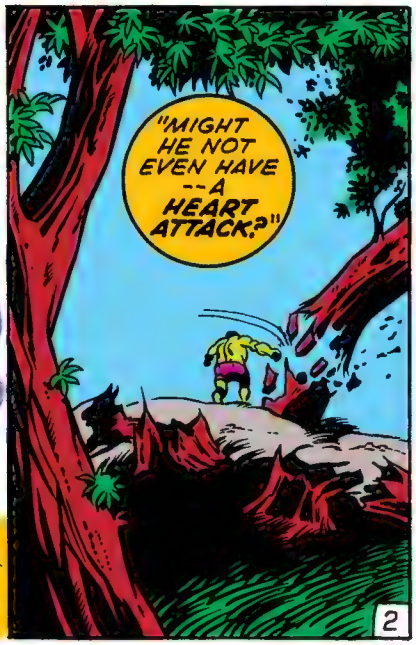

AM I DOOMED FOREVER MERELY TO DOG HIS TRACKS--
--TO OBSERVE HIM, AS UNNOTICED AS SOME SKULKING SHADOW--
--AND JUST ABOUT AS EFFECTIVE?

YES, SUCH WOULD SEEM TO BE MY CURSE--FOR WE ARE BROTHERS OF A SORT, HE AND I.
FROM GAMMA RAYS, HE RECEIVED HIS MATCHLESS BRAWN --AND I, MY UNRIVALED INTELLECT.
BUT HOW CAN I DESTROY HIM--SAFEGUARD MY UNIQUENESS--WHERE THE VICIOUS SAND-MAN FAILED?
The New York Times
HULK, SANDMAN CONFRONTATION

WAIT! MY OWN FORMER WORDS COME BACK TO TAUNT ME--PERHAPS TO DELIVER ME.
I SAID THAT NO SINGLE FOE COULD ANNIHILATE THAT MUSCLE-BOUND BRUTE.
BUT WHAT IF HE FACED --ALL OF THEM AT ONCE?

"THE SANDMAN--THE GLOB --THE RHINO--ALL THE SINIS-TER, SUPER-POWERED SWINE I HAVE EVER MET, AND SEVERAL I HAVE NOT--

"IF HE FACED THEM ALL AT ONE TIME--WOULD THE HULK NOT RAGE AGAINST THEM, WITH UNPARALLELED FURY THAT WOULD STRAIN EVEN HIS HERCULEAN HEART?


"MIGHT HE NOT EVEN HAVE --A HEART ATTACK?"

HUH--? WHAT'S THAT?

LIGHT--FLOODING THRU THE WINDOW --BATHING THE WHOLE ROOM--!

IT'S GONE. COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MUCH OF ANYTHING.

BUT, AT LEAST IT WOKE ME UP, SO--

NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE IDIOT BOX?

NOT THAT IT MATTERS. CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON IT--OR ANYTHING. I--

BRRING

SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR. WHO THE--?

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, TALBOT--BEFORE YOU CRACK UP.

ALL YOU CAN THINK OF IS THE HULK--AND HOW IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S DOOMED BETTY ROSS--

--THE GIRL YOU LOVE.

WELL? WHAT CAN I DO FOR--

GOOD LORD! I--I KNOW YOU.

YOU'RE--THE LEADER!

DO NOT RAISE YOUR VOICE TO ME, GLENN TALBOT.

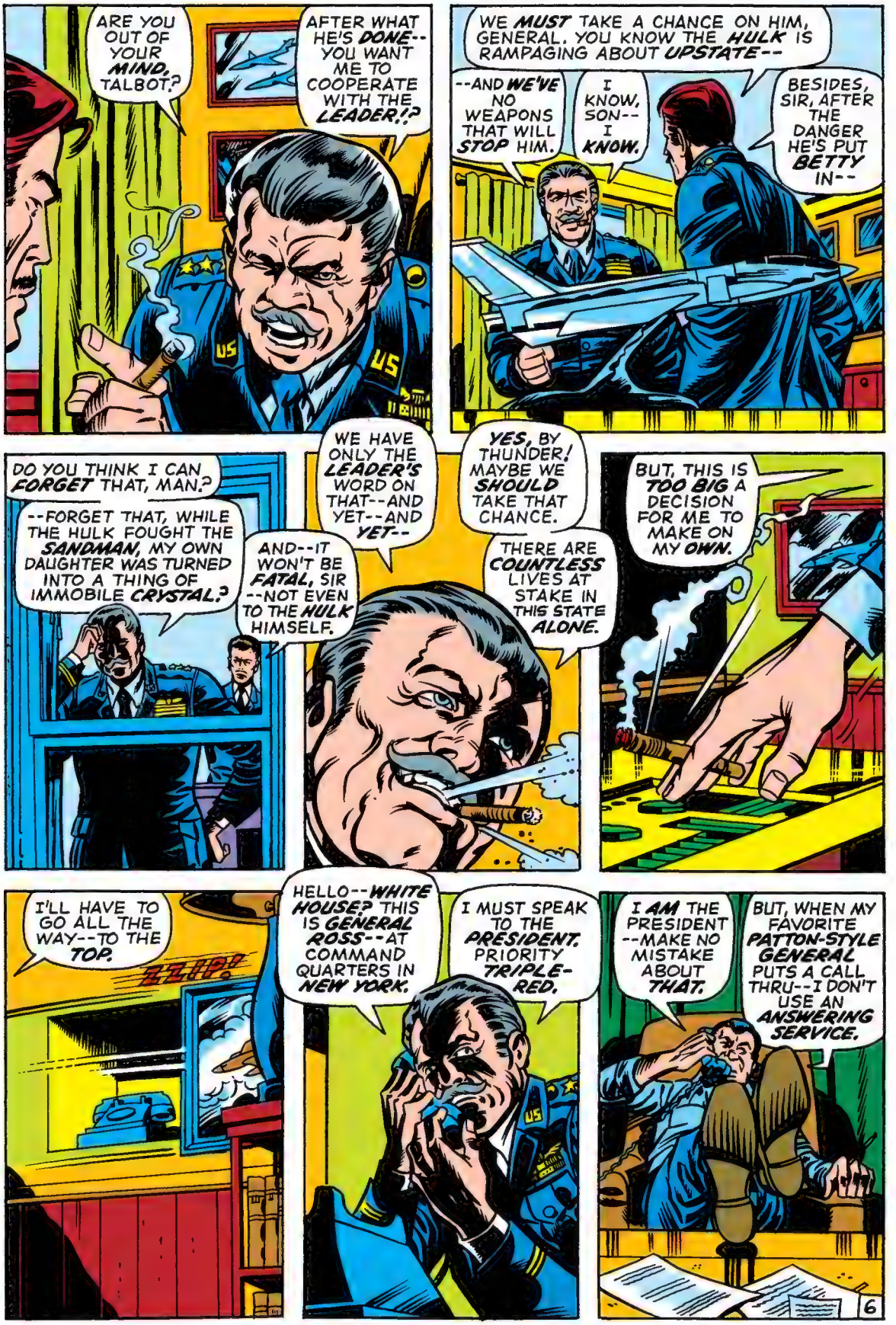
I HAVE COME NOT TO HARM YOU--BUT TO HELP YOU.

YEAH? LIKE YOU HELPED OUT THE LAST TIME, MUTATE?

BY BLASTED NEAR BLOWING UP THE WORLD?

NO, THANK YOU!
MAYBE GENERAL ROSS AND I WERE DESPERATE ENOUGH TO LISTEN TO YOUR CRAZY SCHEMES THE FIRST TIME--
BUT THIS TIME, I'M CALLING THE--
YOU WILL CALL NO ONE, MAJOR.
AT LEAST, NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE HEARD WHAT I CAME TO SAY.
THEN, YOU WILL WANT TO CALL SOMEONE, I BELIEVE.
AHHH... MY BRAIN-WAVES HOLD YOU MOTIONLESS, THAT MAKES EVERYTHING MUCH MORE PLEASANT.
NOW, SIMPLY LISTEN... WHILE I OUTLINE MY INGENIOUS PLAN...
...SO THAT'S ALL THERE IS, EH?
AND YOU SWEAR THAT NO ONE BUT THE HULK IS TO BE HARMED?
BY THE GAMMA RAYS THAT SPAWNED ME, TALBOT.
I DESIRE ONLY WHAT YOU DESIRE-- THE HULK'S END.
LOOK AT THE MINDLESS DESTRUCTION THE MAN-MONSTER HAS WROUGHT, HUMAN.
WOULD YOUR BELOVED HAVE BEEN TURNED TO LIFEGLASS GLASS-- IF NOT FOR HIM?
YOU'RE RIGHT-- YOU'RE RIGHT.
NO MATTER WHAT THE COST TO MY CAREER --TO MY CON-SCIENCE--
--YOU'VE FOUND YOUR MAN, LEADER.
4

AND MEANWHILE, OUR MIND'S EYE GAZES UPON THE HULK--ALONE--
--ALL, ALL ALONE--!


ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, TALBOT?
AFTER WHAT HE'S DONE--YOU WANT ME TO COOPERATE WITH THE LEADER!?
WE MUST TAKE A CHANCE ON HIM, GENERAL. YOU KNOW THE HULK IS RAMPAGING ABOUT UPSTATE--
--AND WE'VE NO WEAPONS THAT WILL STOP HIM.
I KNOW, SON--I KNOW.
BESIDES, SIR, AFTER THE DANGER HE'S PUT BETTY IN--
DO YOU THINK I CAN FORGET THAT, MAN?
--FORGET THAT, WHILE THE HULK FOUGHT THE SANDMAN, MY OWN DAUGHTER WAS TURNED INTO A THING OF IMMOBILE CRYSTAL?
AND--IT WON'T BE FATAL, SIR --NOT EVEN TO THE HULK HIMSELF.
WE HAVE ONLY THE LEADER'S WORD ON THAT--AND YET--AND YET--
YES, BY THUNDER! MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE THAT CHANCE.
THERE ARE COUNTLESS LIVES AT STAKE IN THIS STATE ALONE.
BUT, THIS IS TOO BIG A DECISION FOR ME TO MAKE ON MY OWN.
I'LL HAVE TO GO ALL THE WAY--TO THE TOP.
ZZIP!
HELLO--WHITE HOUSE? THIS IS GENERAL ROSS--AT COMMAND QUARTERS IN NEW YORK.
I MUST SPEAK TO THE PRESIDENT. PRIORITY TRIPLE-RED.
I AM THE PRESIDENT --MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT.
BUT, WHEN MY FAVORITE PATTON-STYLE GENERAL PUTS A CALL THRU--I DON'T USE AN ANSWERING SERVICE.
6

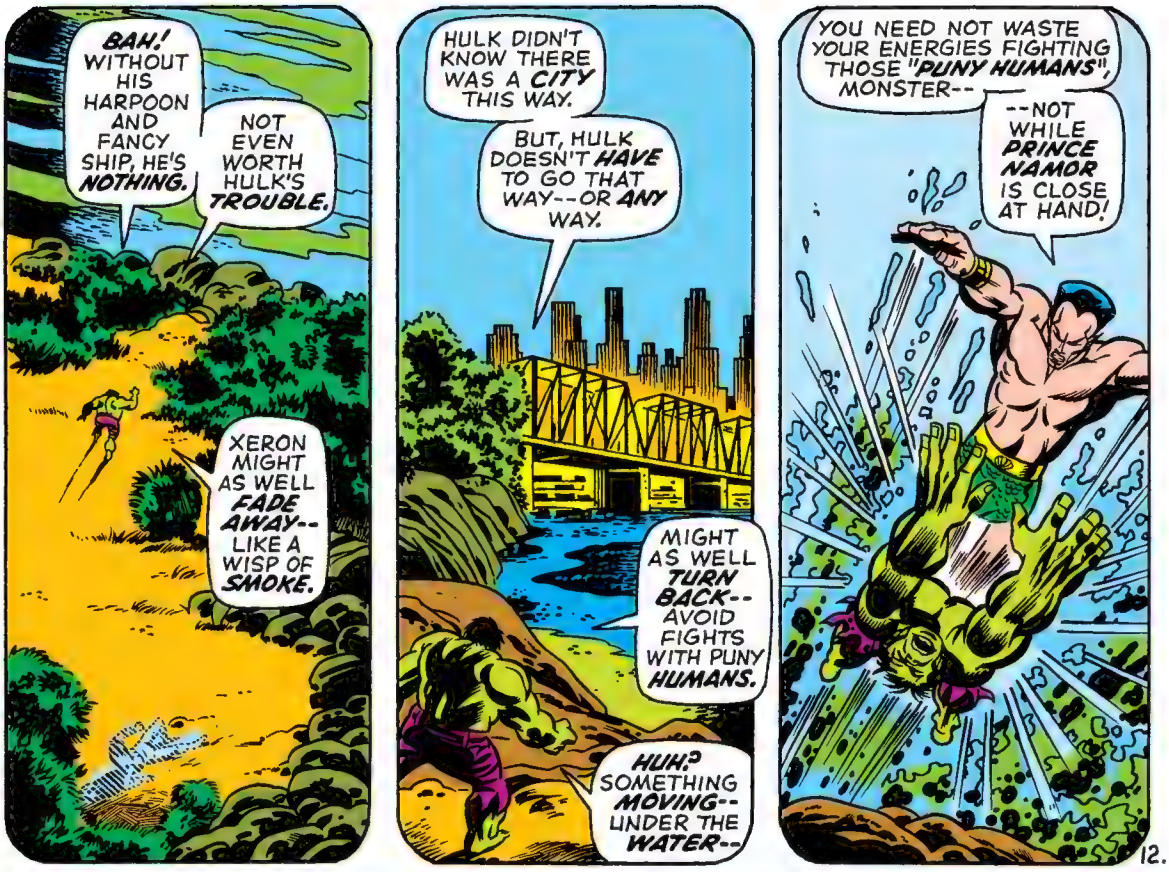
I'M UP TO MY SHIRT-SLEEVES IN PAPERWORK HERE, SO SAY WHAT YOU HAVE TO--
WHAT.? YOU WANT PERMISSION TO TURN PROJECT BRAIN-WAVE OVER TO--THE LEADER.?
IT SOUNDS INSANE--BUT I'VE GOT FAITH IN YOU, ROSS. YOU HAVEN'T LET ME DOWN YET.
DO WHAT YOU MUST --AND KEEP ME POSTED.
I'LL PUT SOMEONE IN TOUCH WITH YOU AS LIAISON--ONE OF MY TOP MEN.
OVER AND OUT, SOLDIER.
HMMM... LET'S SEE... JOHN MITCHELL'S GIVING A SPEECH-- MARTHA HAS LARYNGITIS--
I KNOW. I'LL LET SPIRO DO IT.
ALL RIGHT, TALBOT. WE'VE GOT THE GREEN LIGHT.
LET'S JUST PRAY THAT WE--YOU-- HAVEN'T MISJUDGED THE LEADER'S MOTIVES AGAIN.
HE'LL DO-- WHAT HE SAID HE'D DO, GENERAL. I'M SURE OF IT.
YOU BETTER HOPE SO, MAJOR. 'CAUSE, IF WE'RE WRONG ON THIS THING--
YOUR HEAD'LL BE ON THE CHOPPING-BLOCK-- RIGHT ALONG-SIDE MINE.
WHILE, ON THE GROUNDS OF AN UPSTATE HOSPITAL, SOME MILES FROM THE PRESENT DESTINATION OF GLENN TALBOT AND THE MAN WHO TRUSTS HIM-- THE SUPERIOR HE HAS LIED TO--
OKAY, KID-- MOVE IT OFF THE HARDWARE. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU SLIPPED THRU SECURITY, BUT--
YOU KIDDIN', MAN? THEY'RE THE ONES SHOVED ME UP HERE.
IF THE HULK SHOWS UP, I MIGHT JUST DO YOU MORE GOOD THAN A SHIPLOAD OF THESE POPGUNS.
NAME'S JIM WILSON --CAN YOU DIG IT.?
7

THE HULK'S OWN BOY WONDER?
HEY, WHY DON'TCHA TELL ME WHAT KIND'A HOLD YOU GOT OVER OL' GREENSKIN?
WE COULD BOTTLE IT--MAKE A FORTUNE.
HOW'D FLIP WILSON EVER LET YOU GET AWAY, CORP?
YER A REAL BLAST.
U.S. ARMY
MEDWICK
LOOK, I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET SMART--BUT I GOT THINGS ON MY MIND, Y'KNOW?
LIKE, BETTY ROSS TURNED INTO A GLASS STATUE--MAYBE FOR GOOD--
--AND THE HULK--BRUCE BANNER--GETTIN' SHOT AT IF HE SHOWS HIS FACE AROUND HERE.
MY FAULT. I WAS OUTTA LINE.
LISTEN--ANYBODY GIVES YOU ANY LIP, TELL 'EM TO SEE MEDWICK.
YOU'RE A-OK IN MY BOOK, KID.
VERY IMPRESSIVE, GENERAL ROSS--MUCH MORE SO THAN I EXPECTED.
I HAD NO IDEA THE MILITARY EMPLOYED SCIENTISTS OF SUCH IMAGINATION --SUCH NEAR-GENIUS.
NEAR-GENIUS, LEADER?
THE BRAIN-WAVE BOOSTER IS THE END-PRODUCT OF FIVE YEARS OF RESEARCH--MORE THAN A MILLION MAN-HOURS--
EASY, TALBOT. NO NEED TO GET HOT UNDER THE COLLAR.
THE LEADER IS--OUR GUEST, REMEMBER?
MORE THAN YOUR GUEST, GENERAL. RATHER, YOUR HONORED ALLY.
YOUR SCIENTISTS HAVE DEVISED HERE A MILE-LONG DEVICE TO AMPLIFY HUMAN BRAIN-WAVES INTO THREE-DIMENSIONAL OBJECTS--
BUT YOU HAVE NO ONE WITH THE MASSIVE INTELLECT NECESSARY TO POWER IT.
THUS, ENTER THE LEADER--FOREMOST MIND ON EARTH--
--AND EXIT--THE MARAUDING, BRAINLESS HULK--
EASY, LEADER. REMEMBER OUR, UH--BARGAIN.
BARGAIN?
8

A--GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT, MY DEAR GENERAL ROSS--
--BETWEEN THE MAJOR AND MYSELF. BUT NOW--
THE TIME HAS COME TO DON THE MENTALLO-PROJECTOR--
--THAT I MAY FIND OUR QUARRY, AND--OVERCOME HIM.
AND MAY HEAVEN HELP YOU!
I NEED NO HELP FROM OUTSIDE SOURCES, HUMAN.
35
AHH... THERE IS MY AWESOME ARCH-FOE NOW.
DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE AREA, GENERAL?
HIGHWAY 35--JUST NORTH OF THE CITY.
LISTEN! HE'S MUTTERING TO HIMSELF--AS HE SMASHES THAT RAILING.
CAN YOU PICK UP HIS WORDS, LEADER?
OF COURSE. FEW THINGS ARE BEYOND THE MENTAL PROWESS OF THE LEADER.
HULK HAS NOWHERE TO GO--NO ONE WHO WANTS HIM--BUT--
HUH? WHAT'S THAT??
SOMETHING MOVING LIKE LIGHTNING --BEHIND HULK--!
9

AARRRHH!
NOT LIKE LIGHTNIN' GREENIE-- BUT LIKE--
--A RHINO!
OR HAVE YA FERGOT YER OL' SPARRIN'-PARTNER?
HULK DID FORGET-- TILL YOU ATTACKED,
BUT NOW-- HULK WILL SMASH!
HOLY HANNAH! WHAT IN BLAZES--?
GOTTA SWERVE THIS CRATE QUICK, OR--
KRAASH!
YOU ARE STRONG, RHINO--
--BUT HULK IS STRONGER!
BRRAKK!
HULK IS STRONGER THAN ANYONE!
10

ANYONE, YOU GREEN-HUED GROUND-LING?
?
PERHAPS ANYONE EXCEPT-- XERON THE STAR-SLAYER!
XERON? HULK REMEMBERS YOU--
BUT YOU DRIFTED OFF INTO SPACE. YOU'RE DEAD!
NOT SO DEAD AS YOU SHALL BE, FOOL--
--WHEN I FIRE THE ULTIMATE HARPOON-BLAST--!
AARUHNN!
DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT HERE--OR WHY YOU WANT TO SHOOT AT HULK.
BUT, HULK DOESN'T LIKE IT.
AND, WHAT HULK DOESN'T LIKE--
--HULK SMASHES!
11


BAH! WITHOUT HIS HARPOON AND FANCY SHIP, HE'S NOTHING.
NOT EVEN WORTH HULK'S TROUBLE.
XERON MIGHT AS WELL FADE AWAY-- LIKE A WISP OF SMOKE.
HULK DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A CITY THIS WAY.
BUT, HULK DOESN'T HAVE TO GO THAT WAY--OR ANY WAY.
MIGHT AS WELL TURN BACK-- AVOID FIGHTS WITH PUNY HUMANS.
HUH? SOMETHING MOVING-- UNDER THE WATER--
YOU NEED NOT WASTE YOUR ENERGIES FIGHTING THOSE "PUNY HUMANS", MONSTER--
--NOT WHILE PRINCE NAMOR IS CLOSE AT HAND!

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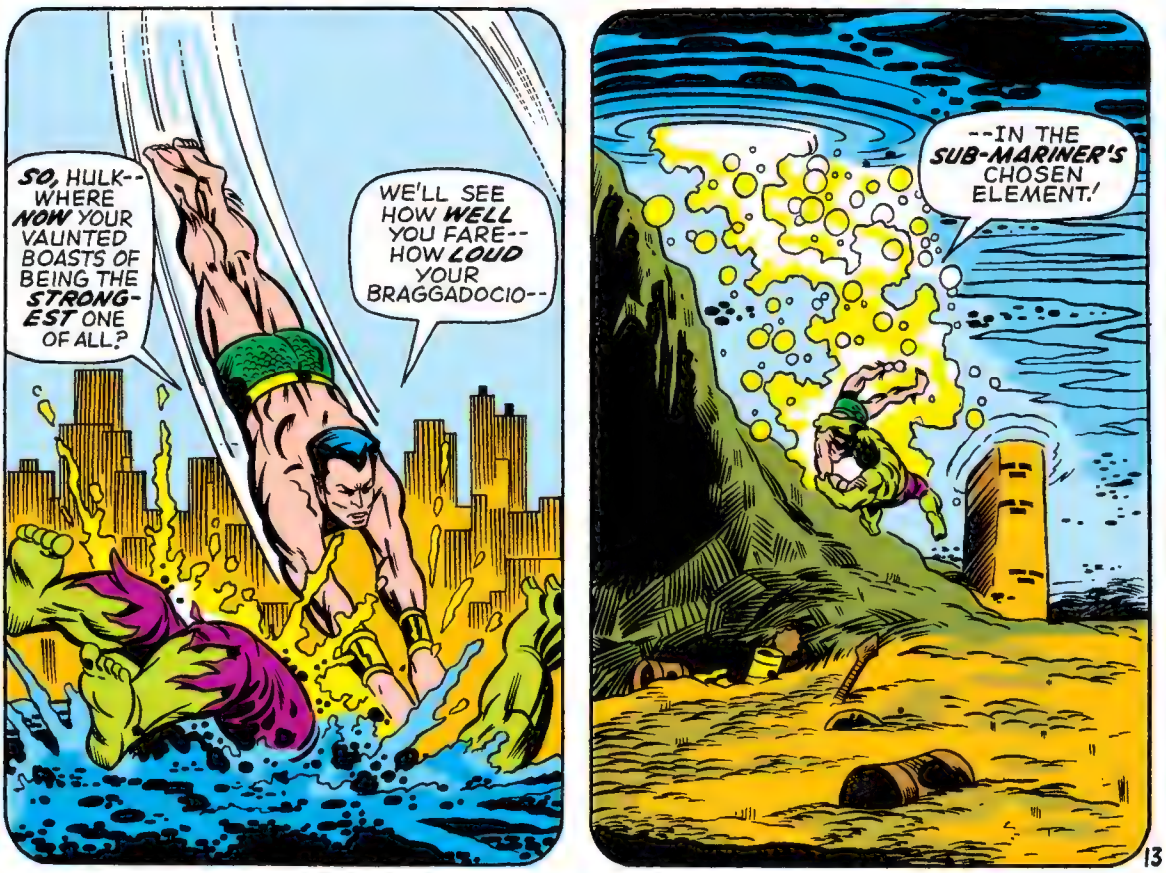
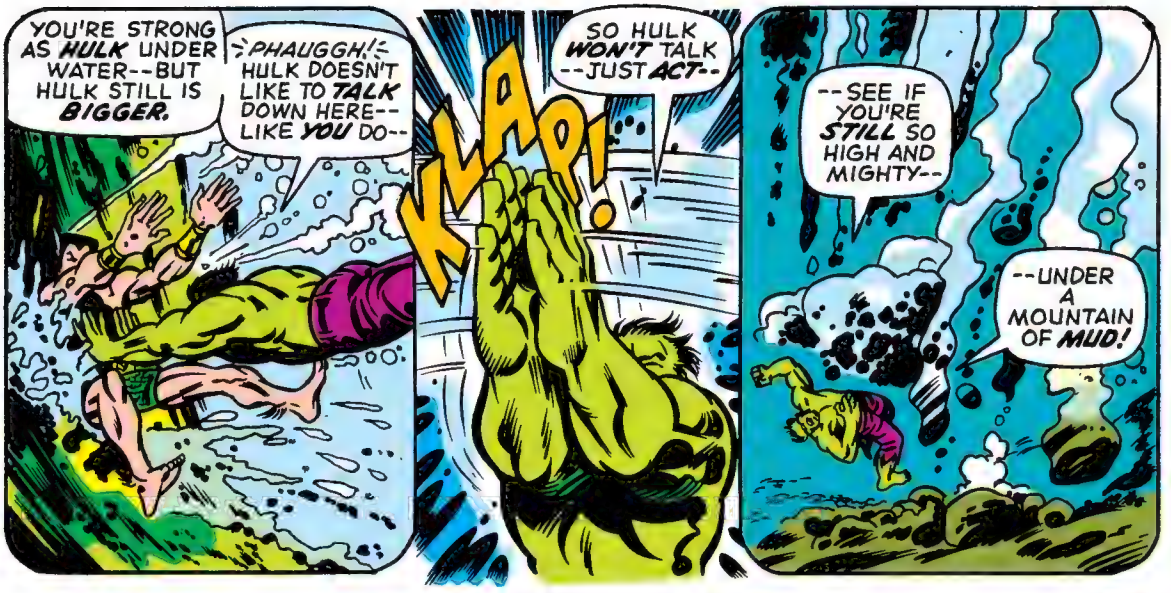
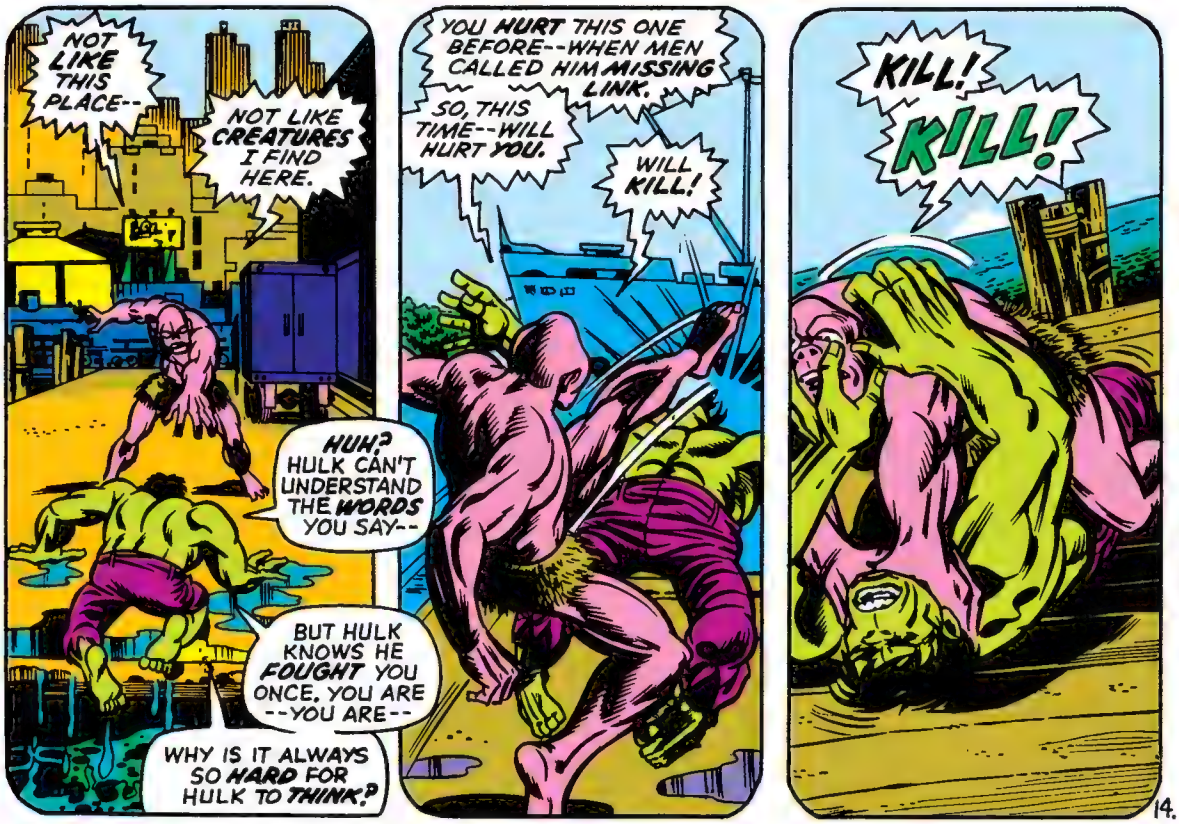
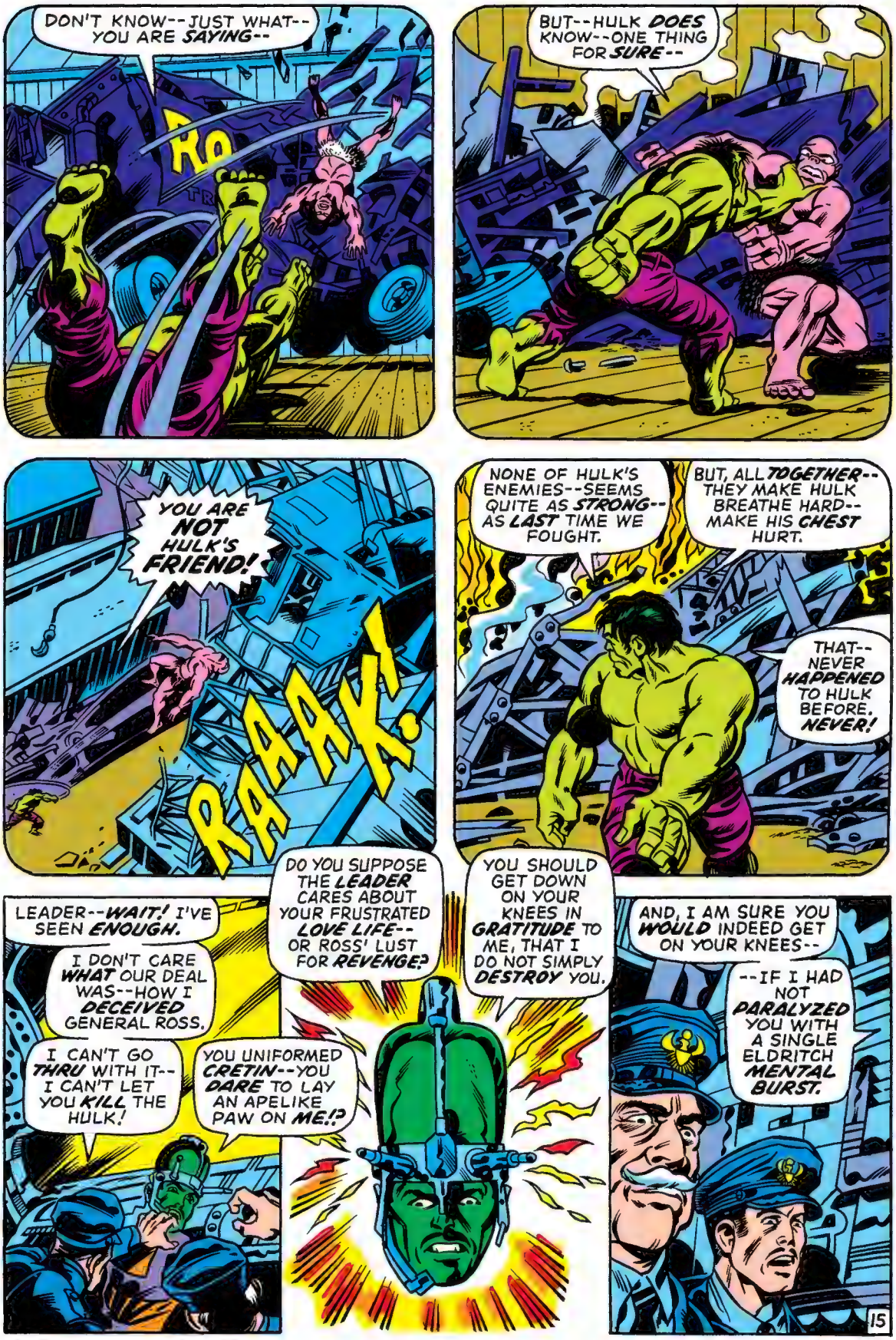

SO, HULK-- WHERE NOW YOUR VAUNTED BOASTS OF BEING THE STRONG-EST ONE OF ALL?
WE'LL SEE HOW WELL YOU FARE-- HOW LOUD YOUR BRAGGADOCIO--
--IN THE SUB-MARINER'S CHOSEN ELEMENT!

13


YOU'RE STRONG AS HULK UNDER WATER--BUT HULK STILL IS BIGGER.
PHAUGGH! HULK DOESN'T LIKE TO TALK DOWN HERE--LIKE YOU DO--
KLAP!
SO HULK WON'T TALK --JUST ACT--
--SEE IF YOU'RE STILL SO HIGH AND MIGHTY--
--UNDER A MOUNTAIN OF MUD!

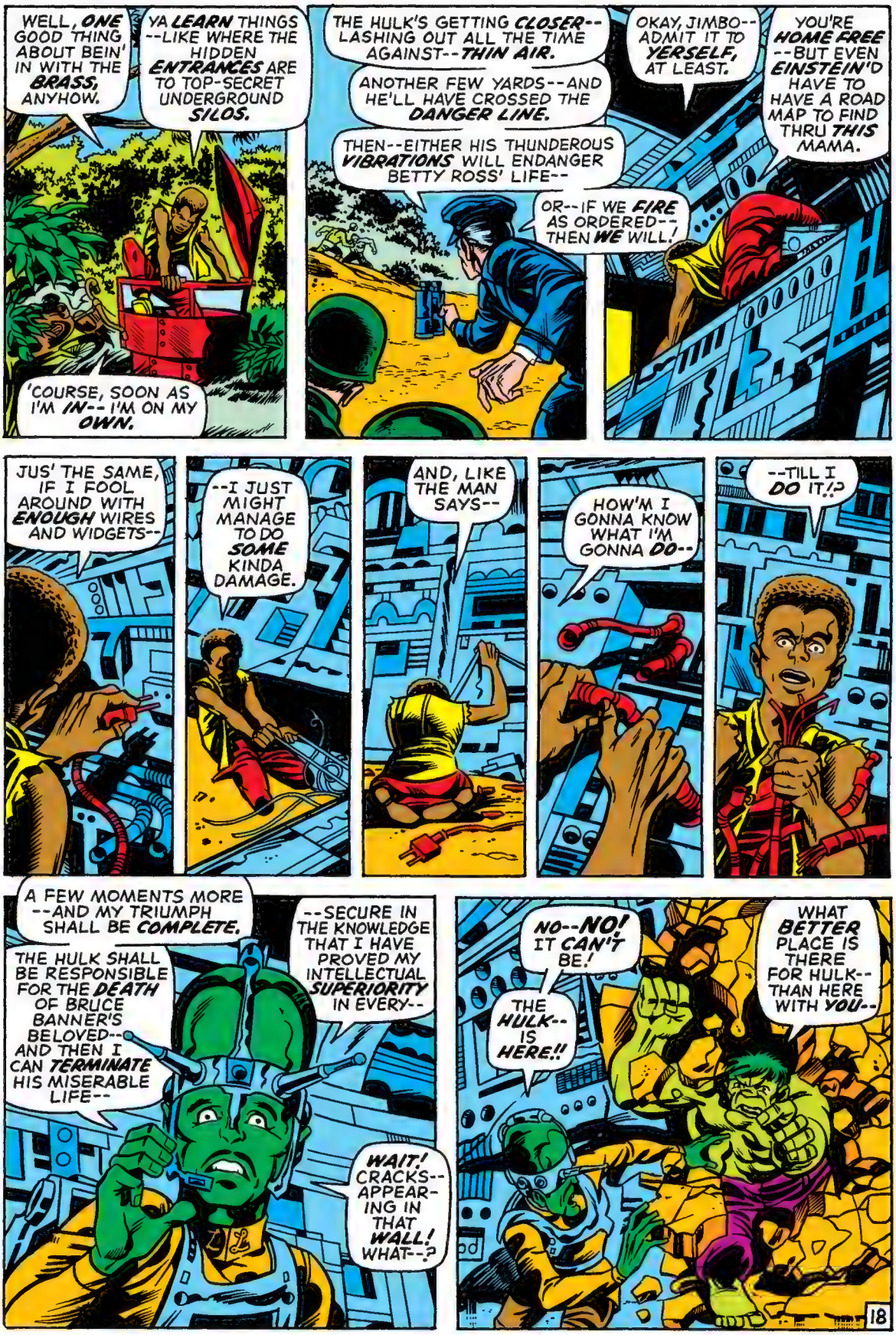
FISH-MAN NEVER CAME OUT OF THE MUD. HE MUST BE HIDING FROM HULK.
WELL, LET THE WHOLE CITY HIDE FROM HULK--THE WHOLE WORLD.
HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHY SO MANY ENEMIES FOLLOWING HIM AT THE SAME TIME--
BUT HULK FIXED THEM ALL!


NOT LIKE THIS PLACE--
NOT LIKE CREATURES I FIND HERE.
HUH? HULK CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE WORDS YOU SAY--
BUT HULK KNOWS HE FOUGHT YOU ONCE. YOU ARE --YOU ARE--
WHY IS IT ALWAYS SO HARD FOR HULK TO THINK?
YOU HURT THIS ONE BEFORE--WHEN MEN CALLED HIM MISSING LINK.
SO, THIS TIME--WILL HURT YOU.
WILL KILL!
KILL!
KILL!


DON'T KNOW--JUST WHAT--YOU ARE SAYING--
KO
BUT--HULK DOES KNOW--ONE THING FOR SURE--
YOU ARE NOT HULK'S FRIEND!
RAAK!
NONE OF HULK'S ENEMIES--SEEMS QUITE AS STRONG--AS LAST TIME WE FOUGHT.
BUT, ALL TOGETHER--THEY MAKE HULK BREATHE HARD--MAKE HIS CHEST HURT.
THAT--NEVER HAPPENED TO HULK BEFORE. NEVER!
LEADER--WAIT! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH.
I DON'T CARE WHAT OUR DEAL WAS--HOW I DECEIVED GENERAL ROSS.
I CAN'T GO THRU WITH IT--I CAN'T LET YOU KILL THE HULK!
YOU UNIFORMED CRETIN--YOU DARE TO LAY AN APELIKE PAW ON ME!?
DO YOU SUPPOSE THE LEADER CARES ABOUT YOUR FRUSTRATED LOVE LIFE--OR ROSS' LUST FOR REVENGE?
YOU SHOULD GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES IN GRATITUDE TO ME, THAT I DO NOT SIMPLY DESTROY YOU.
AND, I AM SURE YOU WOULD INDEED GET ON YOUR KNEES--
--IF I HAD NOT PARALYZED YOU WITH A SINGLE ELDRITCH MENTAL BURST.
15

NOW, SILENCE REIGNS SUPREME IN THE SUBTERRANEAN SILO, AS THE MURDEROUS MUTATE RETURNS HIS UNDIVIDED ATTENTION TO THE RAMPAGING HULK--
--AND OUR GREEN-SKINNED GOLEM TURNS HIS BRIEF ATTENTION-SPAN FIRST TO THE MIGHTY MAN-CREATURE CALLED THE NIGHT-CRAWLER--
--THEN, IN SHORT ORDER, UNLEASHES HIS FULL FIERCE FURY AGAINST THE VENGEFUL MANDARIN--
--THE MUTE, UNDEAD, UNLIVING GLOB--
--THE RECENTLY-DEFEATED, NOW STRANGELY-RETURNED SANDMAN--
--AND EVEN THE ONCE-TRANSISTORIZED TITAN KNOWN AS--IRON MAN.
WITH EACH MOMENT-- EACH HOLLOW VICTORY --THE HULK'S HEARTBEAT GROWS FASTER--FASTER-- AS HIS GRIM NEMESIS INTENDS--

BUT--IS THAT ALL THAT HE INTENDS--?
CITY
CRUSHES MANDARIN
WIPES OUT SANDMAN
PUMMELS IRON MAN
PRESENT POSITION
BEATS NIGHT-CRAWLER
BATTLES MISSING LINK
DEFEATS GLOB
FIGHTS SUB-MARINER
RIVER
HULK FIRST MONITORED
CROSSES HIGHWAY--ENCOUNTERS RHINO
ATTACKED BY XERON
HOSPITAL AND PERIMETER DEFENSE
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT OF IT NOW!
IN HIS OWN MEANDERING WAY--AND LEAVING BEHIND HIM A PATH OF DEBRIS AND DESTRUCTION--
THE HULK IS HEADING THIS WAY--
--TOWARD THIS VERY HOSPITAL, IN WHICH STANDS THE FRAGILE BODY OF THE GIRL HE ONCE LOVED.
NO--YOU GOTTA BE WRONG. YOU GOT TO!
I--ONLY WISH I WERE, SON.
BUT--THE WAY THE HULK STOMPS AROUND--HE'S LIABLE TO SET OFF EARTH TREMORS--AN' SHAKE BETTY ROSS TO BITS.
WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING--?
AND IF HE DOESN'T--THEN YOU GUYS WILL--BY FIRIN' AT HIM.
LET'S JUST SAY--I'M GOIN' FOR A RIDE.
LET HIM GO, MEN.
THERE'S NOTHING HE--OR ANY OF US--CAN DO TO CHANGE WHAT MUST OCCUR.
WEAVE YOUR SPIDER'S-WEB EVER MORE FINELY, FATE--DRAW THE LAST, FATAL STRANDS NICE AND TAUT--AND LEARN IF YOU HAVE CAUGHT INDEED A HAPLESS FLY--OR A RAGING TIGER--!
CLOSED
17


WELL, ONE GOOD THING ABOUT BEIN' IN WITH THE BRASS, ANYHOW.
YA LEARN THINGS --LIKE WHERE THE HIDDEN ENTRANCES ARE TO TOP-SECRET UNDERGROUND SILOS.
'COURSE, SOON AS I'M IN-- I'M ON MY OWN.
THE HULK'S GETTING CLOSER-- LASHING OUT ALL THE TIME AGAINST--THIN AIR.
ANOTHER FEW YARDS--AND HE'LL HAVE CROSSED THE DANGER LINE.
THEN--EITHER HIS THUNDEROUS VIBRATIONS WILL ENDANGER BETTY ROSS' LIFE--
OR--IF WE FIRE AS ORDERED-- THEN WE WILL!
OKAY, JIMBO-- ADMIT IT TO YERSELF, AT LEAST.
YOU'RE HOME FREE --BUT EVEN EINSTEIN'D HAVE TO HAVE A ROAD MAP TO FIND THRU THIS MAMA.
JUS' THE SAME, IF I FOOL AROUND WITH ENOUGH WIRES AND WIDGETS--
--I JUST MIGHT MANAGE TO DO SOME KINDA DAMAGE.
AND, LIKE THE MAN SAYS--
HOW'M I GONNA KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO--
--TILL I DO IT!?
A FEW MOMENTS MORE --AND MY TRIUMPH SHALL BE COMPLETE.
THE HULK SHALL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF BRUCE BANNER'S BELOVED-- AND THEN I CAN TERMINATE HIS MISERABLE LIFE--
--SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I HAVE PROVED MY INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY IN EVERY--
WAIT! CRACKS-- APPEAR-ING IN THAT WALL! WHAT--?
NO--NO! IT CAN'T BE!
THE HULK-- IS HERE!!
WHAT BETTER PLACE IS THERE FOR HULK-- THAN HERE WITH YOU--

--AT THE TIME THAT--YOU DIE.
KEEP BACK! STAY AWAY FROM ME!
SAFE--BY THE MEREST OF MARGINS.
THIS SOLID STEEL DOOR WILL SLOW HIS PROGRESS, UNTIL I CAN--
WHAT'S THAT SOUND-- BEHIND ME--?
DON'T YOU KNOW, LEADER?
IT'S DEATH-- AND HE IS COMING FOR YOU.
I DON'T KNOW--HOW YOU GOT IN--
BUT YOU CAN'T LEAP IN HERE --AND YOU'RE FAR SLOWER THAN I--
--THUS, I'LL ELUDE YOU FOR A SECOND-- AND FINAL--TIME.
BUT--MUST THINK. A BRAIN BLAST WILL NOT STOP HIM.
THEN, MY ONE CHANCE LIES IN--
--DYING, LEADER. YOU ARE GOING TO DIE.
AAARRRAHHH!
MUST--GET OUT OF HERE--GET SOMEWHERE I CAN THINK--FIGURE A WAY TO ESCAPE.
CAN'T EVEN THINK ANY MORE-- CAN'T EVEN--
MAYBE-- AROUND THIS CORNER-- IN THE VERY NERVE CENTER OF THE COMPLEX-- I CAN--

NNOOO
WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEADER?
YOU WANTED TO GET AT HULK.
NOW--YOU HAVE MANY HULKS TO FIGHT--MANY HULKS TO DESTROY.
TOO MANY FOR YOU, LEADER? TOO MANY ??
GOOD LORD, TALBOT--DID YOU SEE THAT?
AFTER RUNNING ALL THIS WAY--FROM NOTHING--NOW THE LEADER'S STANDING AS STILL AS A STATUE.
LOOK, SIR--THERE'S JIM--I WONDER IF HE--
I CANNOT TELL A LIE, TROOPS.
I DID IT ALL WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET JOB--AT LEAST, I GUESS I DID.
SOMEHOW, YOU REVERSED THINGS--MADE THE LEADER SEE THE FOES HE HATED MOST.
BUT--JUST WHAT I DID--YOU'LL HAVETA TELL ME.
AND HE HATED NO ONE--MORE THAN THE HULK.
"BUT, SIR--I WONDER--WILL THE HULK STOP BATTLING HIS OWN PHANTOMS--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE??
THE ABOMINATION! HULK THOUGHT--YOU WERE STILL OUT IN SPACE--
AND, IN THE MOST ISOLATED PART OF THE NEARBY HOSPITAL--
WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT, THEN--
HUNN? HE'S--GONE!
HULK DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TO--AND HULK DOESN'T MUCH CARE.
ALL HULK KNOWS IS--NO ONE LEFT TO BOTHER HIM--TO TRY TO HURT HIM--
--SO HULK DOESN'T HAVE TO HURT ANYONE ELSE.
THOOM!
--A GIRL OF FRAGILE GLASS SHIMMERS--BUT NOT ENOUGH TO SHATTER--NO, NOT THIS TIME--!
FIN
20

AVENGERS
15¢
88
MAY
THE AVENGERS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
HOLD IT, PSYKLOP! RELEASE THE HULK!
SHRINK HIM DOWN ANY FURTHER-- AND YOU'RE ONE DEAD ALIEN!
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE SUMMONS OF PSYKLOP!
A MARVEL MASTERWORK BY HARLAN ELLISON!
YOU ARE TOO LATE TO HELP THE MAN-MONSTER, AVENGERS!
TOO LATE!

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!®
AND
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

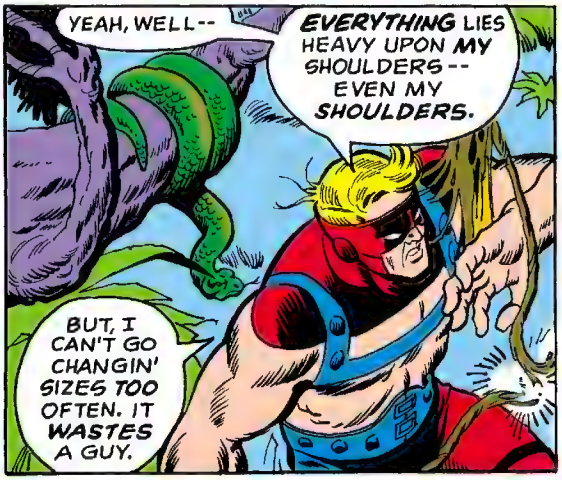
THE SUMMONS OF
PSYKLOP
AARRHH!
"THE MOST MERCIFUL THING IN THE WORLD...IS THE INABILITY OF THE HUMAN MIND TO CORRELATE ALL ITS CONTENTS."
--H.P. LOVECRAFT (1890-1937).
STAN LEE
PRESENTS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME WONDERMENT!
STORY BY: HARLAN ELLISON (THAT MEANS: HE CONCEIVED THE PLOT!)
ADAPTATION BY: ROY THOMAS (THAT MEANS: HE WROTE THE DIALOGUE!)
ART BY: SAL BUSCEMA (THAT MEANS: HE DREW THE THING!)
INKED BY: JIM MOONEY
LETTERED BY: SHELLY LEFERMAN
5642

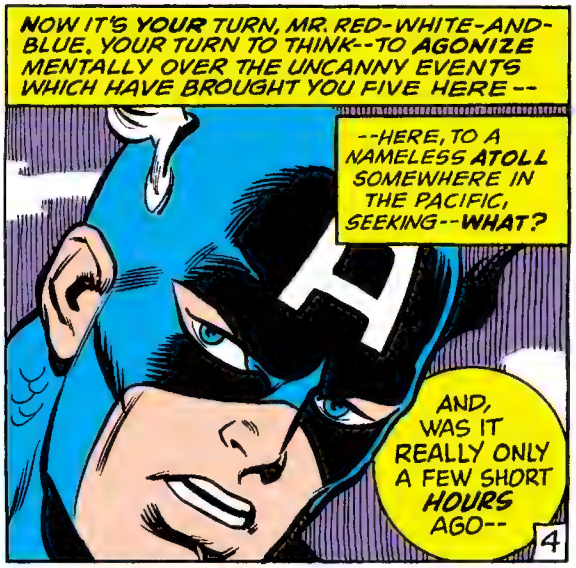
YOU HAVE A MOUTH--AND YOU MUST SCREAM! SO CREAM, HULK, IN IMPOTENT RAGE, AS MILLIONS OF VOLTS OF CRACKLING ELECTRICITY BOMBARD YOUR STEEL-THEWED FRAME--
SCREAM WITH FUTILE FURY AT THE PUNY, BLUE-CLAD CREATURES WHO STARE DOWN AT YOU WITH PITY YOU DO NOT WANT--AND FEAR YOU WOULD LIKE TO EARN--
SCREAM ALL YOU WANT, BEHEMOTH--FOR, WHO WILL HELP YOU, HERE WITHIN THE CONCRETE HEART OF BOULDER DAM?
WHO WILL HELP, INDEED, IN ALL THE MANY-STARRED COSMOS?
OR--IS IT POSSIBLE THAT HELP COMES IN UNEXPECTED PACKAGES?
I--THINK HE'S BEGINNING TO WEAKEN, PROFESSOR XAVIER.
STILL, I'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU WITHDREW TO A PLACE OF GREATER SAFETY.
WE HAVE LABORED TOGETHER UNTIL NOW, MR. RICHARDS.
I WILL SEE IT THRU TO THE END.
THE MAGNETO-POWERED POLES WHICH NOW HOLD AND BUFFET THE MONSTER--
HIS PREPARED CRYPT--EVEN THE COMA-GAS WHICH WILL BE USED TO KEEP HIM THERE--
DIDN'T YOU AND I AND TONY STARK WORK ON THEIR DESIGNS FOR MONTHS, EACH IN HIS OWN WAY?
YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, SIR.
THOUGH HOW YOU PULLED YOUR WEIGHT, AND STILL TAUGHT AT THAT UPSTATE SCHOOL, IS BEYOND ME.
LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK--SEE IF OUR MEGA-VOLT SNARE IS WORKING.
2

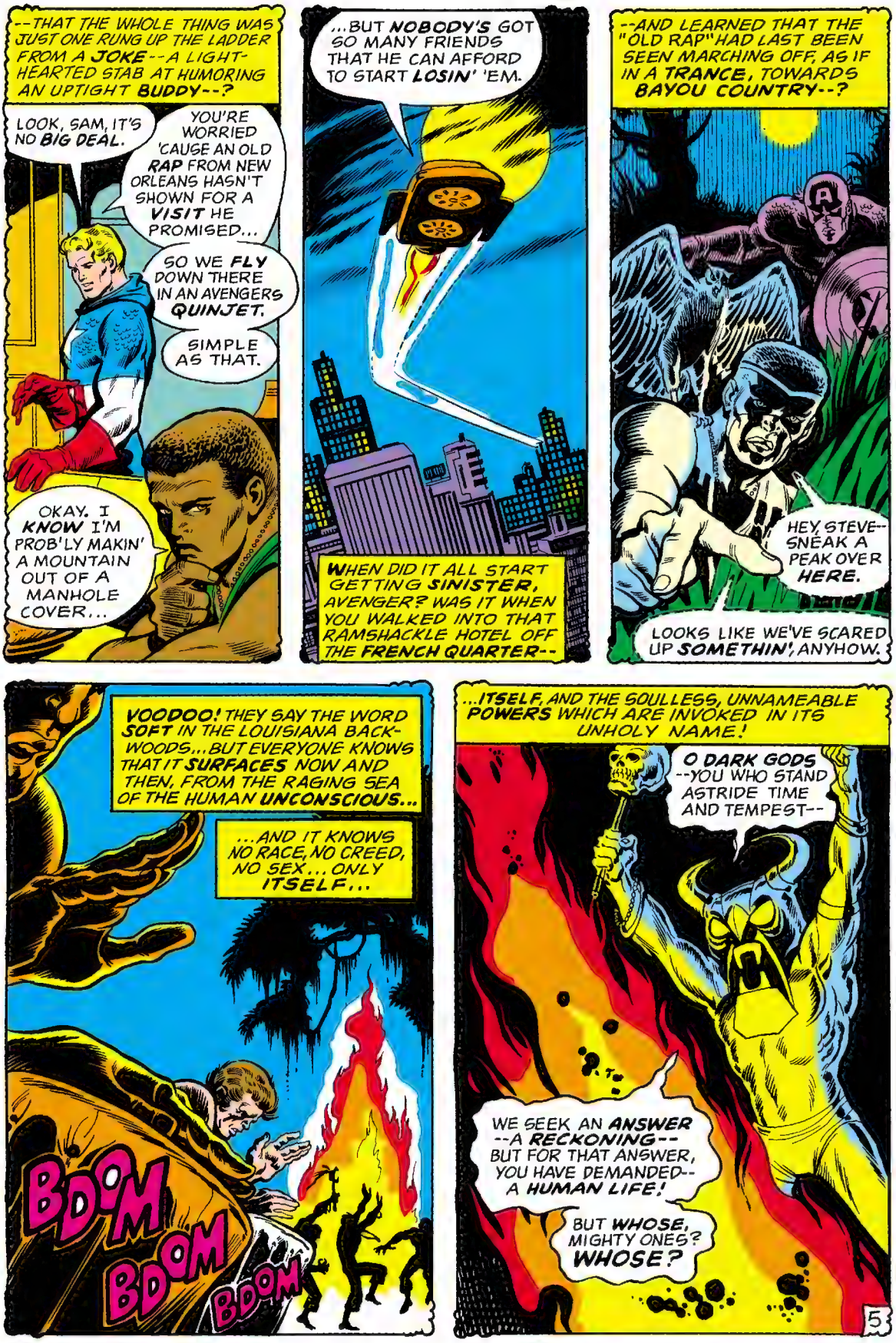
OH, IT'S WORKING, ALL RIGHT--ISN'T IT, HULK?
THEY LURED YOU HERE--AND NOW THEY HAVE YOU--
--A BIG GREEN BUTTERFLY WRITHING CONVULSIVELY--
--PINNED, LIVING, BY A SKEWER OF LIGHTNING-!
HE'S DOWN!
CUT OFF THE POWER, MAN--BEFORE YOU ROAST HIM ALIVE!
THAT CURRENT WOULD'VE SLAUGHTERED AN ARMY OF RAMPAGING VISIGOTHS.
IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES--
ALL RIGHT, RICHARDS--YOU WIN. YOUR PLAN SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF AN OLD HOWARD HAWKES MOVIE--
BUT, BY THUNDER, IT WORKED!
NOW IT'S YOUR SHOW--YOURS, AND XAVIER'S.
THANK YOU, GENERAL ROSS...
AT LAST WE CAN CONTAIN THE HULK--PERHAPS EVEN RESCUE BRUCE BANNER ONE DAY FROM HIS LIVING COFFIN OF FLESH.
BUT, THIS IS TONY STARK'S TRIUMPH, AS MUCH AS ANYONE'S!
YES, HE HAD HOPED TO BE HERE TODAY.
I WONDER IF ANYTHING HAS COME UP...?
4
3

YES, CHARLES XAVIER...YOU WHO ARE SECRET MENTOR TO THE MUTANT **X-MEN**...SOMETHING MOST DEFINITELY **HAS** COME UP. FOR, YOU SEE, INDUSTRIALIST TONY STARK IS ALSO **IRON MAN**... AND IRON MAN IS AN **AVENGER**...AND THEY, TOO, ARE A VERY **SPECIAL** BREED...!

STILL NOTHING!
BUT, WE MUST KEEP MOVING.
WE WILL, CAP. WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE.
AY, AVENGER. FOR, IF CAPTAIN AMERICA DOTH INTERPRET THINGS ARIGHT...
THE FATE OF WORLDS MAY LIE HEAVY UPON OUR SHOULDERS THIS DAY.




NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, MR. RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE. YOUR TURN TO THINK--TO AGONIZE MENTALLY OVER THE UNCANNY EVENTS WHICH HAVE BROUGHT YOU FIVE HERE --
--HERE, TO A NAMELESS ATOLL SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC, SEEKING--WHAT?
AND, WAS IT REALLY ONLY A FEW SHORT HOURS AGO--


--THAT THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST ONE RUNG UP THE LADDER FROM A JOKE--A LIGHT-HEARTED STAB AT HUMORING AN UPTIGHT BUDDY--?
LOOK, SAM, IT'S NO BIG DEAL.
YOU'RE WORRIED 'CAUSE AN OLD RAP FROM NEW ORLEANS HASN'T SHOWN FOR A VISIT HE PROMISED...
SO WE FLY DOWN THERE IN AN AVENGERS QUINJET.
SIMPLE AS THAT.
OKAY. I KNOW I'M PROB'LY MAKIN' A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MANHOLE COVER...
...BUT NOBODY'S GOT SO MANY FRIENDS THAT HE CAN AFFORD TO START LOSIN' 'EM.
WHEN DID IT ALL START GETTING SINISTER, AVENGER? WAS IT WHEN YOU WALKED INTO THAT RAMSHACKLE HOTEL OFF THE FRENCH QUARTER--
--AND LEARNED THAT THE "OLD RAP" HAD LAST BEEN SEEN MARCHING OFF, AS IF IN A TRANCE, TOWARDS BAYOU COUNTRY--?
HEY, STEVE--SNEAK A PEAK OVER HERE.
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE SCARED UP SOMETHIN', ANYHOW.
VOODOO! THEY SAY THE WORD SOFT IN THE LOUISIANA BACK-WOODS...BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT IT SURFACES NOW AND THEN, FROM THE RAGING SEA OF THE HUMAN UNCONSCIOUS...
...AND IT KNOWS NO RACE, NO CREED, NO SEX... ONLY ITSELF...
BDOM
BDOM
BDOM
...ITSELF, AND THE SOULLESS, UNNAMEABLE POWERS WHICH ARE INVOKED IN ITS UNHOLY NAME!
O DARK GODS --YOU WHO STAND ASTRIDE TIME AND TEMPEST--
WE SEEK AN ANSWER --A RECKONING-- BUT FOR THAT ANSWER, YOU HAVE DEMANDED-- A HUMAN LIFE!
BUT WHOSE, MIGHTY ONES? WHOSE?
5

ONE OF OUR OWN BROTHERS--OR SHALL WE SEEK OUT STRANGERS?
GIVE US A SIGN, O MIGHTY ONES--GIVE US A SIGN!
YES! A SIGN! A SIGN!
WAIT! DON'T YOU HEAR, BROTHERS? DON'T YOU FEEL?
SOMEONE IS WATCHING US! TWO BLASPHEMERS!
THERE IS OUR SIGN--AND OUR SACRIFICE!
UH OH. LOOKS LIKE THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE, FALC.
FORGOT TO ASK--DO YOU SEE YOUR OLD CRONY IN THAT MOB?
NOPE. WE USEDTA HANG OUT HEREABOUTS AS KIDS--
BUT I'LL HAVE TA SCOUT HIM UP LATER.
RIGHT NOW, WE EITHER MAKE TRACKS--OR WE'RE UP TO OUR ARMPITS IN MACHETES!
Y'KNOW, MR. WILSON--I NEVER WAS MUCH ON RUNNING AWAY.
SO, LIKE WE USED TO SAY BACK IN '44--
GERONIMO!!!
NOW THAT YA MENTION IT, MR. ROGERS--IT DOES HAVE KIND OF A RING.
6

THERE ARE THOSE, CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHO HAVE NAUGHT SAVE **SCORN** FOR THE POLICE--AND WHO MAY **GAINSAY** THOSE SCOFFERS, IN A LAND CALLED **FREE**?

BUT, IF YOU HAD KNOWN THAT ARMED POLICEMEN WERE EVEN THEN **SURROUNDING** THE VOODOO AREA--

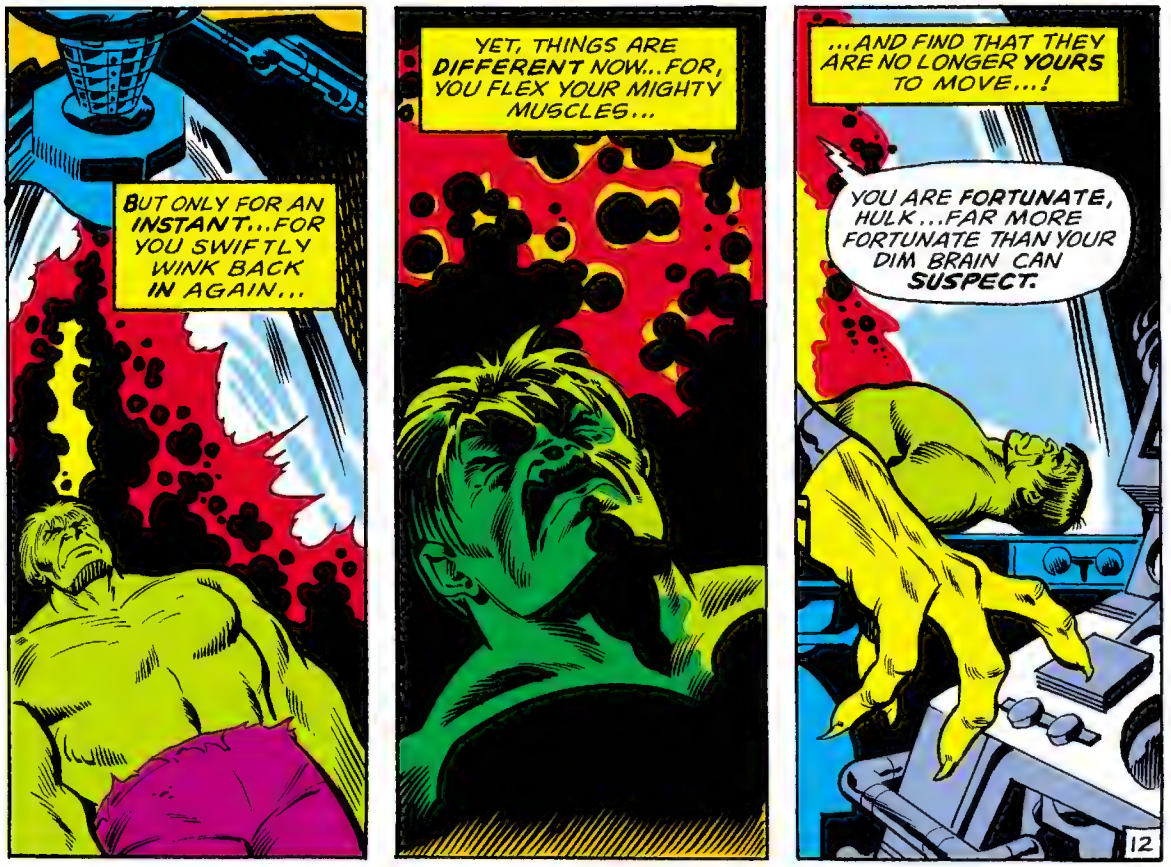
ALL RIGHT NAOW--Y'ALL JUST GET THEM **HANDS** UP!
HEY, SONNY--**LOOK!** THAT'S **CAP'N AMERICA** IN THERE, FO' SURE!
SCORE ONE FOR **CONTACT LENSES**, FELLA--AND **WELCOME ABOARD.**

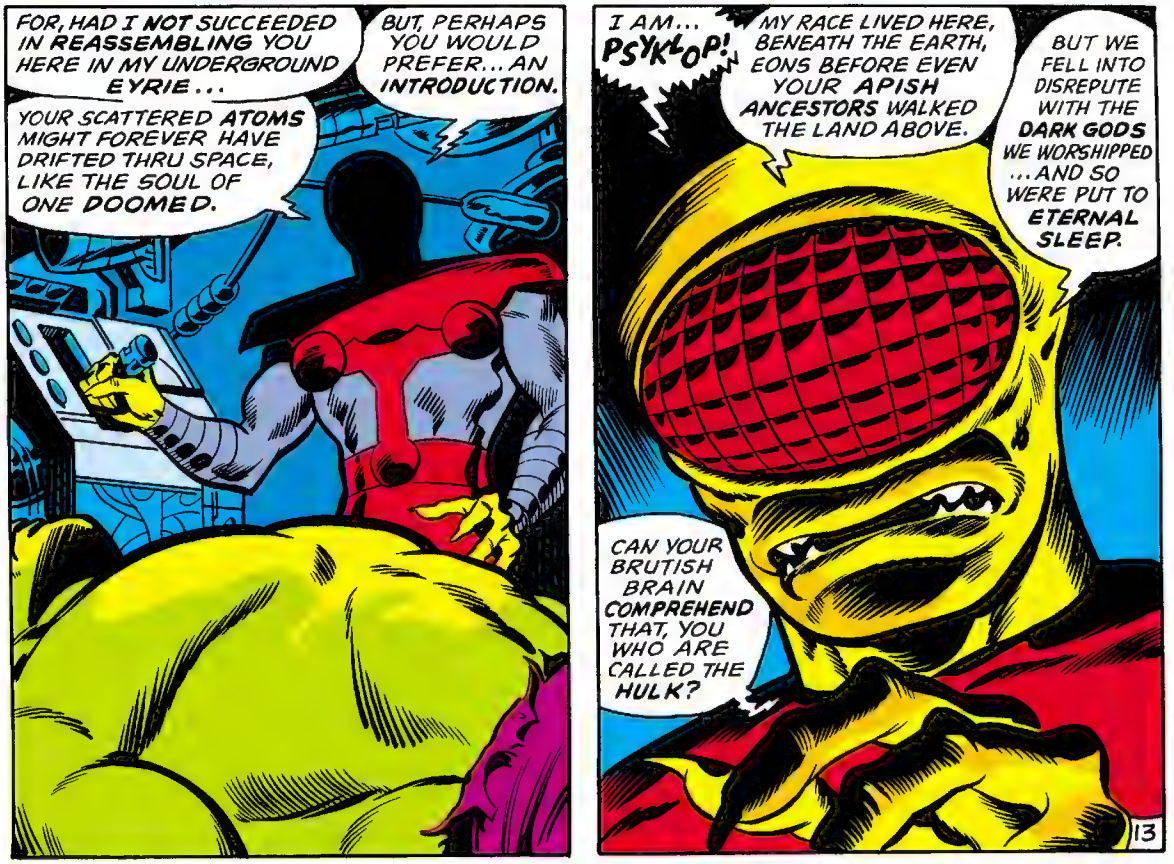
THAT BIRD SAVED MY BACON AGAIN.
BUT I'LL TAKE CHARGE FROM HERE ON IN!
NOW, LET'S JUST FIND OUT WHO--
CAP!
DON'T TELL ME, FALC. LET ME GUESS!
YOU KNOW IT, CAP. IT'S RALPH--THE GUY WE WERE LOOKIN' FOR!
HE'S STILL IN SOME SORT OF TRANCE, BUT--
LISTEN! HE'S MURMURING SOMETHING.
HE JUST KEEPS SPOUTIN' THE SAME THING, OVER AND OVER.
...TWENTY-SEVEN... SOUTH...NINETY-SEVEN...WEST...
WELL, WHATEVER IT MEANS--WE'LL FIND OUT WHEN HE SNAPS OUT OF IT.
I'LL GIVE ODDS THAT WE WON'T, PARTNER.
WHAT'S MORE, I'M NOT WAITING AROUND--AND NEITHER ARE YOU.
COME ON. WE'VE GOT A DATE ON FIFTH AVENUE.
...THEN, CAP, YOU'VE NOTHING MORE TO GO ON--THAN WHAT MAY BE A MUMBLED LATITUDE AND AND LONGITUDE?
LOOK, IF YOU THINK CAP'S CRYIN' WOLF, YOU GOT--
THE AVENGERS ARE NOT THAT FOOLISH, HONORED GUEST.
I KNOW IT'S JUST A LONG SHOT--A CRAZY HUNCH THAT SENT SHIVERS UP MY SPINE--
BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER VOODOO CEREMONY WAS GOING ON IN THAT BAYOU.
SO YOU WANT US TO GO STOMPIN' AROUND THE PACIFIC WITH YA, HUH?
NOT ALL OF US ARE NEEDED, SURELY.
NAY. A FEW SHOULD SUFFICE, AT MOST.
8

GOOD. FOR, AS MOST OF YOU KNOW, THE OLD MAN WHO RULED THE WAKANDAS IN MY STEAD HAS DIED.
BY MORNING, I SHALL BE READY TO DEPART FOR MY HIDDEN AFRICAN KINGDOM--
--TO RETURN IN A DAY AND HOUR THAT EVEN I CANNOT GUESS.
AND NONE SHALL MISS YOU MORE THAN I, T'CHALLA.
MEANWHILE, WE, OTHER THREE MUST REMAIN ON MONITOR DUTY--AS WE PROMISED REED RICHARDS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR.*
YOU'LL HARDLY NEED US ALONG, CAP.
WHAT MENACE COULD FACE UP TO THOR--IRON MAN --AND GOLIATH?
*YOU'LL LEARN WHY NEXT ISH! --STAN.
NOW, AS THE STEAMING PRESENT WRAPS ITS MISTY ARMS ABOUT YOU ONCE MORE, CAPTAIN AMERICA...
YOU ASK YOURSELF THE SAME QUESTION--AND SHUDDER AT THE POSSIBLE ANSWER--
HEY! I THINK I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHIN' --THRU HERE.
THEN, STAND YE READY, AVENGERS.
THE GOD OF THUNDER SHALL--
9

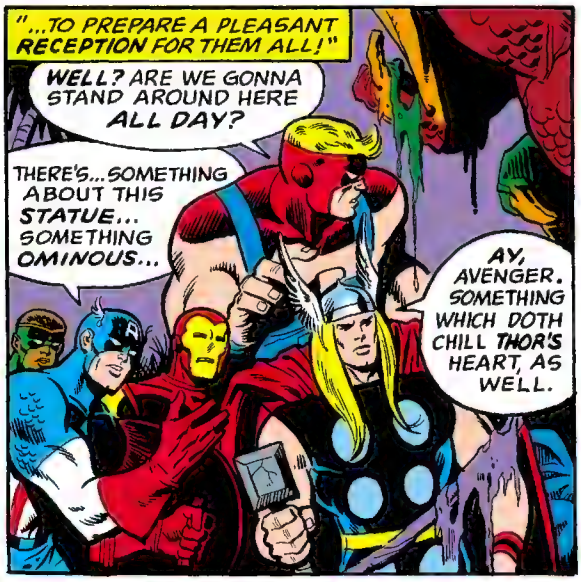
FOR A MOMENT, IT SEEMS TO LIVE, TO BREATHE, THIS SHAPE SO GROTESQUE AND MONSTROUS THAT IT BRINGS FIVE WANDERERS TO A STARTLED HALT--
BUT THEN, YOU SENSE THAT IT IS MERELY A COLOSSAL GRAVEN IMAGE-- CARVED HERE, BY SOME LONG-DEAD HAND, FORGOTTEN EONS AGO--
YET, IS IT ONLY YOUR FREE-FLOATING IMAGINATION, STEVE ROGERS, WHICH MAKES YOU STARE AT ITS GRIM, MISSHAPEN FACE--AND SEE INSTEAD THE MASK OF A VOODOO PRIEST--WHICH LIES, SHATTERED, HALF A WORLD AWAY--?

WHILE, ONLY SLIGHTLY LESS FAR AWAY...
THE HULK'S STILL SMOLDERING-- TOO HOT EVEN FOR THE BOYS IN ASBESTOS.
BUT, THIS SPECIAL CRANE SHOULD HANDLE HIM NICELY.
EASY ON THE PICK-UP, SOLDIER.
THAT'S HALF-A-TON OF MUTATED HUMAN BEING DOWN THERE.
BUT, IF WE CAN ONLY STEER HIM TO THAT COMA-CRYPT...
...MAYBE WE CAN STILL SAVE HIM FROM...
HOLY HANNAH!
AN ALL-BUT-MEANINGLESS EPITHET! BUT, WHAT ELSE CAN REED RICHARDS SAY, HULK, WHEN YOU SUDDENLY BECOME TRANSPARENT...
...THEN WAVER IN HIS SIGHT...
...AND FINALLY WINK OUT OF EXISTENCE..?

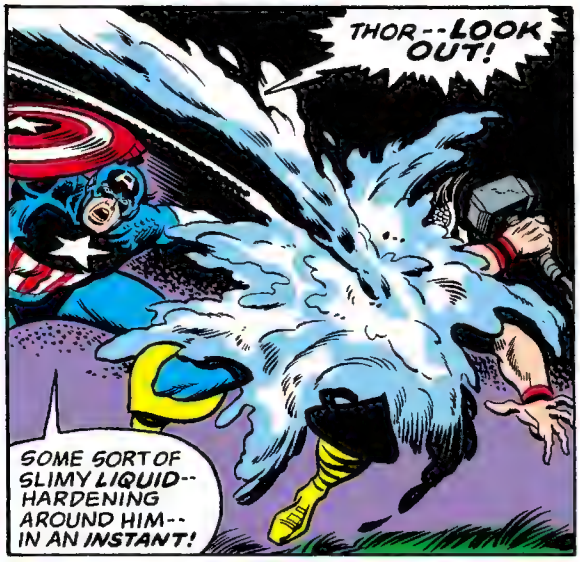

BUT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT...FOR YOU SWIFTLY WINK BACK IN AGAIN...
YET, THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW...FOR, YOU FLEX YOUR MIGHTY MUSCLES...
...AND FIND THAT THEY ARE NO LONGER YOURS TO MOVE...!
YOU ARE FORTUNATE, HULK...FAR MORE FORTUNATE THAN YOUR DIM BRAIN CAN SUSPECT.
12

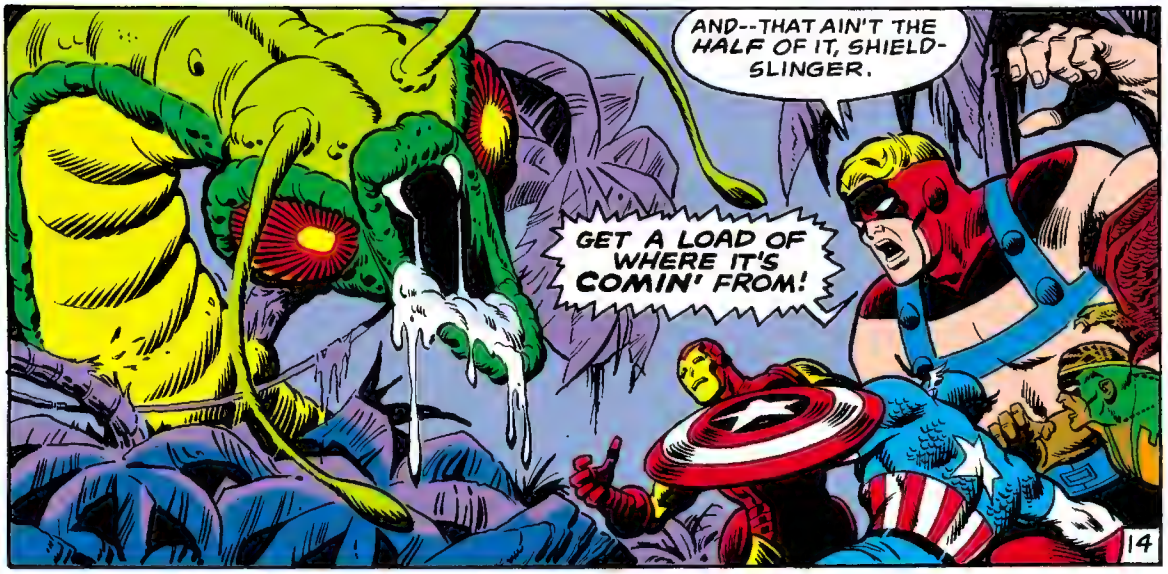

FOR, HAD I NOT SUCCEEDED IN REASSEMBLING YOU HERE IN MY UNDERGROUND EYRIE...
BUT, PERHAPS YOU WOULD PREFER...AN INTRODUCTION.
YOUR SCATTERED ATOMS MIGHT FOREVER HAVE DRIFTED THRU SPACE, LIKE THE SOUL OF ONE DOOMED.
I AM... PSYKLOP!
MY RACE LIVED HERE, BENEATH THE EARTH, EONS BEFORE EVEN YOUR APISH ANCESTORS WALKED THE LAND ABOVE.
BUT WE FELL INTO DISREPUTE WITH THE DARK GODS WE WORSHIPPED ...AND SO WERE PUT TO ETERNAL SLEEP.
CAN YOUR BRUTISH BRAIN COMPREHEND THAT, YOU WHO ARE CALLED THE HULK?
13

FOR MILLENNIA UNTOLD, WE DWELT IN THAT STARLESS NIGHT OF EMPTY DREAMS...
...UNTIL I ALONE WAS CALLED UP FROM SLUMBER BY THOSE SAME DARK GODS, WHO--
BUT WAIT! I SENSE OTHERS DRAWING NEAR... OTHERS NOT SO WELCOME HERE AS YOU, MY FRIEND.
AND SO, YOU WILL PARDON ME IF I TAKE BUT A MOMENT...

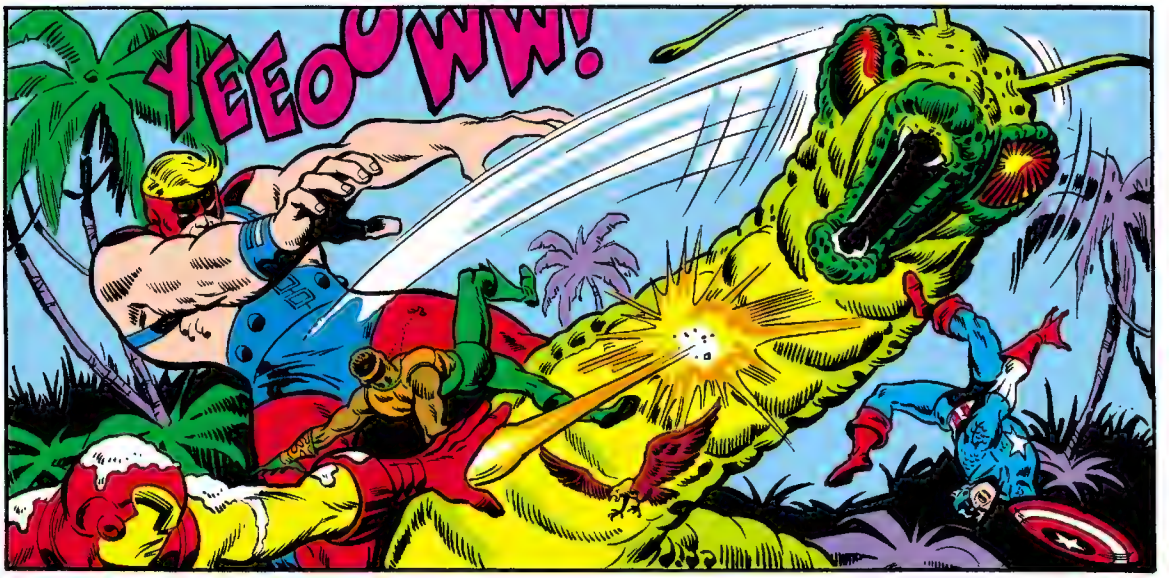

"...TO PREPARE A PLEASANT RECEPTION FOR THEM ALL!"
WELL? ARE WE GONNA STAND AROUND HERE ALL DAY?
THERE'S...SOMETHING ABOUT THIS STATUE... SOMETHING OMINOUS...
AY, AVENGER. SOMETHING WHICH DOTH CHILL THOR'S HEART, AS WELL.

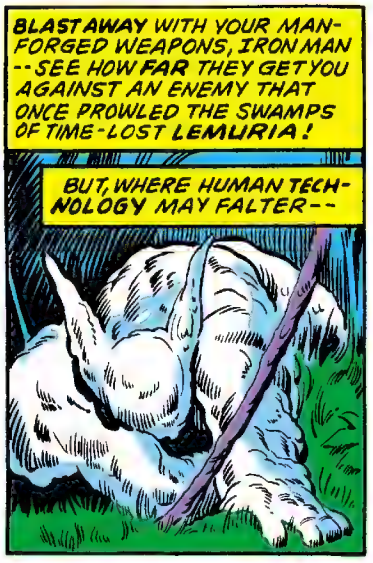
OKAY, SO IT AIN'T GONNA WIN ANY BEAUTY PRIZES. JUST THE SAME, I--
HEY--LISTEN! THERE'S SOMETHIN' COMIN' THIS WAY--
SOMETHIN' HUGE-- SOMETHIN' THAT--


THOR--LOOK OUT!
SOME SORT OF SLIMY LIQUID-- HARDENING AROUND HIM-- IN AN INSTANT!


AND--THAT AIN'T THE HALF OF IT, SHIELD-SLINGER.
GET A LOAD OF WHERE IT'S COMIN' FROM!

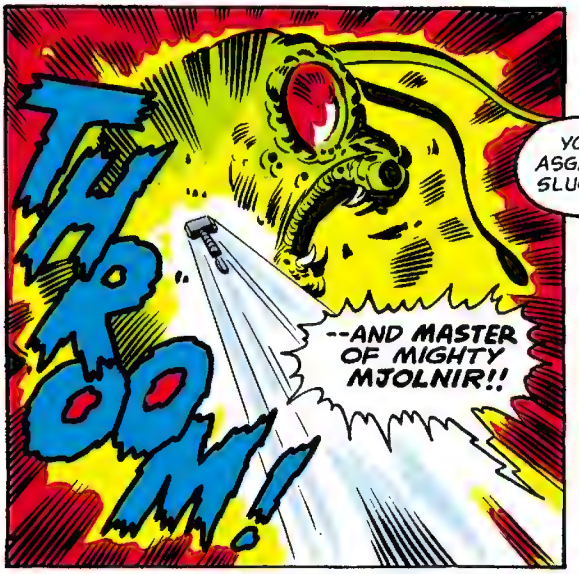
IT'S SOME KIND OF--GIANT SLUG!
WELL, MY REPULSOR RAYS'LL MAKE HIM CRAWL BACK UNDER THE NEAREST ROCK.
WH--? NO GO! HE'S ABSORBING THEM--EATING THEM UP LIKE CANDY.
ZZRAT!
AND--DIG WHAT HE'S GIVIN' BACK AS CHANGE!
DUCK, SAM--IF THAT STUFF COVERS YOU, YOU'LL SUFFOCATE.
UH OH! A BUNCH OF THAT CRUD DUMPED ON OL' SHELLHEAD--
WITH BOTH HIM AN' GOLDILOCKS OUTTA COMMISSION--
--GUMMED UP THE FLYIN' GIZMOS IN HIS BOOTS.
--LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALL UP TO BIG BAD GOLIATH!!
YOU GOT 'IM, BROTHER! NOW LET'S--
FALC--CAP--KEEP AWAY! HE'S GETTIN' SET TO--

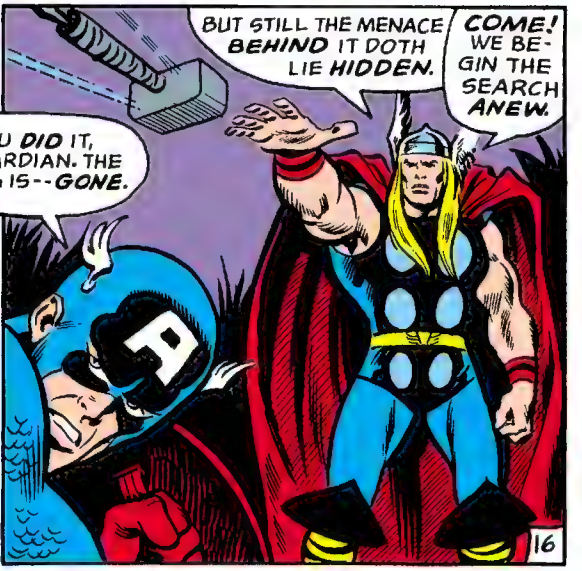

YEEOOWW!

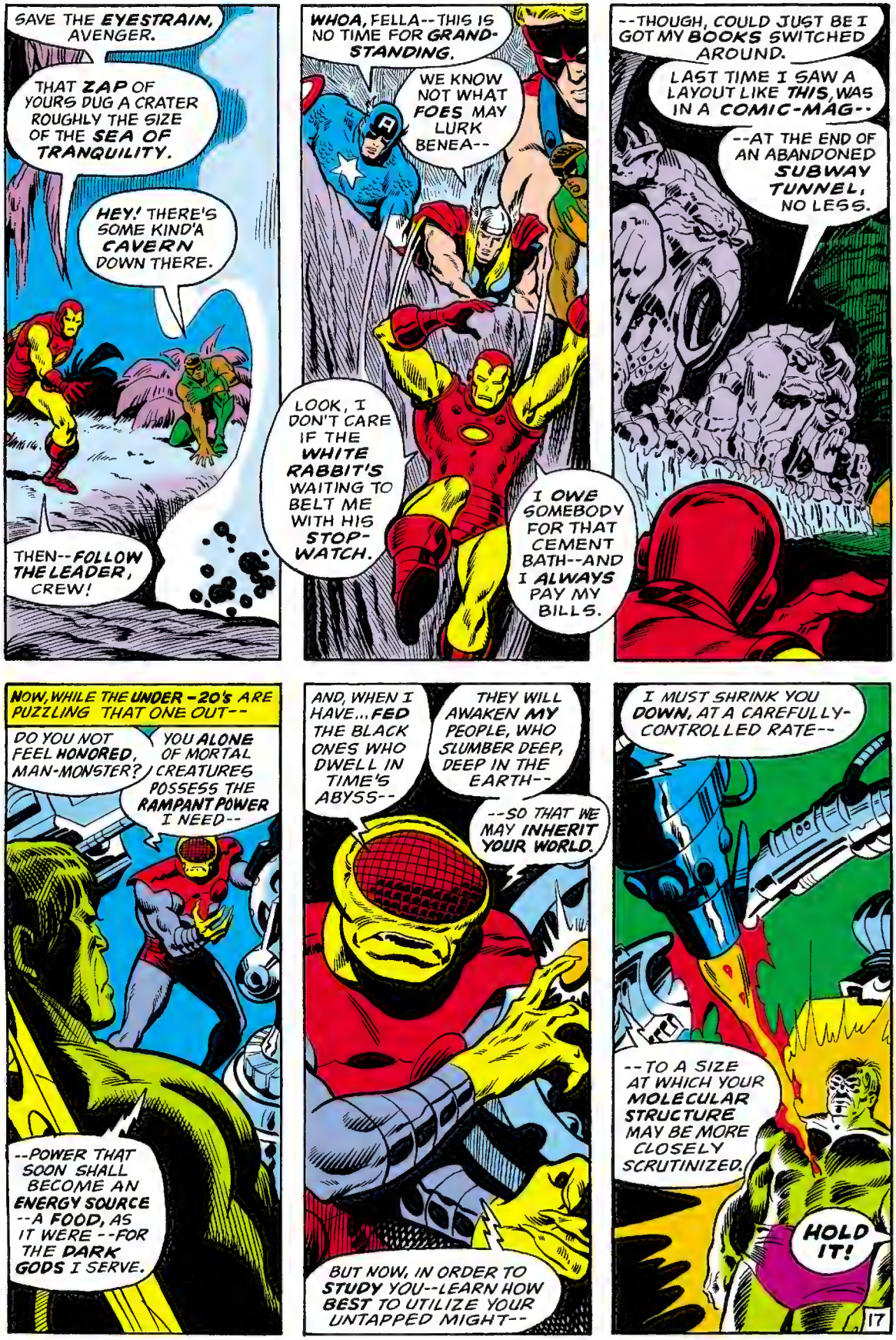

BLAST AWAY WITH YOUR MAN-FORGED WEAPONS, IRON MAN --SEE HOW FAR THEY GET YOU AGAINST AN ENEMY THAT ONCE PROWLED THE SWAMPS OF TIME-LOST LEMURIA!
BUT, WHERE HUMAN TECH-NOLOGY MAY FALTER--

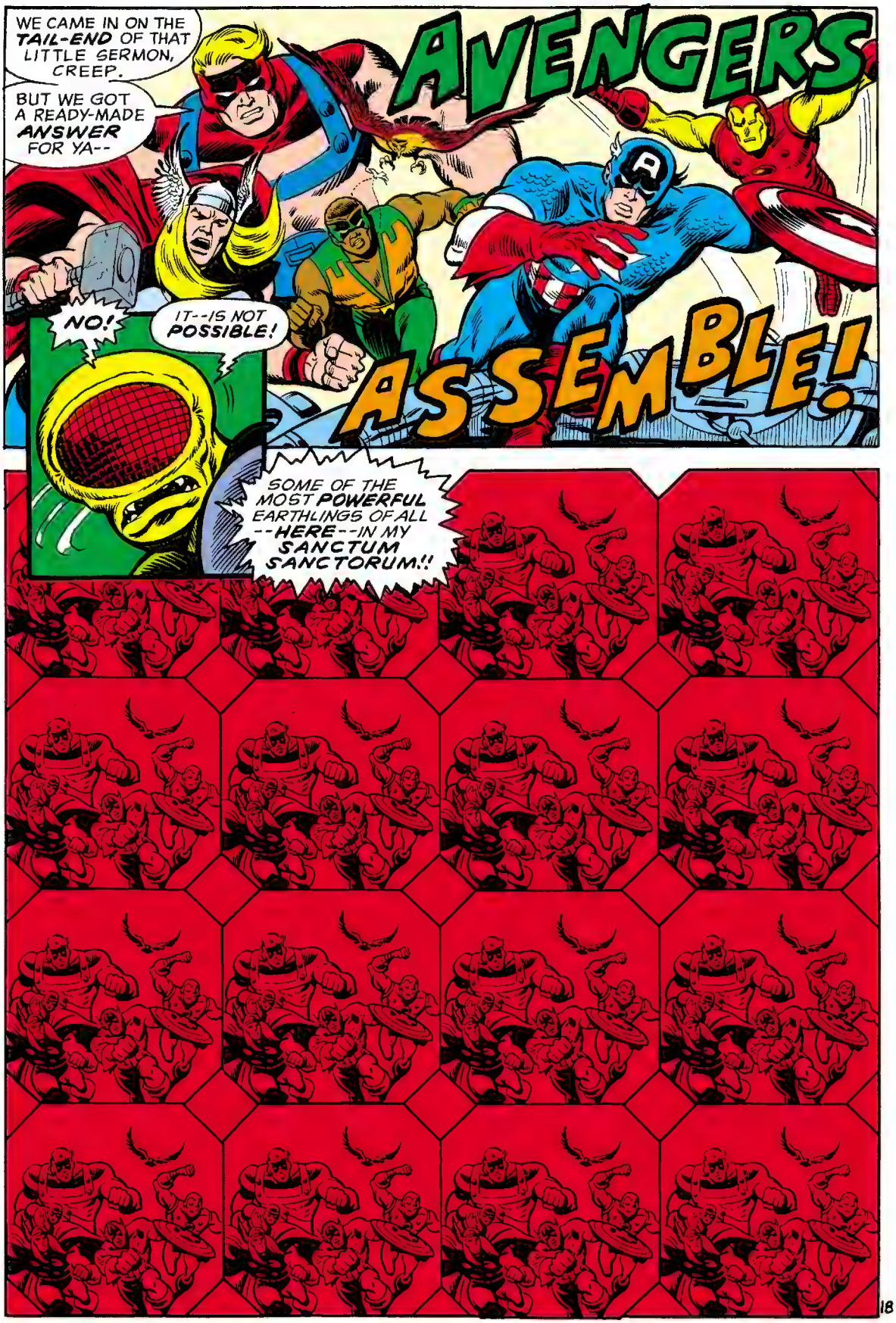
--MAY NOT A GOD HOPE TO PREVAIL?

STAND YE BACK, AVENGERS!
THUS SPEAKS THOR--GOD OF THUNDER --SON OF ODIN--


THROOM!
--AND MASTER OF MIGHTY MJOLNIR!!

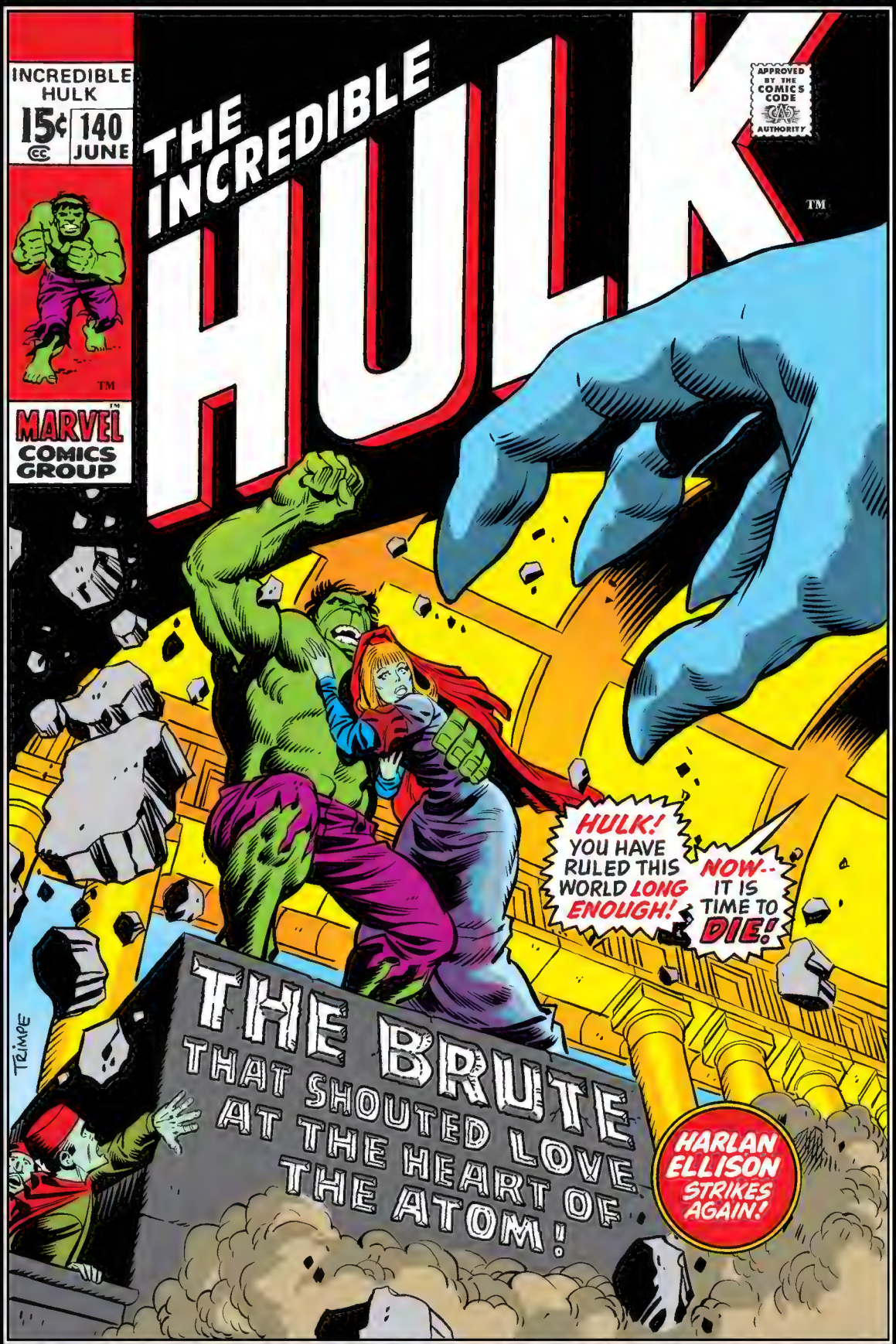

YOU DID IT, ASGARDIAN. THE SLUG IS--GONE.
BUT STILL THE MENACE BEHIND IT DOTH LIE HIDDEN.
COME! WE BE-GIN THE SEARCH ANEW.


SAVE THE EYESTRAIN, AVENGER.
THAT ZAP OF YOURS DUG A CRATER ROUGHLY THE SIZE OF THE SEA OF TRANQUILITY.
HEY! THERE'S SOME KIND'A CAVERN DOWN THERE.
THEN--FOLLOW THE LEADER, CREW!
WHOA, FELLA--THIS IS NO TIME FOR GRAND-STANDING.
WE KNOW NOT WHAT FOES MAY LURK BENEA--
LOOK, I DON'T CARE IF THE WHITE RABBIT'S WAITING TO BELT ME WITH HIS STOP-WATCH.
I OWE SOMEBODY FOR THAT CEMENT BATH--AND I ALWAYS PAY MY BILLS.
--THOUGH, COULD JUST BE I GOT MY BOOKS SWITCHED AROUND.
LAST TIME I SAW A LAYOUT LIKE THIS, WAS IN A COMIC-MAG--
--AT THE END OF AN ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL, NO LESS.
NOW, WHILE THE UNDER-20's ARE PUZZLING THAT ONE OUT--
DO YOU NOT FEEL HONORED, MAN-MONSTER?
YOU ALONE OF MORTAL CREATURES POSSESS THE RAMPANT POWER I NEED--
--POWER THAT SOON SHALL BECOME AN ENERGY SOURCE --A FOOD, AS IT WERE --FOR THE DARK GODS I SERVE.
AND, WHEN I HAVE... FED THE BLACK ONES WHO DWELL IN TIME'S ABYSS--
THEY WILL AWAKEN MY PEOPLE, WHO SLUMBER DEEP, DEEP IN THE EARTH--
--SO THAT WE MAY INHERIT YOUR WORLD.
BUT NOW, IN ORDER TO STUDY YOU--LEARN HOW BEST TO UTILIZE YOUR UNTAPPED MIGHT--
I MUST SHRINK YOU DOWN, AT A CAREFULLY-CONTROLLED RATE--
--TO A SIZE AT WHICH YOUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE MAY BE MORE CLOSELY SCRUTINIZED.
HOLD IT!
17

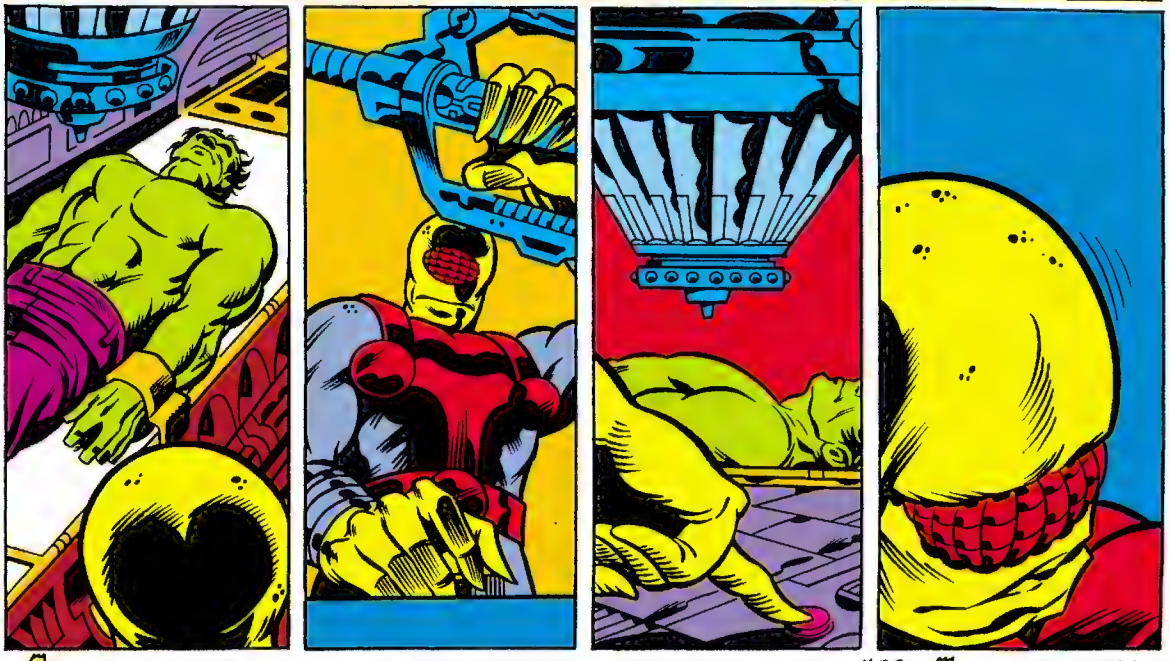

WE CAME IN ON THE TAIL-END OF THAT LITTLE SERMON, CREEP.
BUT WE GOT A READY-MADE ANSWER FOR YA--
AVENGERS
ASSEMBLE!
NO!
IT--IS NOT POSSIBLE!
SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL EARTHLINGS OF ALL --HERE--IN MY SANCTUM SANCTORUM!!

DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, ONE-EYE--OR WHAT THE HULK'S DOING HERE--
BUT YOU DON'T LOOK IN A MOOD TO PALAVER, SO--
AWAY, SLIGHT MORTAL!
DID YOU THINK A PUNY ONE SUCH AS YOURSELF--
--COULD CHALLENGE IMMORTAL PSYKLOP??
THROK!
:UNNH!: WELL, AT LEAST NOW WE'RE ON A FIRST-NAME BASIS.
THANKS, FALC.
ANYTIME, CAP.
WHY THIS MEXICAN STANDOFF, THUNDER GOD?
WITH YOUR STRENGTH--MY ARMOR--WHY DON'T WE JUST WADE INTO HIM?
'TIS BETTER THUS.
WHO KNOWS WHAT POWERS MAY BELONG TO ONE SO OBVIOUSLY--INHUMAN?
AW, HE DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH TO ME, BLONDIE.
CLINT--DON'T! HE MAY--
JUST ONE MORE RAT FOR ME TO SHAKE LIKE A TERRIER.
WHAT CAN HE DO, UNLESS HE'S--
--DOUBLE-JOINTED?
:MMFF!:
WHICH I AM, FOOL--LIKE THE INSECTS FROM WHICH MY ANCIENT RACE EVOLVED.
NEVER MIND PSYKLOP! GET THE HULK!
YES--THE BRUTISH HULK.
FOR, IT IS HE WHO--NO!
HE IS GONE--VANISHED INTO NOTHINGNESS!
BUT--VANISHED TO WHERE, ALIEN? WHERE??
19

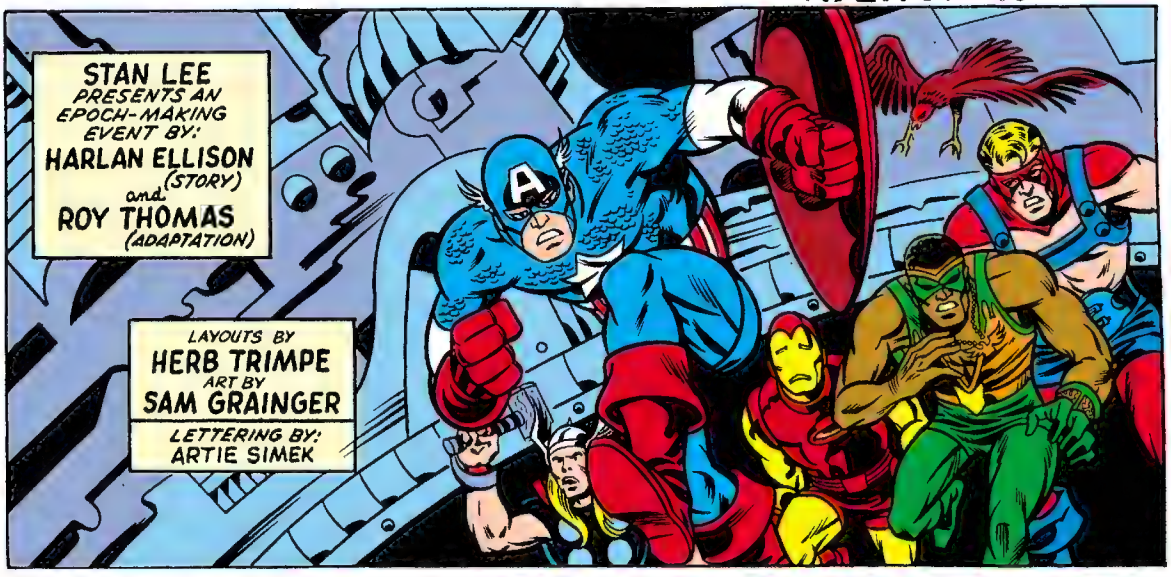
NOW THAT, DEAR AVENGERS, IS PRECISELY WHAT A CATACLYSMICALLY-CONFUSED GREEN BEHEMOTH WOULD LIKE TO KNOW--!
LOOK OUT! THAT TWO-LEGGED BEM IS GETTIN' AWAY!
LET HIM GO! ONLY HE CAN SAVE THE HULK NOW.
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I SHALL DO--BUT NOT UNTIL--
HUH? HE AIN'T HEADIN' FOR THAT SHRINK-RAY GADGET AT ALL--!
WHY SHOULD I, DOLTS--
--WHEN MY FIRST TASK MUST BE TO RID MYSELF OF YOU--IN THE SWIFTEST WAY OPEN TO ME!
AND SO IT ENDS FOR THE MIGHTY AVENGERS--AS ABRUPTLY, AS UNEXPECTEDLY AS IT BEGAN --
FZZZASK!
--AS FIVE EMBATTLED FORMS BLINK OUT OF EXISTENCE ON A NAMELESS ATOLL--TO RE-APPEAR WITH FRIGHTENING SUDDENNESS ON A DINGY SUBWAY PLATFORM IN NEW YORK --THEIR MEMORY-SLATES WIPED CLEAN OF ALL THAT HAS BEEN, AND ALL THAT YET MAY BE--
7TH AVE.
NOW PLAYIN'
--LEAVING OTHER MINDS, OTHER HANDS TO DECIDE THE FATE OF A UNIVERSE MENACED BY DARK GODS --AND A DARKER DESTINY--!
TO BE CONCLUDED-- IN THE PURPLED PAGES OF HULK #140-- NOW ON SALE! 'NUFF SAID!


INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢ CC
140 JUNE
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
HULK! YOU HAVE RULED THIS WORLD LONG ENOUGH!
NOW-- IT IS TIME TO DIE!
THE BRUTE THAT SHOUTED LOVE AT THE HEART OF THE ATOM!
HARLAN ELLISON STRIKES AGAIN!
TRIMPE

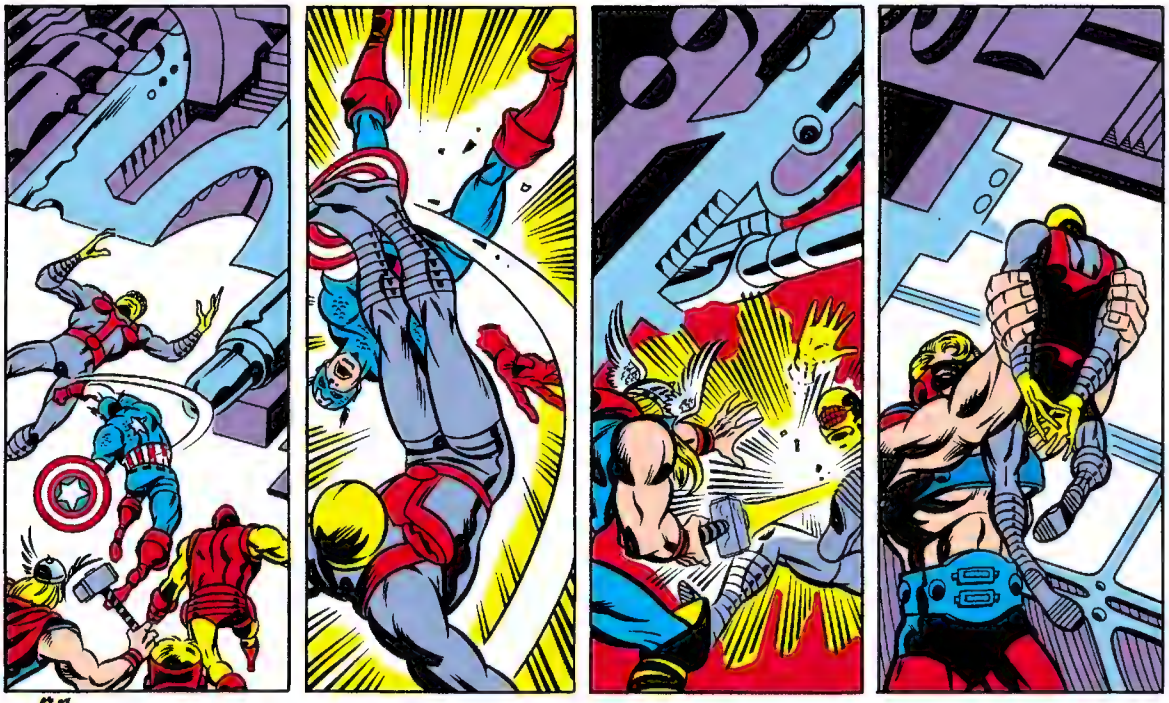
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™



AND THUS IT GOES, THIS DANGEROUS VISION WHICH BEGAN IN *AVENGERS* #88: AS STUNNED **HULK** LIES, SEMI-CONSCIOUS, IN THE PORTAL OF THE GREAT MACHINE OF **PSYKLOP**, THAT ELDRITCH ALIEN WHO PLANS TO **REDUCE** THE GREEN BEHEMOTH IN **SIZE**--TO SHRINK HIM AND COMPRESS HIM FOR CLOSER STUDY. EERILY, THE MOLECULAR RAY BEGINS TO **BATHE** THE COMATOSE GIANT IN ITS RUBY GLOW, AND THEN... **ENTER THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!**



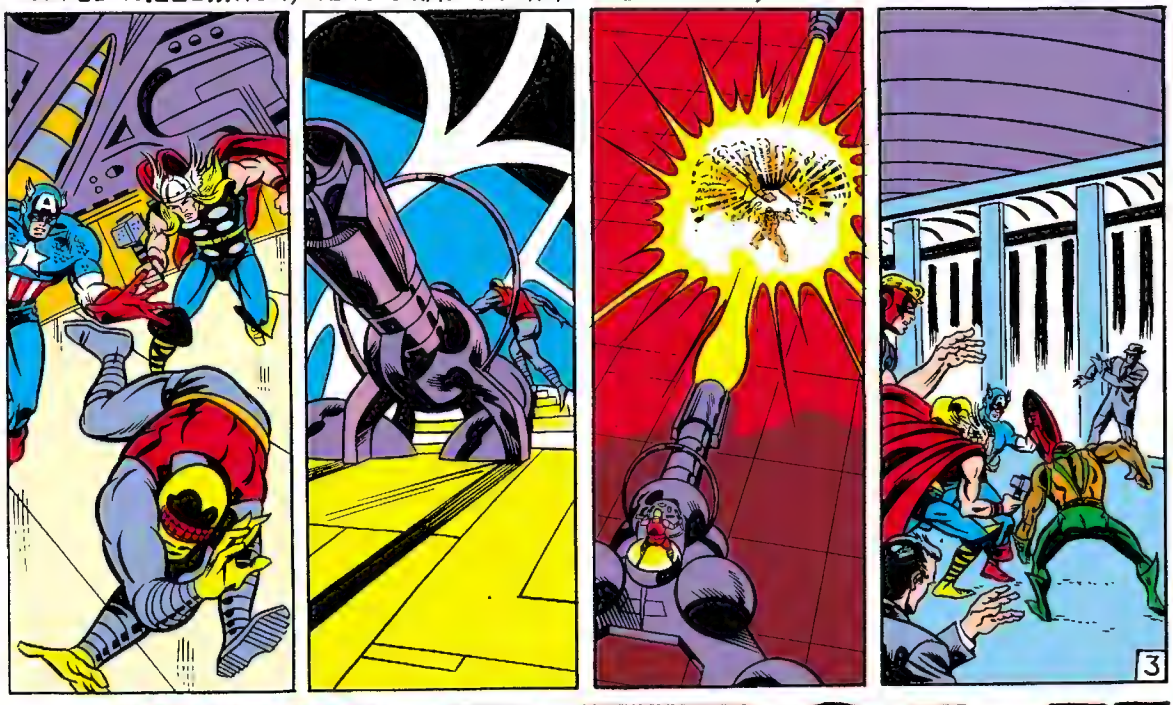
THE BRUTE...



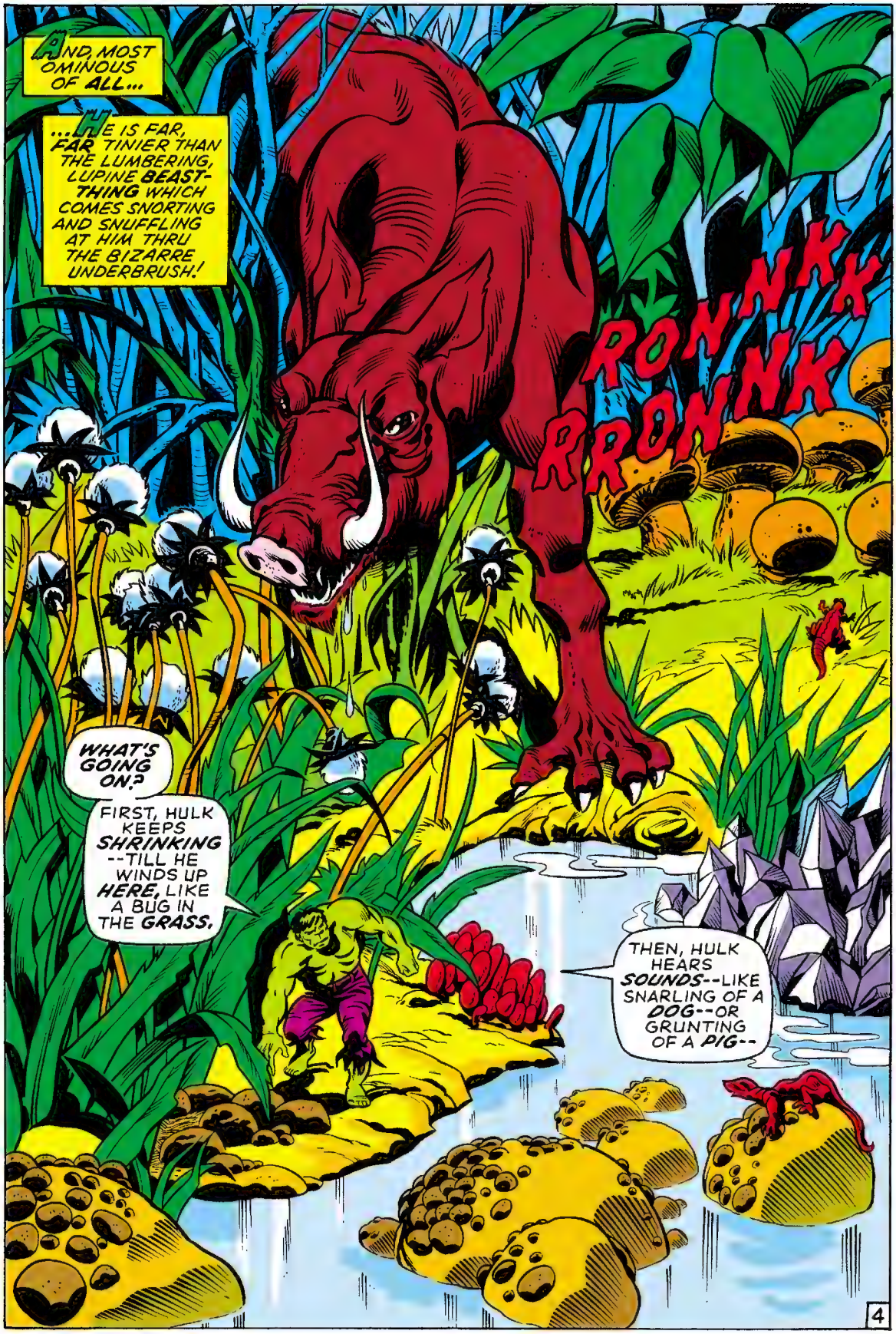
HOW IT **SHUDDERS**, THIS SUBTERRANEAN LABORATORY, WITH THE FULL FURY OF PITCHED COMBAT BETWEEN THE UNCANNY, EONS-OLD PSYKLOP AND THE MASSED POWER OF FIVE AVENGERS ASSEMBLED. AND ALL THE WHILE, THE HULK SHRINKS DOWN, **DOWN**... UNTIL HE EMERGES GIGANTICALLY IN **ANOTHER WORLD**, WHICH HE FIRST BESTRIDES LIKE A COLOSSUS, THEN FINDS **TOWERING OVER HIM** AS IF HE WERE BUT A CHILD'S DISCARDED TOY...

...THAT SHOUTED LOVE...

AND NOW, THE QUASI-HUMAN PSYKLOP **BREAKS FREE,** REACHES THE TELEPORTATIONAL DEVICE HE USED TO ENSNARE THE HULK. BEFORE ITS IRRESISTIBLE HUM, THE AVENGERS BLINK OUT OF EXISTENCE...TO REAPPEAR, MEMORY-LESS, ON A NEW YORK **SUBWAY PLATFORM.** IN A SUB-MOLECULAR UNIVERSE, A PERPLEXED **HULK** FIRST IS DWARFED BY FEATHER-TOPPED **TREES**...NOW, HE IS SMALLER THAN THE DIAMOND, ONYX-STRIATED **ROCKS**...



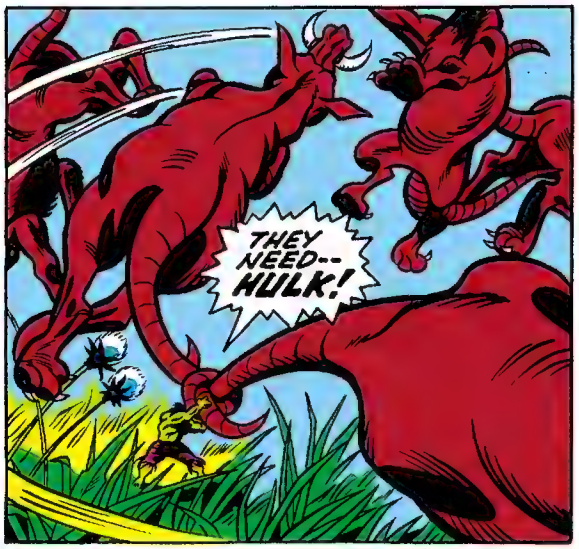
...AT THE HEART OF THE ATOM!


AND MOST OMINOUS OF ALL...
...HE IS FAR, FAR TINIER THAN THE LUMBERING, LUPINE BEAST-THING WHICH COMES SNORTING AND SNUFFLING AT HIM THRU THE BIZARRE UNDERBRUSH!
RONNKK
RRONNK
WHAT'S GOING ON?
FIRST, HULK KEEPS SHRINKING --TILL HE WINDS UP HERE, LIKE A BUG IN THE GRASS.
THEN, HULK HEARS SOUNDS--LIKE SNARLING OF A DOG--OR GRUNTING OF A PIG--
4

RRONNK
--OR MAYBE SOME-THING--
--THAT LOOKS LIKE BOTH OF THEM!
-HUNNHH!- NOW HULK CAN TELL ONE THING, ANYWAY.
HULK IS NOT ANYPLACE HE'S EVER BEEN BEFORE.
SNAP!
BUT, WHERE-EVER HE IS--
ONE THING HULK KNOWS FOR SURE--
HE IS STILL--THE HULK!
5

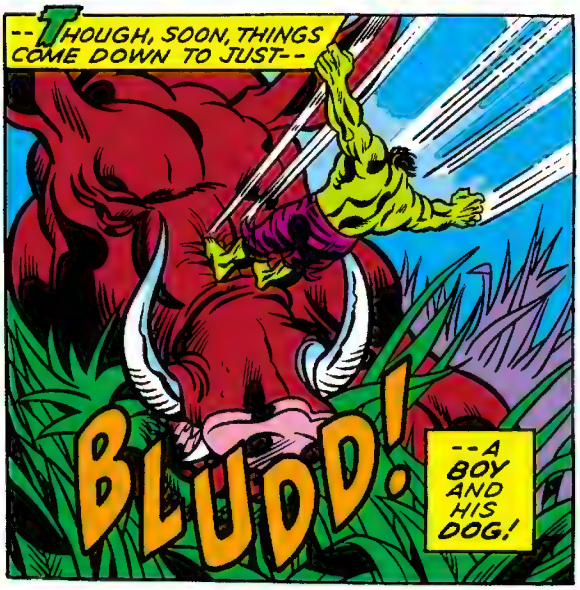
IMPALED ON ITS OWN SABRE-LIKE TUSK! A GRISLY WAY FOR EVEN A WOLF-THING TO DIE, HULK--
BUT NO WORSE, PERHAPS, THEN LIVING OUT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN A SUB-COSMOS YOU NEVER KNEW EXISTED--
--AND FROM WHICH AN INFINITY OF SEVEN-LEAGUE LEAPS WILL NEVER RELEASE YOU.
DEEPER THAN THE DARKNESS ARE YOUR THOUGHTS, HULK--A WONDER, REALLY, THAT YOU CAN HEAR ANYTHING--
--LET ALONE THE FAINT SHRIEKS OF TERROR WHICH RIPPLE THE MORNING IN THE PLACE WITH NO NAME!
ONE MORE MIGHTY THOOM--CARRYING YOU HIGH ABOVE THE WAVING FEATHER-FRONDS THAT PASS FOR TREES--AND YOU SEE IT--
A CITY! JUST LIKE ONES WHERE HULK CAME FROM!
THAT MUST MEAN--THERE ARE PEOPLE HERE. HUMANS!
BUT--WHY DO THEY SCREAM LIKE THAT?
THEY HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN HULK YET.
HAH! MORE OF THE PIG-DOGS--ATTACKING THE CITY.
PEOPLE THERE JUST FIGHT THEM WITH STICKS AND STONES.
6

BUT-- THEY NEED MORE.
POK!

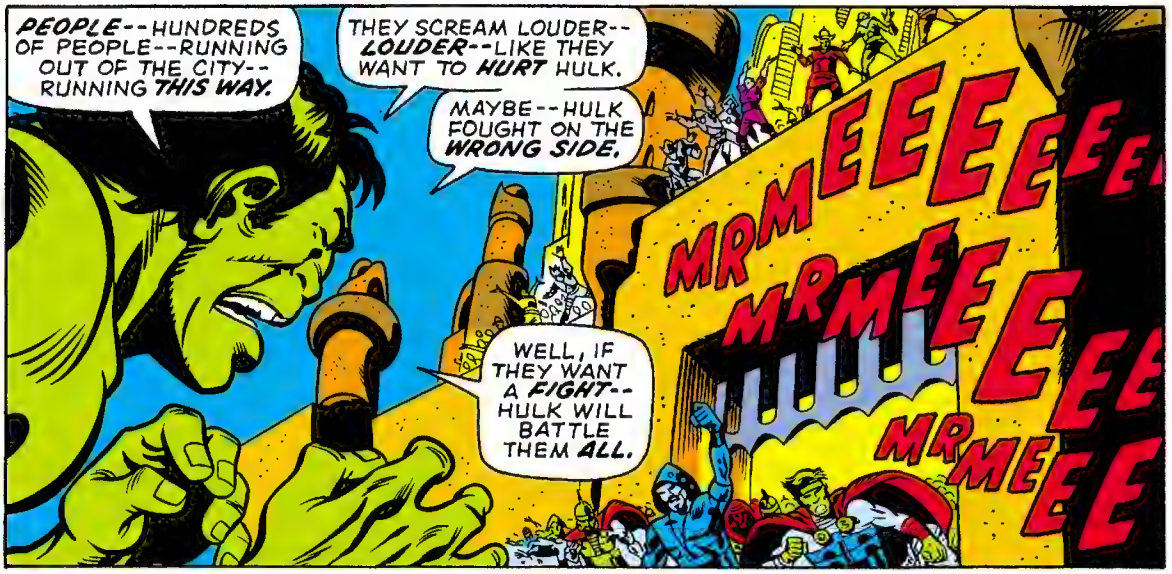

THEY NEED-- HULK!

ARE YOU LISTENING, HULK? IF SO, THOSE BESTIAL BLEATS OF FEAR MUST TELL YOU SOMETHING--
--THAT, TO THE WOLF-THINGS, YOU ARE MONSTER--YOU ARE DEVIL--YOU ARE PAINGOD!

THEY DO KEEP COMING, DON'T THEY, HULK--LIKE THE PHOENIX, RISING ETERNAL ON ITS ASH--
GROK!


--THOUGH, SOON, THINGS COME DOWN TO JUST--
BLUDD!
--A BOY AND HIS DOG!

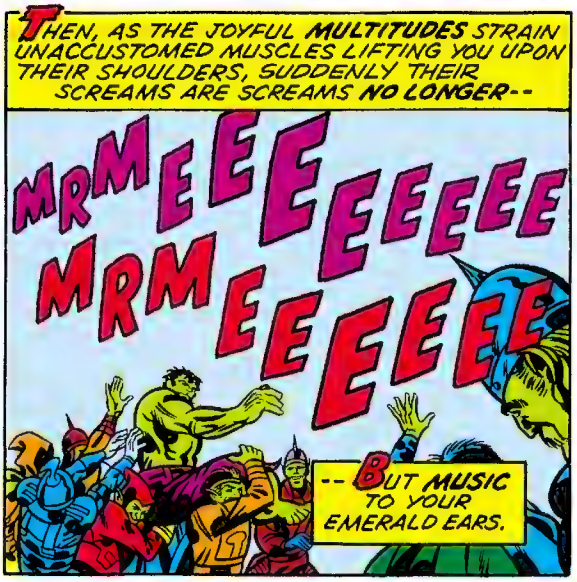
AND THEN--THERE ARE NONE.
HUH? WHAT'S THAT SOUND BEHIND HULK?
SCREAMING-- EVEN LOUDER THAN BEFORE!


PEOPLE--HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE--RUNNING OUT OF THE CITY--RUNNING THIS WAY.
THEY SCREAM LOUDER--LOUDER--LIKE THEY WANT TO HURT HULK.
MAYBE--HULK FOUGHT ON THE WRONG SIDE.
WELL, IF THEY WANT A FIGHT--HULK WILL BATTLE THEM ALL.
MRMEEEEEEE
MRMEEEEEE
MRMEEE

SO NOW IT IS MEN WHO COME AT YOU, GIANT--COME AT YOU LIKE THE WAVES IN RIO--LIKE A PLAGUE OF SHRILLY SHRIEKING LOCUSTS--

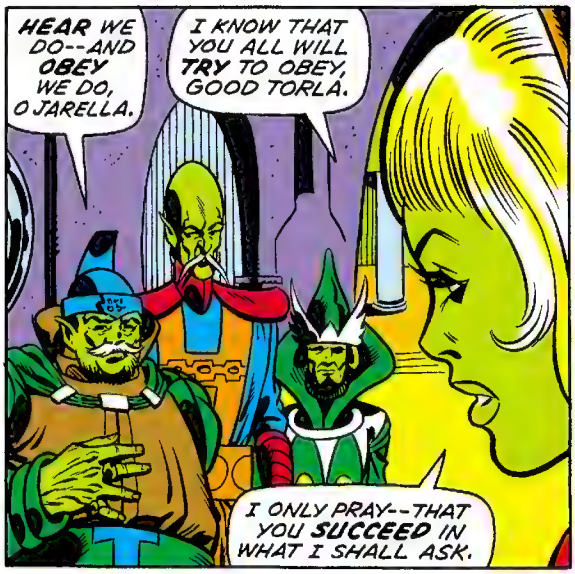
AND YOU BRACE YOURSELF TO LASH OUT AGAINST THEM WITH FULL, UNFETTERED FURY--TILL YOU SUDDENLY SENSE THAT THEY ARE NOT CRYING FOR YOUR BLOOD. NO--

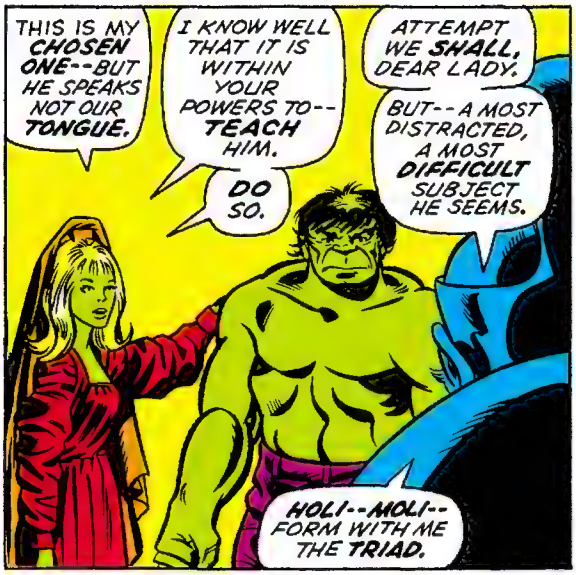
--THEY ARE MERELY--CHEERING.


THEN, AS THE JOYFUL MULTITUDES STRAIN UNACCUSTOMED MUSCLES LIFTING YOU UPON THEIR SHOULDERS, SUDDENLY THEIR SCREAMS ARE SCREAMS NO LONGER--
MRMEEEEEEEEE
MRMEEEEEEE
--BUT MUSIC TO YOUR EMERALD EARS.

AND NOW, FINALLY, YOUR DIM BRAIN REGISTERS WHAT YOUR BRIGHT EYES HAVE LONG SINCE RECORDED--
YOU ARE GREEN.
ALL OF YOU--GREEN.
GREEN--LIKE THE HULK!
WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND YOUR WORDS, OUTSIDER...

...BUT WE ARE MOST GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR AID AGAINST THE WARTHOS, AND SHALL GLADLY GRANT YOU ANY BOON YOU MAY ASK.
BEWARE, JARELLA! HE IS AN ANIMAL... A MAN-MONSTER...
'TIS ONLY HIS EXTERIOR WHICH IS GRUFF AND BEAST-LIKE, COUSIN VISIS.
BENEATH THAT SEETHING SURFACE, MY QUEENLY POWERS CAN SENSE A SOUL AS HUMAN AS ANY.
SPEAK ON IN BELL-LIKE TONES, JARELLA... YOU WHO ARE EMPRESS BORN OF THIS SUB-ATOMIC SPHERE...
FOR, THOUGH THE SLOW-WITTED BEHEMOTH BEFORE YOU CANNOT DECIPHER YOUR WORDS, THEIR WARMTH SEEMS CLEAR ENOUGH...
...AND SOME THINGS SPEAK A TRANS-UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.
SUBJECTS MINE--YOU KNOW IT IS FORBIDDEN A QUEEN OF THE REALM TO WED WITH ANY WHO HAVE NOT PROVEN THEMSELVES IN BATTLE WITH THE DREADED WARTHOS.
'TIS SURELY AN OMEN FROM THE JADE GODDESS THAT THE OUTSIDER DID APPEAR--AT THAT VERY TIME WHEN I MUST CHOOSE A MATE.
THUS, I DO HEREBY DECREE THAT THE OUTSIDER SHALL BE MY HUSBAND--AND SOVEREIGN OF THIS TEMPEST-TOSSED LAND.
AND NOW, LET THE PANTHEON OF SORCERERS DRAW NEAR!
SOMETHING-- IS HAPPENING--
BUT HULK DOESN'T KNOW-- WHAT IT IS.
9


HEAR WE DO--AND OBEY WE DO, O JARELLA.
I KNOW THAT YOU ALL WILL TRY TO OBEY, GOOD TORLA.
I ONLY PRAY--THAT YOU SUCCEED IN WHAT I SHALL ASK.


THIS IS MY CHOSEN ONE--BUT HE SPEAKS NOT OUR TONGUE.
I KNOW WELL THAT IT IS WITHIN YOUR POWERS TO--TEACH HIM.
DO SO.
ATTEMPT WE SHALL, DEAR LADY.
BUT--A MOST DISTRACTED, A MOST DIFFICULT SUBJECT HE SEEMS.
HOLI--MOLI--FORM WITH ME THE TRIAD.

READY WE ARE, FRIEND TORLA.
BUT--RESTLESS THE STRANGE ONE GROWS.
HUH? NOW THESE THREE--AND THE GIRL--MAKE A CIRCLE AROUND HULK.
IF THEY TRY TO KILL HULK--
HASTEN! THE CHANT WE MUST BEGIN--!

POWERS THAT WALKED OUR WORLD WHEN YOUNG--LET THIS ONE NOW SPEAK OUR TONGUE--
GO ON. SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN. IT MUST.
AND CONTINUE THEY DO--AS THREE LONG- AND SPECIALLY-TRAINED MINDS ARE LINKED--AND A CRACKLE OF MENTAL ELECTRICITY BEGINS TO SET THE AIR TO SMOULDERING--

"ANY SMOOTHLY-FUNCTIONING TECHNOLOGY WILL HAVE THE APPEARANCE OF WITCHCRAFT."
ARTHUR C. CLARKE SAID THAT.

"SHAZAM!"
BILLY BATSON SAID THAT.

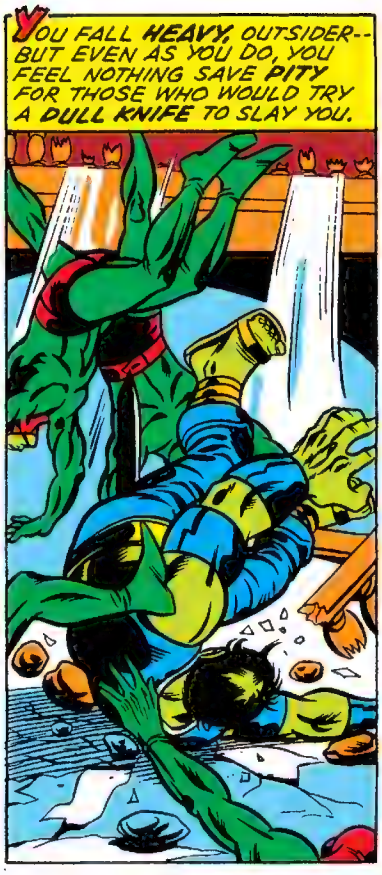
HOLY HANNAH!
THAT WAS--QUITE A CLOUT.
BUT NOW--I CAN UNDERSTAND THE CHEERING VOICES I--
WAIT! SOMEHOW--SOME WAY--THAT THREE-WAY BRAIN-BATH DID SOME-THING ELSE TO MY HEAD.
I'VE GOT BRUCE BANNER'S MIND AGAIN--EVEN THOUGH I'M IN THE BODY OF--THE HULK.
AND--IT FEELS JUST FINE!
YOU'VE BEEN THRU A LOT, ROBERT BRUCE BANNER--AND SO YOU ADJUST QUICKLY TO YOUR NEWFOUND SITUATION--
--YES, EVEN TO BEING FITTED AS BECOMES A MIGHTY-MUSCLED KING-TO-BE.
YOU DON'T EVEN MIND BEING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION--STRIDING ALONG THE SCENIC ROUTE TOWARD THE PALACE ROYAL --ALL EYES UPON YOU--
--AND WE DO MEAN ALL.
YOU THINK YOU'VE FOILED MY PLAN TO SUCCEED YOU ONE DAY, DON'T YOU, JARELLA?
WELL, I'VE A THRONE TO WIN--AND WORLDS TO KILL AFTER I DO.
AND NOTHING SHALL STAND IN MY WAY --FOR LONG.
...THIS FAR-OFF WORLD YOU SAY YOU COME FROM, BRUCE, MY BELOVED...DO YOU MISS IT?
I--WON'T LIE TO YOU, JARELLA. YES--I DO.
BUT, IT'S CLEAR THAT YOUR WORLD'S TECHNOLOGY WON'T EVER BE ABLE TO SEND ME BACK.
SO, I'LL BE VERY PROUD TO BE YOUR KING...YOUR PROTECTOR... YOUR HUSBAND.

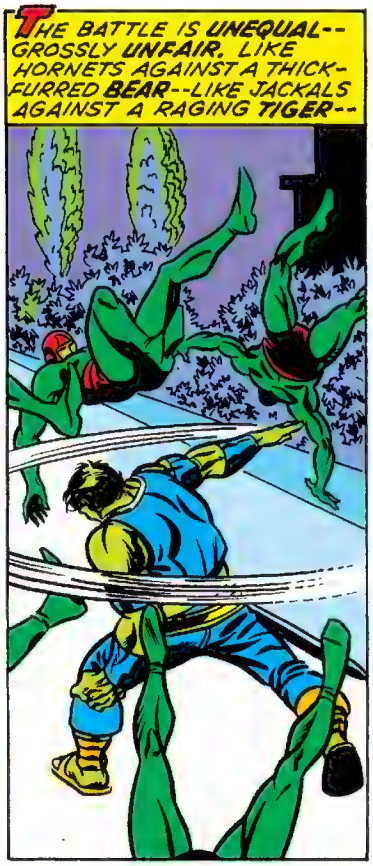
TIME GROWS SHORT. TOO SHORT. THE STRANGER MUST DIE-- JARELLA ALSO!
TONIGHT!
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO DO-- WHAT YOU MUST SAY?
YES, LORD VISIS. OUR SWORDS WILL BE SHARP--
--OUR MOTIVES APPEAR NOBLE.
EXCELLENT. I KNOW YOU ASSASSINS OF THE PITLL PAWOB DIVISION ARE SKILLED IN YOUR-- CRAFT.
PRACTICE IT WELL TONIGHT-- AND YOU'LL FIND YOUR FUTURE KING NOT UNGENEROUS.

YOU MUST KNOW THAT I'M DOING--THE ONLY THING I CAN DO--WHAT I'D WANT YOU TO DO, IN MY PLACE.
--BETTY--!
YOU DON'T NEED ME ANY LONGER. THESE PEOPLE DO.
AND--THAT'S SOMETHING NEW FOR THIS GREEN-SKINNED GALOOT--EVEN FOR BRUCE BANNER--
--BEING NEEDED.
12

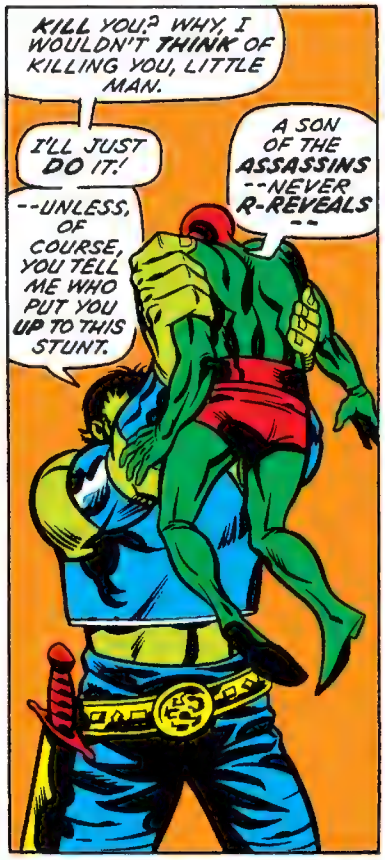
MAYBE, WITHOUT THE HULK RAMPAGING AROUND, SOMEONE WILL BE ABLE TO CURE YOU OF BEING --TURNED INTO CRYSTAL.
FRIENDS OF THE REALM, YOU BRUTISH CLOWN--WHO WANT TO SEE YOU AND JARELLA PAY FOR YOUR MANY SINS.
IF I CAME BACK-- TRIED TO HOLD YOU CLOSE--YOU'D JUST BE SHATTERED-- LIKE A GLASS GOBLIN.
REPENT, HARLEQUIN--
SO, I-- WHO--?
--SAID THE TICKTOCKMAN.
SEEMS TO ME I READ THAT SOMEPLACE.

BUT, IF YOU CREEPS THINK YOU CAN TAKE THE HULK WITH THOSE PIG-STICKERS--
GET HIM! HE FALLS TO THE PAVING BELOW!
MMMFF.!-- YOU BOYS MEAN BUSINESS, DON'T YOU?
NO MATTER. WHERE HE GOES, WE FOLLOW-- AND WE DESTROY!
13


YOU FALL HEAVY, OUTSIDER--
BUT EVEN AS YOU DO, YOU
FEEL NOTHING SAVE PITY
FOR THOSE WHO WOULD TRY
A DULL KNIFE TO SLAY YOU.


THE BATTLE IS UNEQUAL--
GROSSLY UNFAIR. LIKE
HORNETS AGAINST A THICK-
FURRED BEAR--LIKE JACKALS
AGAINST A RAGING TIGER--

--LIKE
SANTA CLAUS
VS.
SPIDER-MAN!
WELL, THAT
LITTLE PALACE
REVOLT DIDN'T
LAST LONG,
DID IT?
NOW, AS
FOR
YOU--
N-NO--
DON'T
KILL ME--
PLEASE--

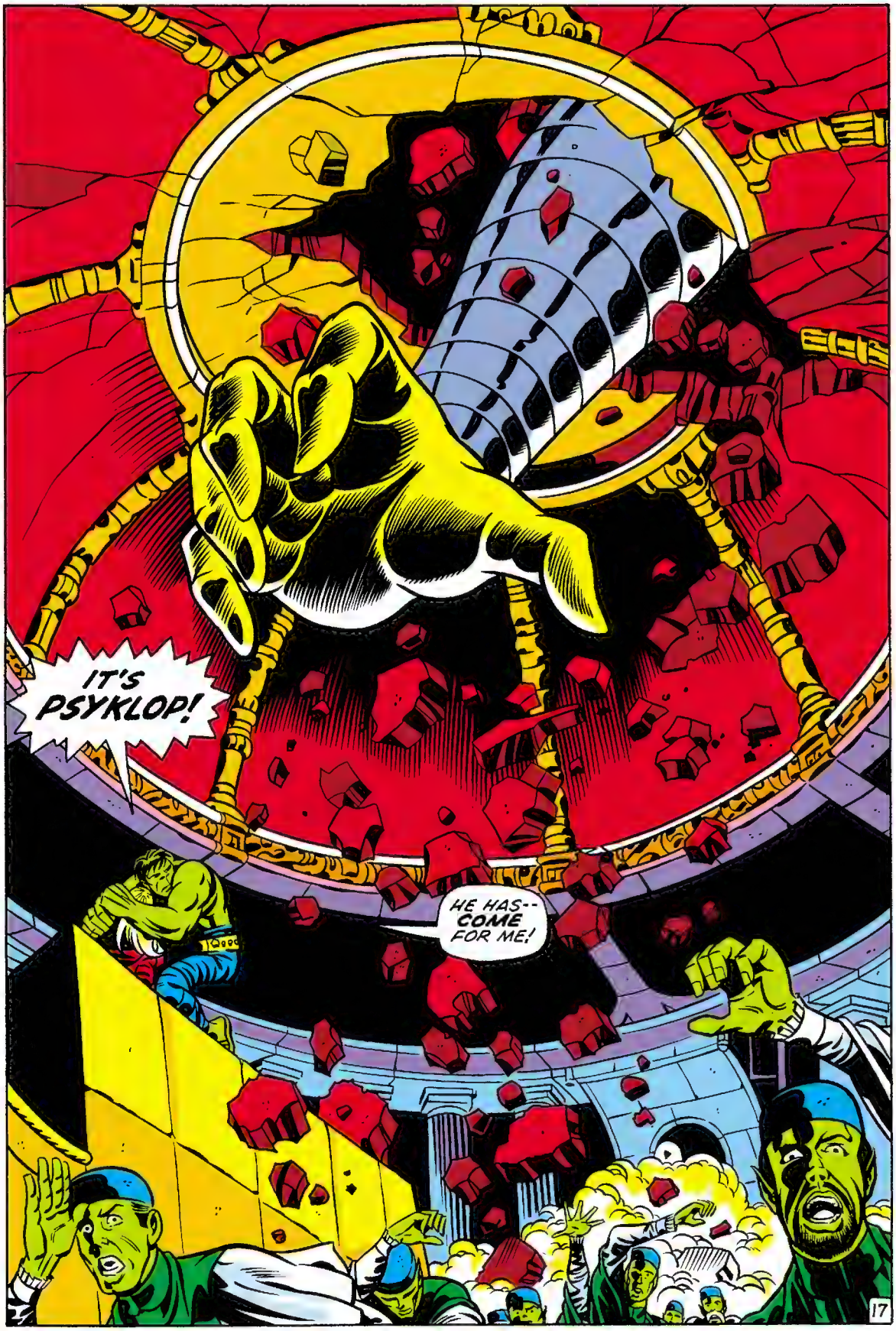

KILL YOU? WHY, I
WOULDN'T THINK OF
KILLING YOU, LITTLE
MAN.
I'LL JUST
DO IT!
--UNLESS,
OF
COURSE,
YOU TELL
ME WHO
PUT YOU
UP TO THIS
STUNT.
A SON
OF THE
ASSASSINS
--NEVER
R-REVEALS
--

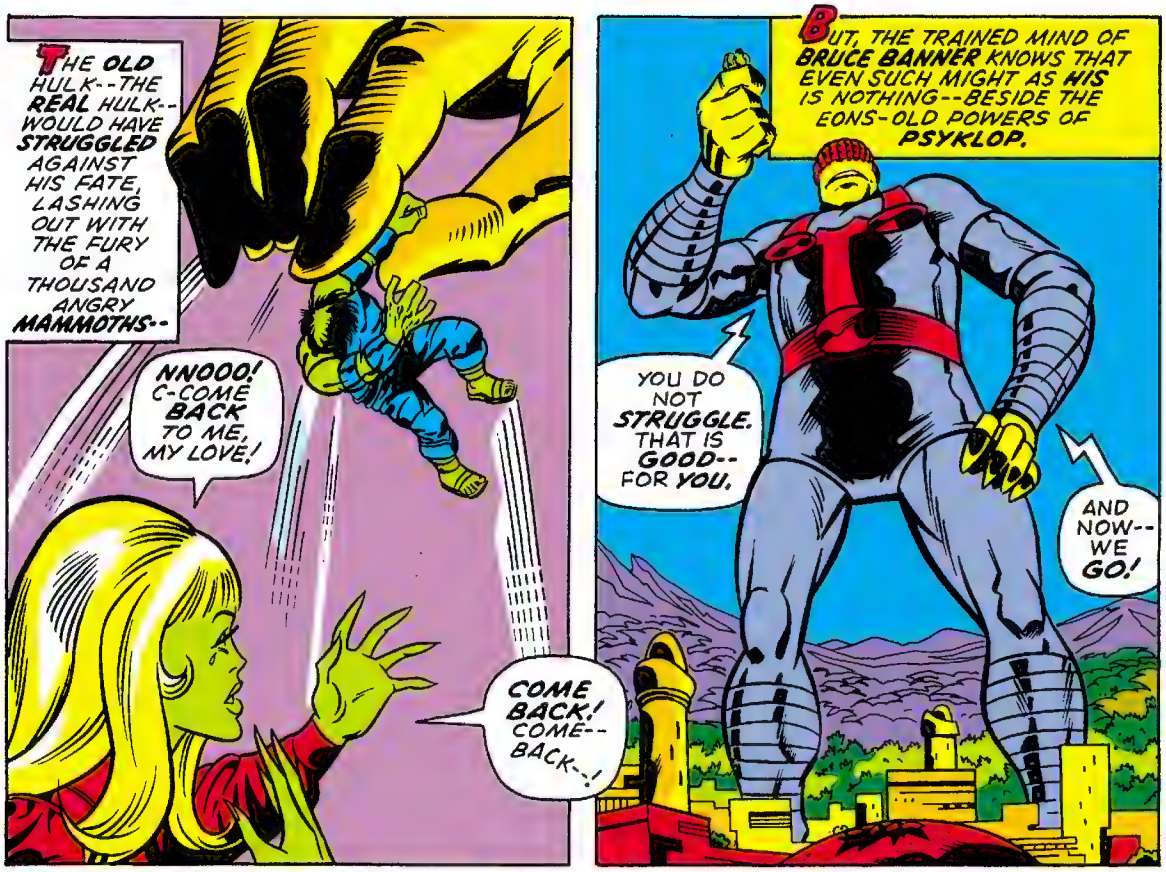
NEVER, HARVEY? NOT EVEN
WHEN THE MOST POWERFUL
HAND IN THE UNIVERSE IS
ABOUT TO GIVE YOU A MEAN
MASSAGE?
PLEASE, I--I
HAVE
RECONSIDERED.
AFTER ALL--WHAT
DO I OWE A
TRAITOR LIKE
VISIS?
BROTHER
VISIS, EH?
I
FIGURED
AS
MUCH.
WELL, I'VE
GOT OTHER
FISH TO FRY
NOW, CHUM...

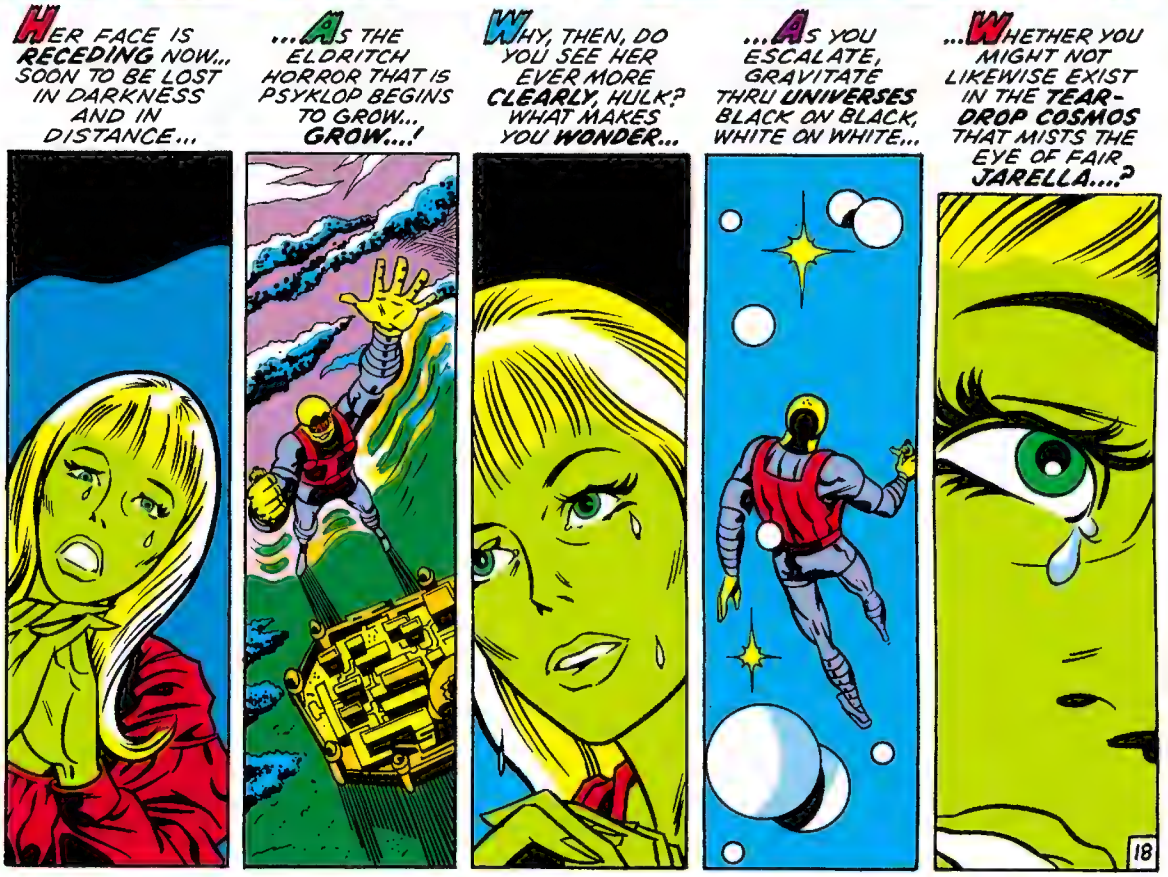
BY THE
WAY,
YOU'RE
WANTED
IN
SURGERY...
...AS A
PATIENT...!

THE CITY HAS BEEN ASLEEP--WITH STILL HANDS. BUT NOW, IT'S S.R.O. IN THE GREAT HALL OF ASSEMBLY, AS--
--I SPEAK THE TRUTH, MY ADOPTED PEOPLE! A PLOT TO ASSASSINATE YOUR QUEEN AND HER CHOSEN MATE--
--AND SEAT ANOTHER ON THE THRONE OF THRONES!
BASE BETRAYAL! WHO IS GUILTY OF THIS MURDEROUS OUTRAGE?
TELL US--TELL US--THAT WE MAY METE OUT JUSTICE--AND VENGEANCE!
WHY, WHO ELSE--BUT THE MAN WHO HOPED ONE DAY TO SIT UPON THAT THRONE?
WHO BUT THE MAN NAMED--VISIS?
THEY TOLD YOU! THE SWINE TOLD YOU!
BUT, THERE WILL BE OTHER DAYS--OTHER WAYS--IF ONLY I CAN--
RUN FOR THE STARS, VISIS--YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE.
GUARDS!
WE AWAITED BUT YOUR SIGNAL, MAJESTY--AND NOW WE HAVE HIM.
UNHAND ME, YOU CRETINOUS CLODS!
LET ME FACE MY FATE WITH DIGNITY, AT LEAST.
WELL, OUTSIDER? YOU HAVE USURPED THE THRONE THAT WAS MINE BY RIGHTS.
TAKE MY LIFE, AND WELCOME TO IT. IT MEANS NOTHING TO ME NOW.
THE VERY REASON WHY YOU SHALL HAVE IT, VISIS.
YET, IN ETERNAL EXILE--IN THE WORTHA-HAUNTED OUTLANDS.
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN A NOBLE, VISIS--AN HONORED PRINCE OF A PROUD PEOPLE.
NOW YOU ARE MERELY ONE OF--THE DISCARDED.

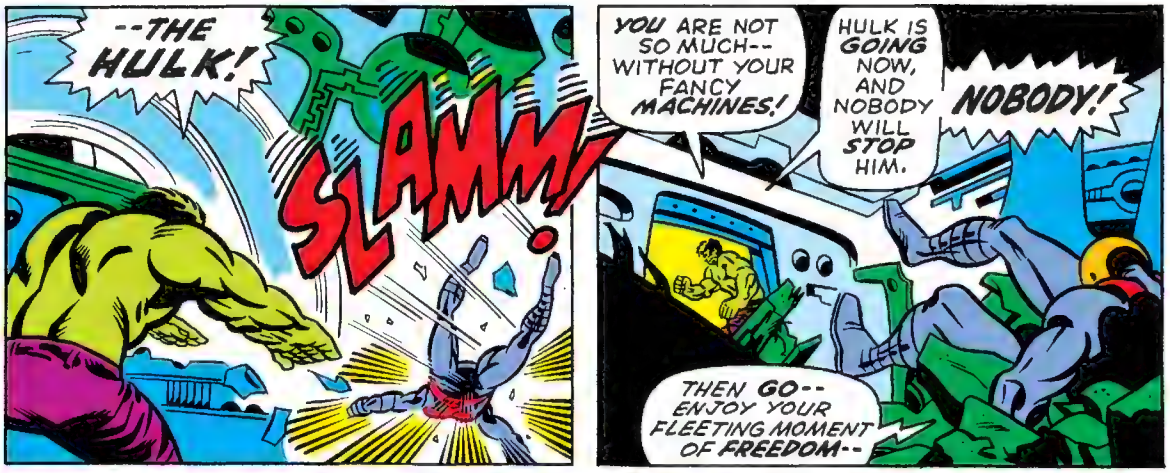
THEN, AS THE ARCH-TRAITOR IS LED AWAY..
FUNNY, I SHOULD FEEL GLAD VISIS GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM.
BUT, I FEEL ONLY PITY... PITY FOR A MAN, LIKE MYSELF, WITHOUT A COUNTRY...WITHOUT A WORLD.
THIS IS YOUR WORLD NOW, MY LOVE...NOW, AND FOREVER.
WILL YOU SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE... OF THE OTHER THING?
YES... I GUESS I WILL.
HEAR ME, CITIZENS! I HAVE... SOMEWHAT BRIGHTER NEWS.
HER HIGHNESS JARELLA HAS CONSENTED TO BECOME, ON THE MORROW, MY WIFE.
FROM THAT DAY, YOUR LAND WILL BE MINE...YOUR CARES, MY CARES!
HAIL HU LK!
AH, ISN'T IT NICE TO DREAM, HULK--TO THINK THAT THE CRACKPOTS WERE WRONG WHEN THEY SWORE THAT HAPPINESS WAS NOT FOR SUCH AS YOU--?
SKRUTTCH!
BUT, IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO END A DREAM, DOES IT? NOT MUCH AT ALL--!
HUH? WHAT THE DEVIL IS THAT--?
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE IT, HULK--BRUCE BANNER? THAT'S THE SOUND OF REALITY PRESSING IN UPON YOU--THE THUNDER OF DREAMS CRASHING INTO RUINED SHARDS ABOUT YOUR FEET!
PREPARE YOURSELF, HULK! YOUR TIME HERE IS ENDED!
THAT VOICE-- NO! IT CAN'T BE--NOT HERE--
NOT NOW! NOT NOW!!
WHAT IS IT, MY BELOVED? WHAT?
16

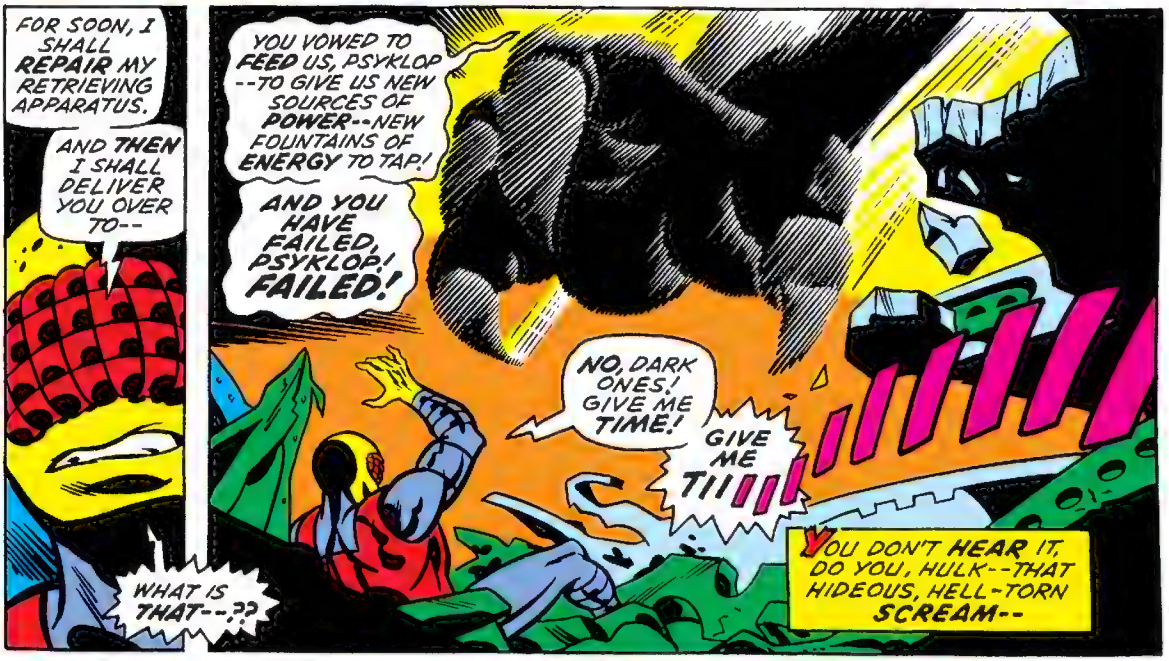

IT'S PSYKLOP!
HE HAS-- COME FOR ME!

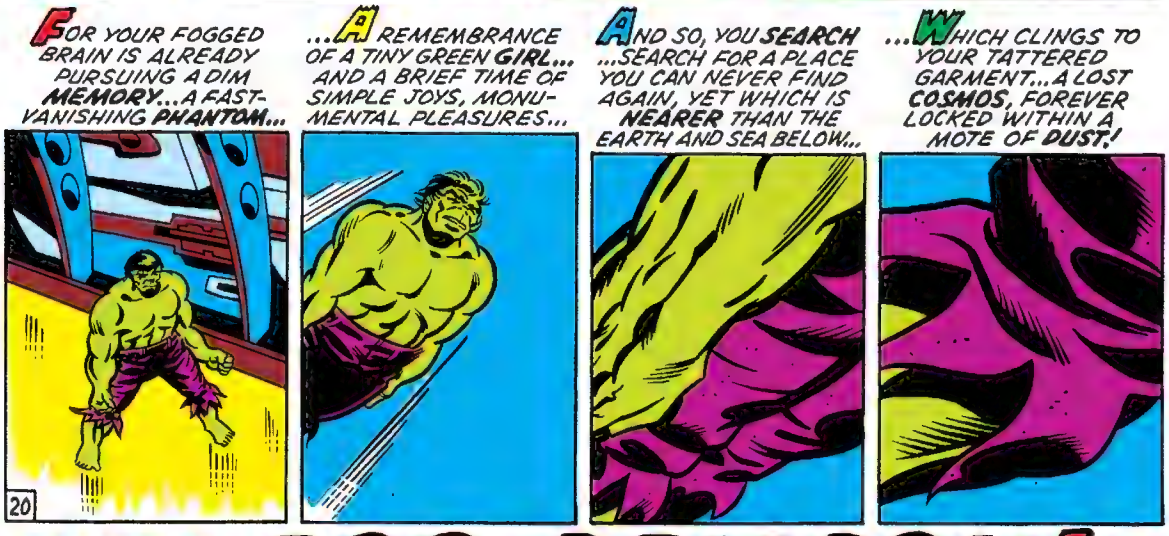

THE OLD HULK--THE REAL HULK--WOULD HAVE STRUGGLED AGAINST HIS FATE, LASHING OUT WITH THE FURY OF A THOUSAND ANGRY MAMMOTHS--
NNOOO! C-COME BACK TO ME, MY LOVE!
COME BACK! COME-- BACK--!
BUT, THE TRAINED MIND OF BRUCE BANNER KNOWS THAT EVEN SUCH MIGHT AS HIS IS NOTHING--BESIDE THE EONS-OLD POWERS OF PSYKLOP.
YOU DO NOT STRUGGLE. THAT IS GOOD-- FOR YOU.
AND NOW-- WE GO!


HER FACE IS RECEDING NOW... SOON TO BE LOST IN DARKNESS AND IN DISTANCE...
...AS THE ELDRITCH HORROR THAT IS PSYKLOP BEGINS TO GROW... GROW....!
WHY, THEN, DO YOU SEE HER EVER MORE CLEARLY, HULK? WHAT MAKES YOU WONDER...
...AS YOU ESCALATE, GRAVITATE THRU UNIVERSES BLACK ON BLACK, WHITE ON WHITE...
...WHETHER YOU MIGHT NOT LIKEWISE EXIST IN THE TEAR-DROP COSMOS THAT MISTS THE EYE OF FAIR JARELLA....?

AND NOW, A FINAL WRENCHING...ONE LAST THRUST UP THRU TIME AND INFRA-SPACE...AND YOU ARE BACK WITHIN THE ALIEN'S PULSING LAB ONCE MORE...
SO--YOU SOMEHOW REGAIN YOUR FORMER SIZE, MONSTER--BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER.
FOR, AS SOON AS I HAVE SEDATED YOU ANEW--
NO!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TREAT ME LIKE A GUINEA PIG AGAIN--NOT EVER!
MISSHAPEN MAN-BEAST! I WATCHED YOU IN YOUR SUB-ATOMIC EDEN...WATCHED YOU GROW THOUGHTFUL, AND SOFT, AND WEAK.
CAN SUCH A CREATURE HOPE TO STAND AGAINST ONE WHO HAS SWORN TO SERVE THE DARK GODS?
UNNH
AND PSYKLOP IS RIGHT, HULK--AT LEAST, HE WOULD BE RIGHT, IF YOU STILL POSSESSED THE MIND OF BRUCE BANNER--
BUT, EVEN AS YOU CROUCH THERE, YOU FEEL THE SORCERER'S SPELL SLIP FROM YOU--AND WITH IT, THE LAST VESTIGE OF BANNER'S PERSONALITY--HIS HUMANITY--
FOR, TORLA'S WAS A LITTLE SPELL, CAST IN A LITTLE WORLD--AND NOW IT FADES FROM YOUR GREAT SHOULDERS LIKE THE MORNING DEW--
--AND YOU ARE THE BECLOUDED HULK ONCE MORE--
--WITH THE HULK'S BRUTAL, MINDLESS STRENGTH!
NOW HULK WILL GET YOU--MAKE YOU PAY!
THIS CANNOT BE! IT CANNOT!
ALL MY PREPARATIONS --MY SUBTLE CALCULATIONS--
MAYBE THINGS LIKE THAT WORK--WITH PUNY HUMANS--
BUT YOU ARE FACING THE HULK NOW--DO YOU HEAR--?
19


--THE HULK!
SLAM!
YOU ARE NOT SO MUCH-- WITHOUT YOUR FANCY MACHINES!
HULK IS GOING NOW, AND NOBODY WILL STOP HIM.
NOBODY!
THEN GO-- ENJOY YOUR FLEETING MOMENT OF FREEDOM--


FOR SOON, I SHALL REPAIR MY RETRIEVING APPARATUS.
AND THEN I SHALL DELIVER YOU OVER TO--
WHAT IS THAT--??
YOU VOWED TO FEED US, PSYKLOP --TO GIVE US NEW SOURCES OF POWER--NEW FOUNTAINS OF ENERGY TO TAP!
AND YOU HAVE FAILED, PSYKLOP! FAILED!
NO, DARK ONES! GIVE ME TIME!
GIVE ME TI!!!!
YOU DON'T HEAR IT, DO YOU, HULK--THAT HIDEOUS, HELL-TORN SCREAM--


FOR YOUR FOGGED BRAIN IS ALREADY PURSUING A DIM MEMORY...A FAST-VANISHING PHANTOM...
...A REMEMBRANCE OF A TINY GREEN GIRL... AND A BRIEF TIME OF SIMPLE JOYS, MONUMENTAL PLEASURES...
AND SO, YOU SEARCH ...SEARCH FOR A PLACE YOU CAN NEVER FIND AGAIN, YET WHICH IS NEARER THAN THE EARTH AND SEA BELOW...
...WHICH CLINGS TO YOUR TATTERED GARMENT...A LOST COSMOS, FOREVER LOCKED WITHIN A MOTE OF DUST!
20

NEXT: DOC SAMSON!

INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢
141
JULY
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
TRIMPE
NO, HULK... DON'T HURT HIM--- PLEASE..!
FOOLISH FEMALE!!
THE VICTORY SHALL BELONG TO-- DOC SAMSON!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

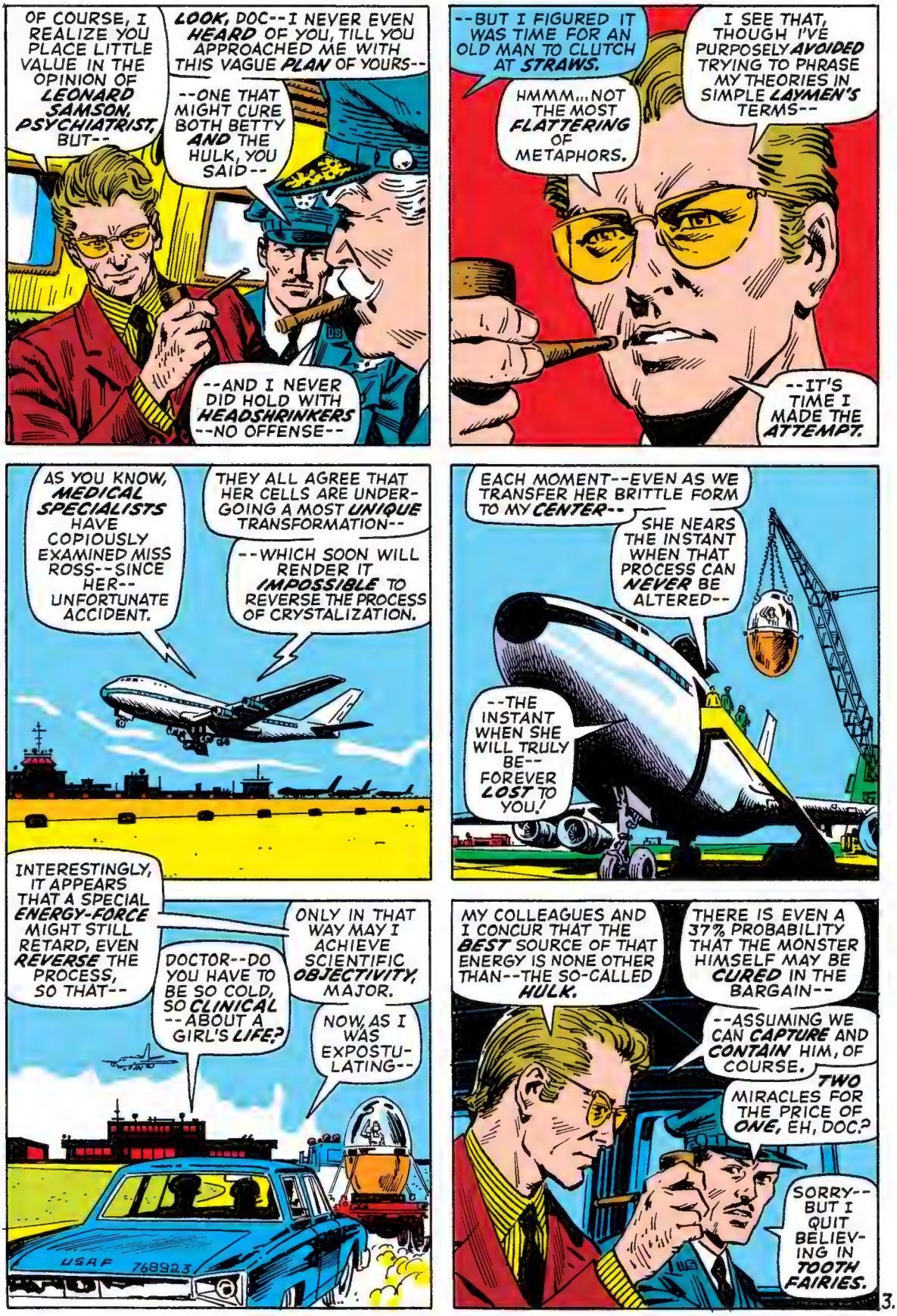
HIS NAME IS.... SAMSON!

THE HULK IS AN UNTHINKING MAN-MONSTER!
AT LEAST, SO THINK THE FACELESS MASSES HUDDLED AROUND POLYCHROME TV SETS WHICH SPEW FORTH PRE-DIGESTED NEWS, PRE-DIGESTED VIEWS.
WHY THEN DOES A SINGLE WORD RESOUND NOISELESSLY THRU HIS BECLOUDED BRAIN: JARELLA! JARELLA! JARELLA!

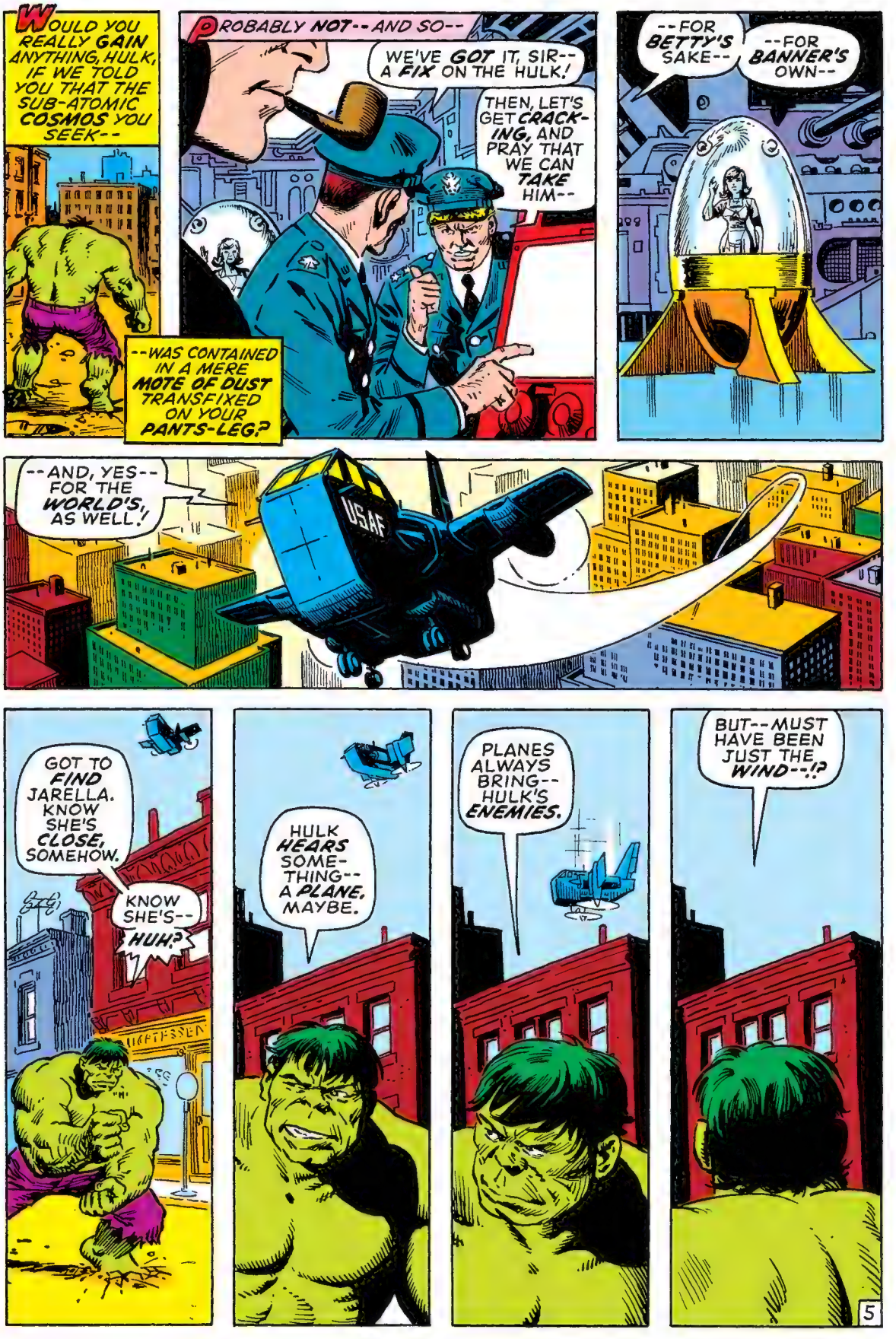
STAN LEE EDITOR • ROY THOMAS WRITER • HERB TRIMPE & JOHN SEVERIN ARTISTS ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER

584 2

JARELLA! HULK RECALLS A GIRL*--ONE WHO LOVED HULK FOR WHAT HE IS--
--NOT FOR WHAT HE USED TO BE--OR MIGHT BE.
*SO DO YOU--FROM LAST ISH. --STAN.
BUT SOMEONE CAME--TOOK HULK AWAY--AWAY FROM JARELLA--
AND NOW, HULK CAN'T FIND HER LAND AGAIN--NOT ANY-WHERE.
WHAT'S THAT?
JUST ANOTHER PLANE--HIGH IN THE SKY.
NOT ONE LOOKING FOR HULK THIS TIME.
SO, IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HULK--
NOTHING--
--AT--
--ALL.
LOOK AT HER, TALBOT. LOOK AT MY DAUGHTER!
STILL A CREATURE OF IMMOBILE CRYSTAL--WHO DOESN'T EAT--DOESN'T BREATHE--DOESN'T TRULY LIVE.
AND YET, THEY TELL ME--SHE'S GOING TO DIE!
I--I KNOW, SIR. IT--DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE.
PERHAPS NOT, GENERAL--MAJOR TALBOT--BUT BELIEVE ME--
IT'S TRUE!
2


OF COURSE, I REALIZE YOU PLACE LITTLE VALUE IN THE OPINION OF LEONARD SAMSON, PSYCHIATRIST, BUT--
LOOK, DOC--I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF YOU, TILL YOU APPROACHED ME WITH THIS VAGUE PLAN OF YOURS--
--ONE THAT MIGHT CURE BOTH BETTY AND THE HULK, YOU SAID--
--AND I NEVER DID HOLD WITH HEADSHRINKERS --NO OFFENSE--
--BUT I FIGURED IT WAS TIME FOR AN OLD MAN TO CLUTCH AT STRAWS.
HMMM... NOT THE MOST FLATTERING OF METAPHORS.
I SEE THAT, THOUGH I'VE PURPOSELY AVOIDED TRYING TO PHRASE MY THEORIES IN SIMPLE LAYMEN'S TERMS--
--IT'S TIME I MADE THE ATTEMPT.
AS YOU KNOW, MEDICAL SPECIALISTS HAVE COPIOUSLY EXAMINED MISS ROSS--SINCE HER-- UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.
THEY ALL AGREE THAT HER CELLS ARE UNDERGOING A MOST UNIQUE TRANSFORMATION--
--WHICH SOON WILL RENDER IT IMPOSSIBLE TO REVERSE THE PROCESS OF CRYSTALIZATION.
EACH MOMENT--EVEN AS WE TRANSFER HER BRITTLE FORM TO MY CENTER--
SHE NEARS THE INSTANT WHEN THAT PROCESS CAN NEVER BE ALTERED--
--THE INSTANT WHEN SHE WILL TRULY BE-- FOREVER LOST TO YOU!
INTERESTINGLY, IT APPEARS THAT A SPECIAL ENERGY-FORCE MIGHT STILL RETARD, EVEN REVERSE THE PROCESS, SO THAT--
DOCTOR--DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO COLD, SO CLINICAL --ABOUT A GIRL'S LIFE?
ONLY IN THAT WAY MAY I ACHIEVE SCIENTIFIC OBJECTIVITY, MAJOR.
NOW, AS I WAS EXPOSTULATING--
USAF 768923
MY COLLEAGUES AND I CONCUR THAT THE BEST SOURCE OF THAT ENERGY IS NONE OTHER THAN--THE SO-CALLED HULK.
THERE IS EVEN A 37% PROBABILITY THAT THE MONSTER HIMSELF MAY BE CURED IN THE BARGAIN--
--ASSUMING WE CAN CAPTURE AND CONTAIN HIM, OF COURSE.
TWO MIRACLES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE, EH, DOC?
SORRY-- BUT I QUIT BELIEVING IN TOOTH FAIRIES.

WELL, IT MAY BE A RIM SHOT, BUT IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT.
SO, THE DOC HERE'S GONNA GET HIS CHANCE--
--IF AND WHEN WE EVER FIND THE HULK AGAIN!
FIND THE HULK, GENERAL?
FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK--!
ANTS! EVERY-WHERE HULK GOES--HE FINDS NOTHING BUT HUMAN ANTS!
WHY CAN'T HULK FIND THE WORLD HE LEFT-- THE WORLD WHERE JARELLA WAITS FOR HIM?
IT MUST BE SOMEWHERE-- BUT WHERE?
SMASH
HULK WILL FIND IT-- FIND JARELLA--
BRAK!
--IF HULK HAS TO TEAR THE WORLD APART--WITH HIS BARE HANDS!
THUUM!
BUT--NO! THIS IS NOT THE WAY. HULK MUST THINK--THINK.
WHERE COULD JARELLA'S WORLD BE?
WHERE? WHERE? WHERE?
4.


WOULD YOU REALLY GAIN ANYTHING, HULK, IF WE TOLD YOU THAT THE SUB-ATOMIC COSMOS YOU SEEK--
--WAS CONTAINED IN A MERE MOTE OF DUST TRANSFIXED ON YOUR PANTS-LEG.?
PROBABLY NOT--AND SO--
WE'VE GOT IT, SIR--A FIX ON THE HULK!
THEN, LET'S GET CRACK-ING, AND PRAY THAT WE CAN TAKE HIM--
--FOR BETTY'S SAKE--
--FOR BANNER'S OWN--
--AND, YES--FOR THE WORLD'S, AS WELL!
USAF
GOT TO FIND JARELLA. KNOW SHE'S CLOSE, SOMEHOW.
KNOW SHE'S--
HUH?
HULK HEARS SOME-THING--A PLANE, MAYBE.
PLANES ALWAYS BRING--HULK'S ENEMIES.
BUT--MUST HAVE BEEN JUST THE WIND--!?
5

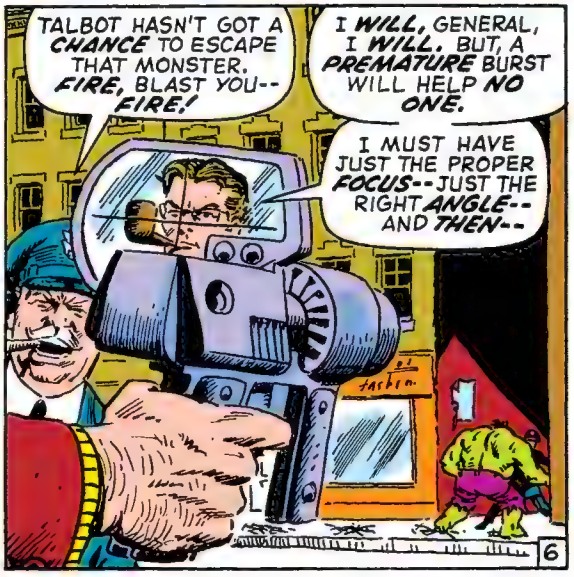
LUCKY IT WAS JUST THE WIND-- OR SOME-THING--
--NOT PLANE FULL OF SOLDIERS WHO SHOOT AT HULK.

YES-- LUCKY FOR THEM.
Sale

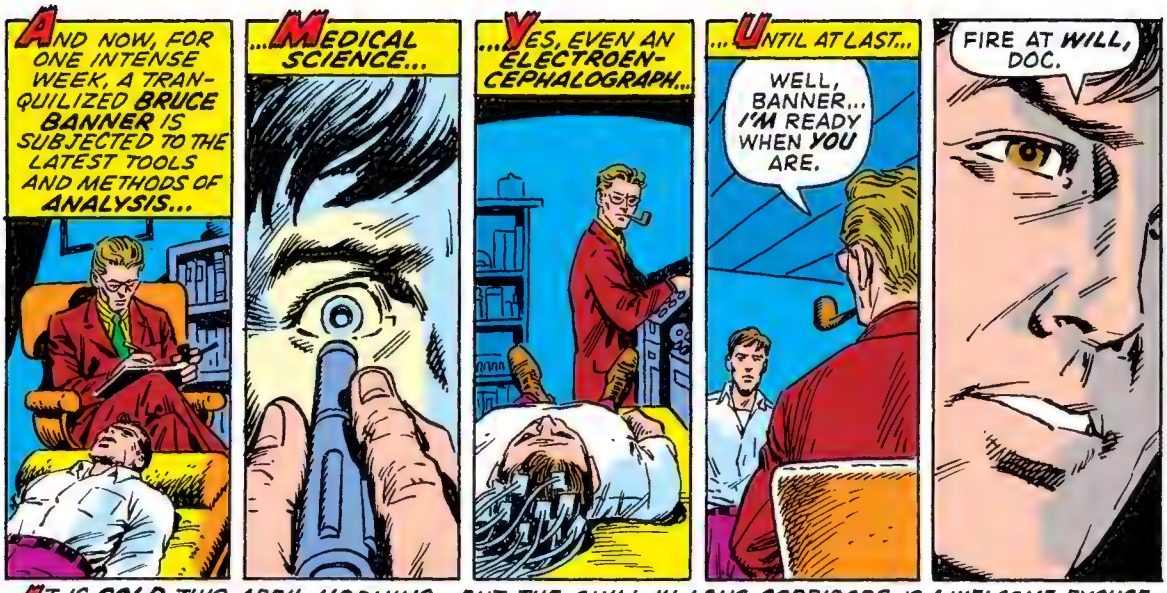
HULK-- LISTEN TO ME-- YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN!
I KNOW YOU HATE ME-- AND ALL THAT I STAND FOR, BUT--
HUH? HULK KNOWS YOU.
YOU'RE ONE OF THE MEN WITH GUNS--WHO TRY TO HURT HULK.
BUT YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE-- NOT THIS TIME.

HULK--WAIT! IN ONE OF YOUR CLEARER MOMENTS--SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WINDING ROAD YOU'VE TRAVELLED--
YOU MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT BETTY--HOW SHE'S TURNED INTO A THING OF UNLIVING CRYSTAL.
WELL, THOSE REPORTS ARE TRUE--AND ONLY YOU CAN HELP HER--BY COMING PEACEFULLY WITH ME.

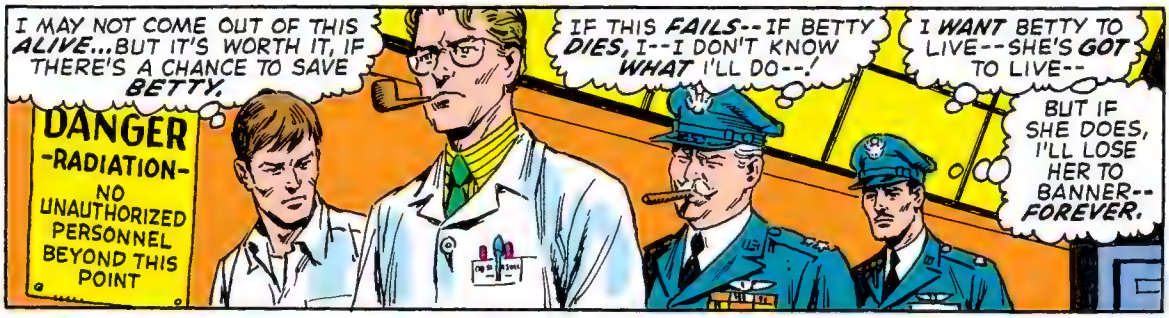
BETTY? HULK DOESN'T REMEMBER ANY BETTY.
YOU ARE TRYING TO TRICK HULK-- BUT IT WON'T WORK.
YOU WILL NEVER TRICK ANYONE-- NEVER DO ANYTHING--
--EVER AGAIN!
NO, HULK! STAY BACK--!

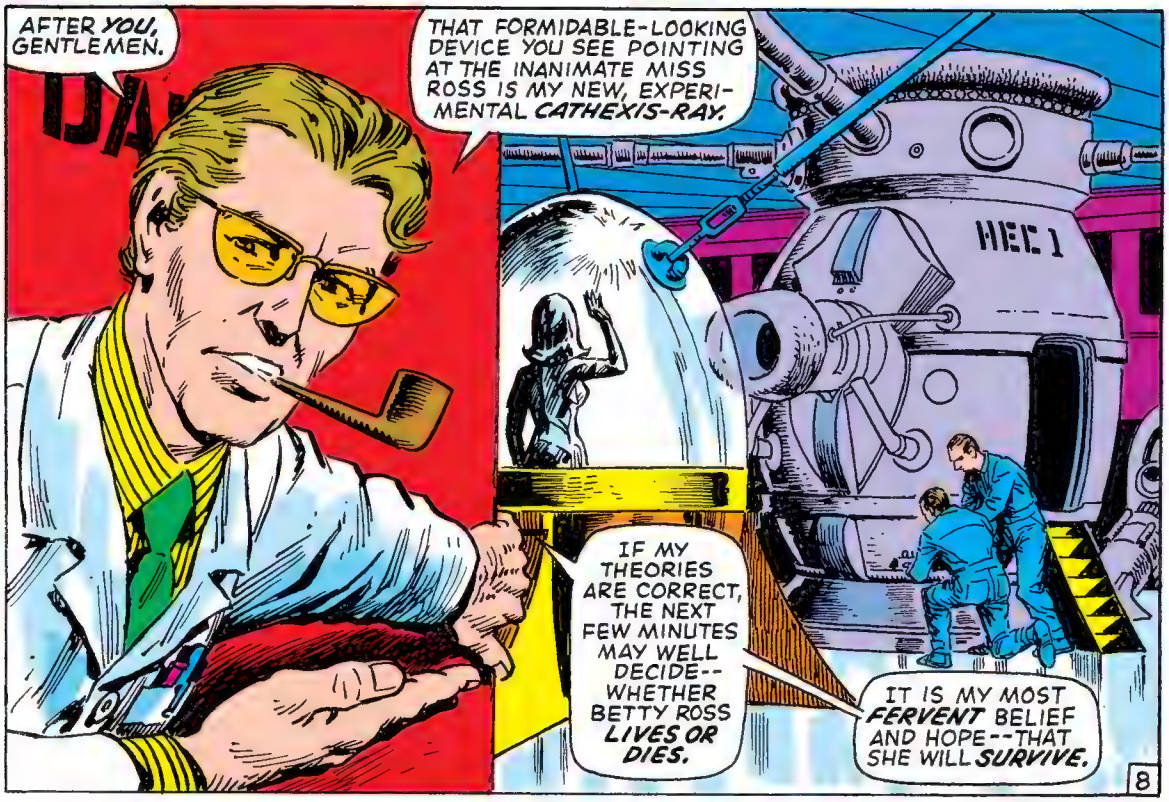

TALBOT HASN'T GOT A CHANCE TO ESCAPE THAT MONSTER. FIRE, BLAST YOU-- FIRE!
I WILL, GENERAL, I WILL. BUT, A PREMATURE BURST WILL HELP NO ONE.
I MUST HAVE JUST THE PROPER FOCUS--JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE-- AND THEN--
6

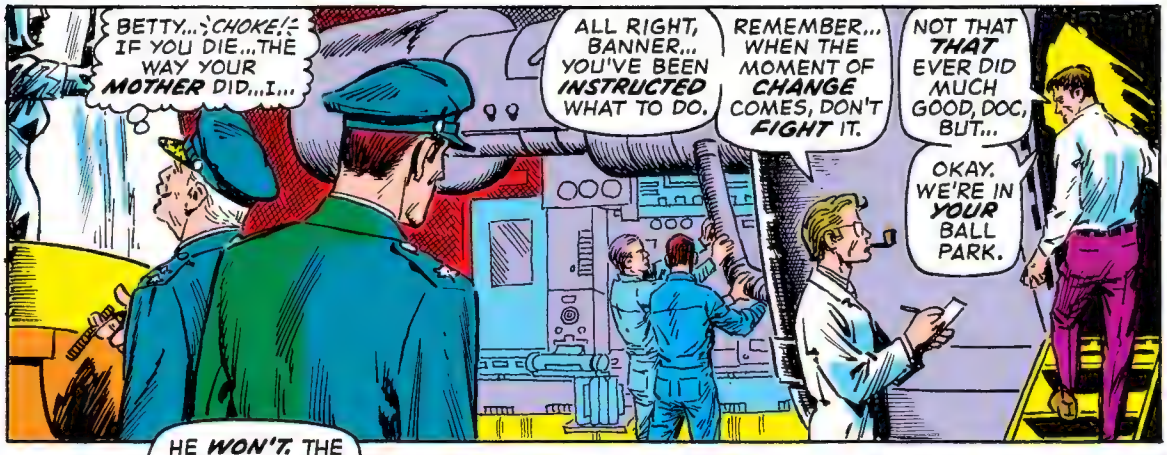
WHY DON'T YOU RUN, LITTLE MAN?
HUH? WHAT--? WHO'S THAT?
THANK THE LORD! ANOTHER SECOND, AND I'D HAVE BEEN--
DON'T YOU KNOW HER, HULK? THAT'S THE IMAGE OF-- BETTY ROSS.
AND--THE GIRL ONLY YOU CAN SAVE--BY COMING WITH ME-- NOW!
THE GIRL YOU LOVED AS BRUCE BANNER--THE GIRL YOU STILL MUST LOVE, SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE!
BETTY-- BETTY-- MAYBE, HULK IS STARTING TO-- REMEMBER--
--REMEMBER A GIRL--ONE WHO SMILED-- LAUGHED--
--REMEMBER A GIRL--WHO WAS KIND TO HULK--GENTLE TO HULK--
--REMEMBER QUIET NIGHTS-- A MOON--SOFT WINDS WHISPERING ACROSS A LAKE--
--THEN--A PICTURE OF THAT GIRL IN A PAPER--TURNED TO GLASS, AND--
BETTY--OH LORD-- WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU??
IT WORKED, BY THUNDER, IT WORKED!
OF COURSE, GENERAL, IT WAS ALL A MANNER OF PROPER TIMING-- PSYCHOLOGICAL DISCIPLINE.
WE'LL--TAKE YOU TO HER, BANNER--SOON, VERY SOON.
BETTY--
ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR --LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE TO PLAY GOD--
BUT, FOR BETTY'S SAKE--YOU'D BETTER HOPE YOU CURE THE DISEASE THAT TORMENTS BRUCE BANNER'S SOUL--
--OR I WILL PERSONALLY RAM THAT FIFTY-DOLLAR PIPE DOWN YOUR SUGAR-COATED THROAT!
US AF


AND NOW, FOR ONE INTENSE WEEK, A TRANQUILIZED BRUCE BANNER IS SUBJECTED TO THE LATEST TOOLS AND METHODS OF ANALYSIS...
...MEDICAL SCIENCE...
...YES, EVEN AN ELECTROENCEPHALOGRAPH...
...UNTIL AT LAST...
WELL, BANNER... I'M READY WHEN YOU ARE.
FIRE AT WILL, DOC.

IT IS COLD THIS APRIL MORNING...BUT THE CHILL IN LONG CORRIDORS IS A WELCOME EXCUSE FOR SAYING LITTLE...WHILE THINKING MUCH...

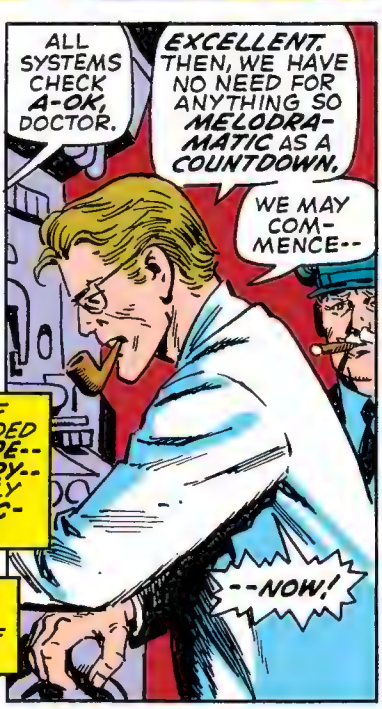

I MAY NOT COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE...BUT IT'S WORTH IT, IF THERE'S A CHANCE TO SAVE BETTY.
DANGER -RADIATION- NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL BEYOND THIS POINT
IF THIS FAILS--IF BETTY DIES, I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO--!
I WANT BETTY TO LIVE--SHE'S GOT TO LIVE--
BUT IF SHE DOES, I'LL LOSE HER TO BANNER--FOREVER.


AFTER YOU, GENTLEMEN.
THAT FORMIDABLE-LOOKING DEVICE YOU SEE POINTING AT THE INANIMATE MISS ROSS IS MY NEW, EXPERIMENTAL CATHEXIS-RAY.
IF MY THEORIES ARE CORRECT, THE NEXT FEW MINUTES MAY WELL DECIDE--WHETHER BETTY ROSS LIVES OR DIES.
IT IS MY MOST FERVENT BELIEF AND HOPE--THAT SHE WILL SURVIVE.


BETTY...*CHOKE!*-- IF YOU DIE...THE WAY YOUR MOTHER DID...I...
ALL RIGHT, BANNER... YOU'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED WHAT TO DO.
REMEMBER... WHEN THE MOMENT OF CHANGE COMES, DON'T FIGHT IT.
NOT THAT THAT EVER DID MUCH GOOD, DOC, BUT...
OKAY. WE'RE IN YOUR BALL PARK.

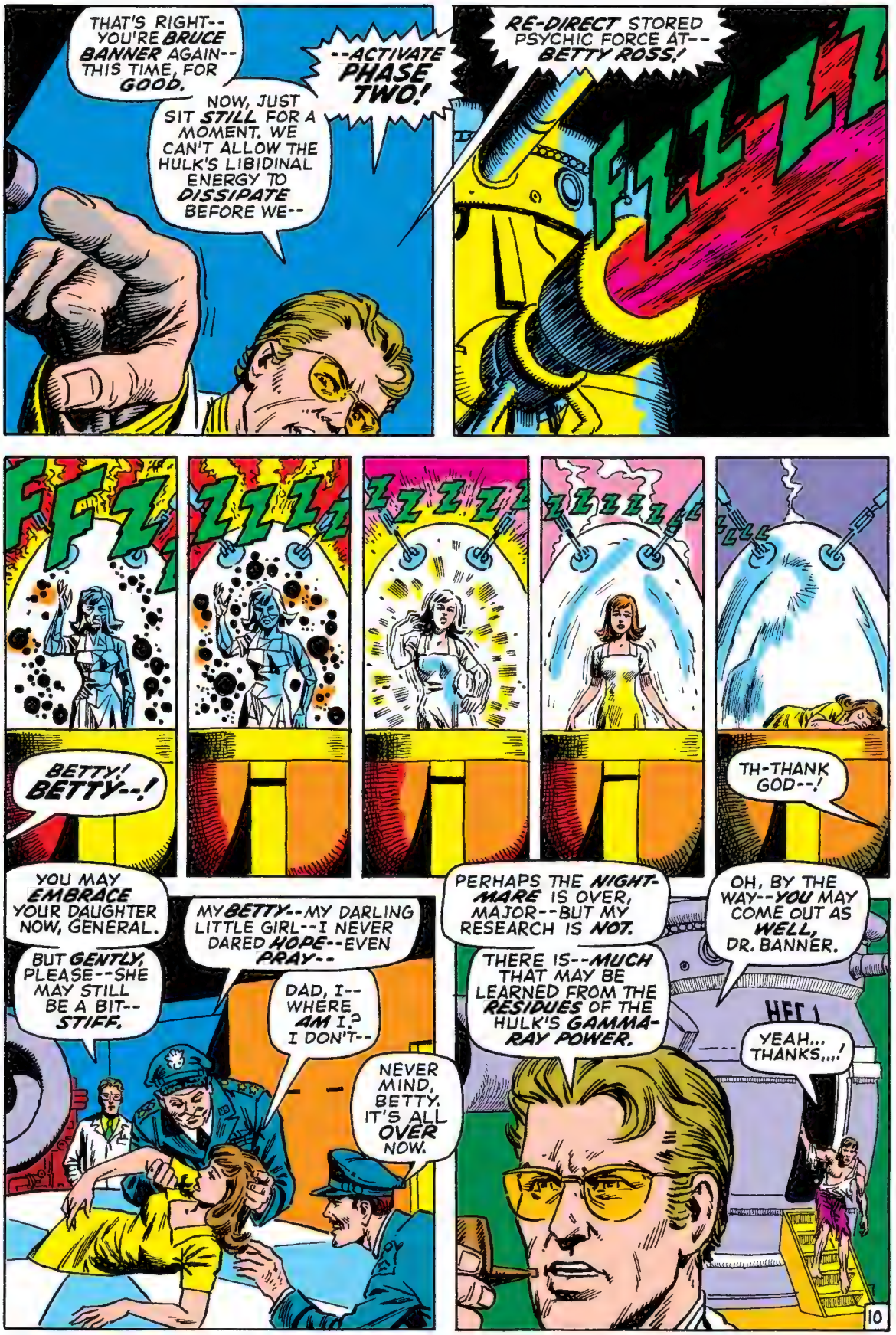
BUT WHAT IF THE HULK BREAKS FREE? WHAT IF--?
HE WON'T. THE VERY INSTANT THAT THE HULK COMES INTO BEING--
--THE MACHINE WILL BEGIN TO DRAIN OFF HIS LIBIDINAL ENERGY--HIS PSYCHIC FORCE, AS IT WERE--
--AND YOU WILL NEVER BECOME THE HULK AGAIN!

"YOU WILL NEVER BECOME THE HULK AGAIN!" IT SEEMS TO ROBERT BRUCE BANNER THAT HE HAS HEARD THAT VERY PHRASE AT OTHER TIMES--DURING OTHER EXPERIMENTS--
--ALL OF WHICH ENDED IN FAILURE--IN MISERY--IN DEADLY DESTRUCTION.
AND NOW, WITH BETTY'S LIFE AT STAKE--


ALL SYSTEMS CHECK A-OK, DOCTOR.
EXCELLENT. THEN, WE HAVE NO NEED FOR ANYTHING SO MELODRAMATIC AS A COUNTDOWN.
WE MAY COM-MENCE--
--NOW!

THEN, WITHIN THE SPAN OF FIVE INCREDIBLE, INTERMINABLE SECONDS--THE MOST MIND-STAGGERING TRANSFORMATION OF ALL TAKES PLACE--!

I--I'M CHANGING --I CAN FEEL IT--
--CHANGING INTO--THE HULK!
HAH! NOW HULK CAN GET OUT OF HERE! NOW HULK CAN--
WAIT! FEELING--FUNNY NOW--FEELING--
GOOD LORD!


THAT'S RIGHT--YOU'RE BRUCE BANNER AGAIN--THIS TIME, FOR GOOD.
NOW, JUST SIT STILL FOR A MOMENT. WE CAN'T ALLOW THE HULK'S LIBIDINAL ENERGY TO DISSIPATE BEFORE WE--
--ACTIVATE PHASE TWO!
RE-DIRECT STORED PSYCHIC FORCE AT--BETTY ROSS!
FZZZZZ
FFZ
ZZZZ
ZZZZZZ
ZZZZZZ
BETTY! BETTY--!
TH-THANK GOD--!
YOU MAY EMBRACE YOUR DAUGHTER NOW, GENERAL.
BUT GENTLY, PLEASE--SHE MAY STILL BE A BIT--STIFF.
MY BETTY--MY DARLING LITTLE GIRL--I NEVER DARED HOPE--EVEN PRAY--
DAD, I--WHERE AM I? I DON'T--
NEVER MIND, BETTY. IT'S ALL OVER NOW.
PERHAPS THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER, MAJOR--BUT MY RESEARCH IS NOT.
THERE IS--MUCH THAT MAY BE LEARNED FROM THE RESIDUES OF THE HULK'S GAMMA-RAY POWER.
OH, BY THE WAY--YOU MAY COME OUT AS WELL, DR. BANNER.
YEAH... THANKS...!
10

NIGHT EVENTUALLY FALLS, AS IT HAS A WAY OF DOING... AND, WHILE BOTH BRUCE AND BETTY RECUPERATE FROM THE DAY'S NUMBING ORDEAL...

...ONE MAN SITS WRAPPED IN DARK THOUGHT.

THE HULK IS--WAS MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN I HAD IMAGINED.

IT TOOK RELATIVELY LITTLE OF HIS PSYCHIC ENERGY TO SAVE BETTY ROSS.

THAT MEANS... MOST OF IT STILL REMAINS WITHIN THE CATHEXIS-RAY.

GAMMA-BOMB EXPLOSION TURNED BANNER INTO THE BESTIAL HULK.

BUT CONTROLLED GAMMA-RADIATION... AH, THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.

SOMETHING THAT LEONARD SAMSON MUST INVESTIGATE.

AND SOON, SAFE FROM ALL PRYING EYES...

STRANGE, WHAT AN OBSESSION THIS EXPERIMENT HAS BECOME WITH ME... IN THE PERIOD OF A FEW SHORT HOURS.

ALMOST AS IF I HAD SUB-CONSCIOUSLY INTENDED TO DO THIS...ALL ALONG.

ALL MY LIFE, I'VE BEEN JUST ANOTHER INTELLECTUAL--LIKE BANNER HIMSELF, IN MY OWN WAY--

--DESPISED BY EMOTIONAL MEN--PHYSICAL MEN, LIKE MAJOR TALBOT--

KLK!

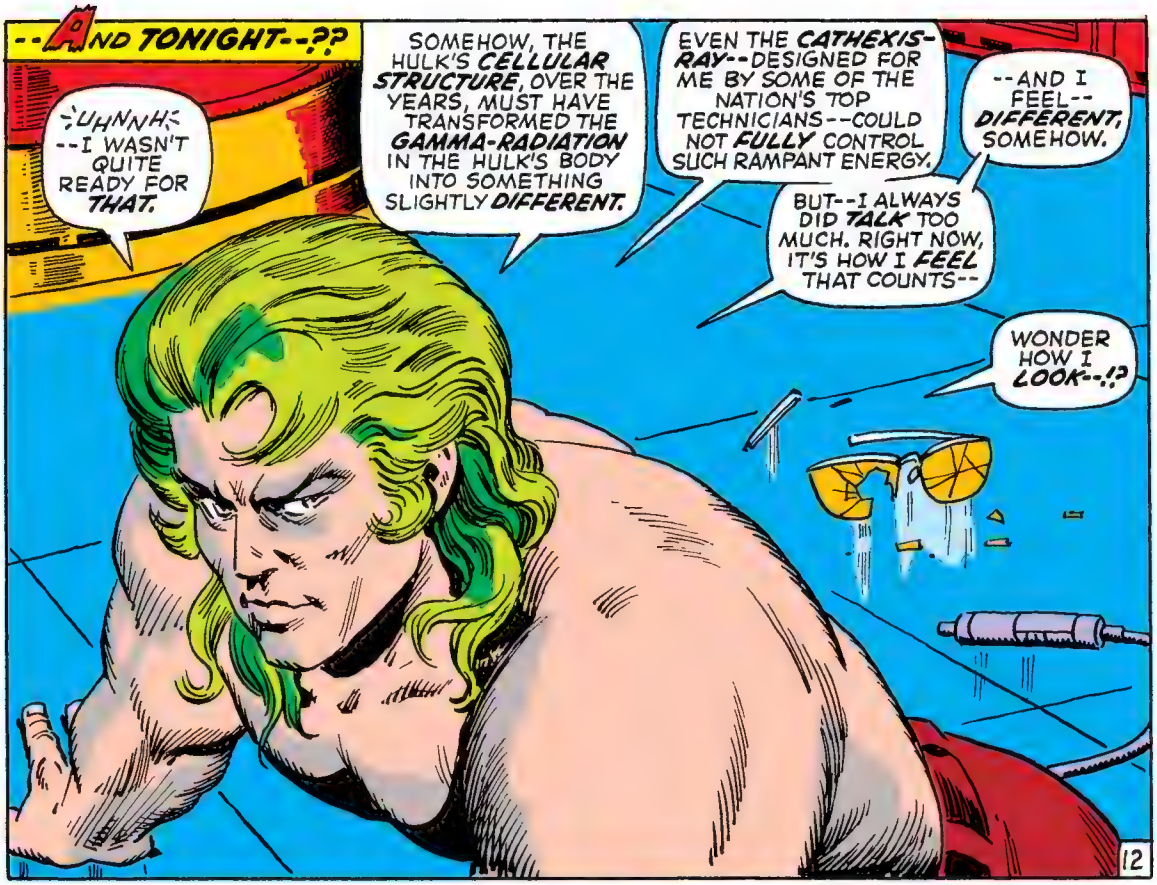
NOW, IT'S TIME TO SHOW WHAT A SO-CALLED "EGGHEAD" CAN DO.

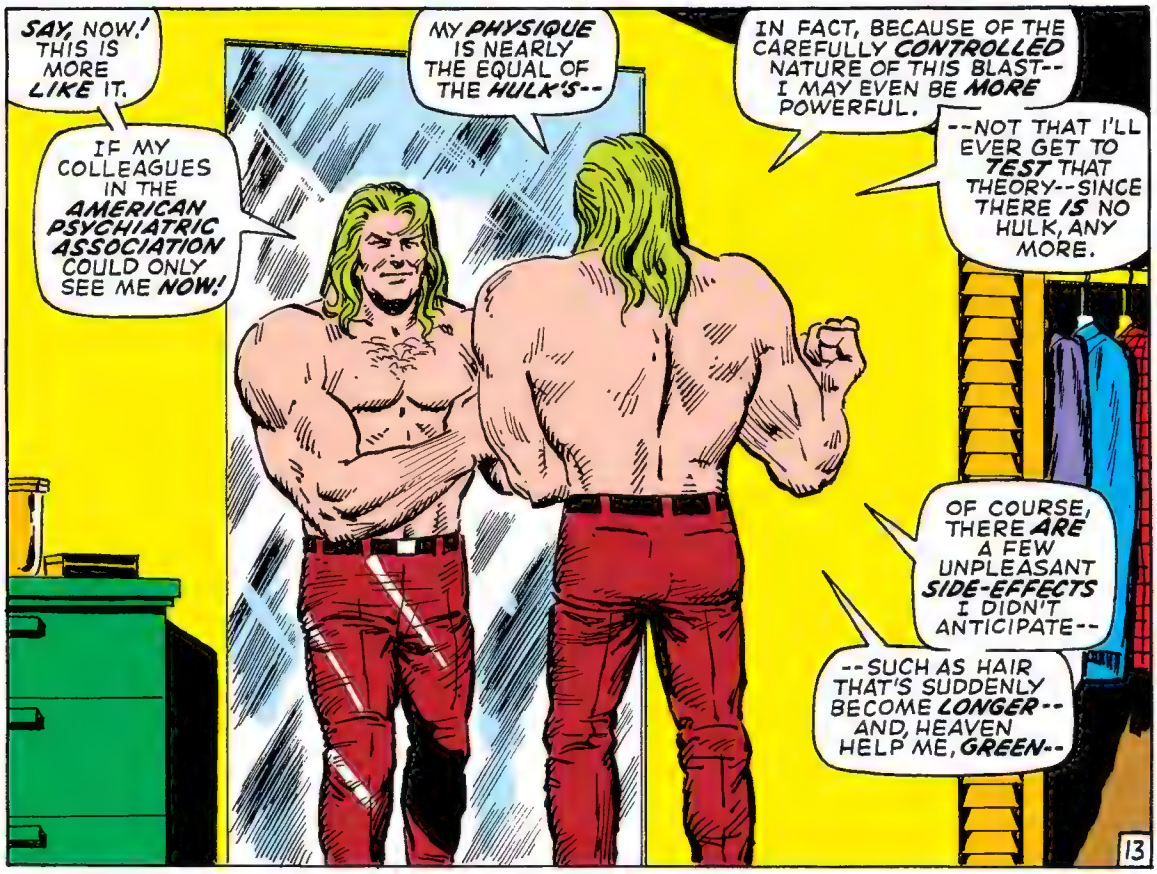
AND I'LL DO IT RIGHT N--

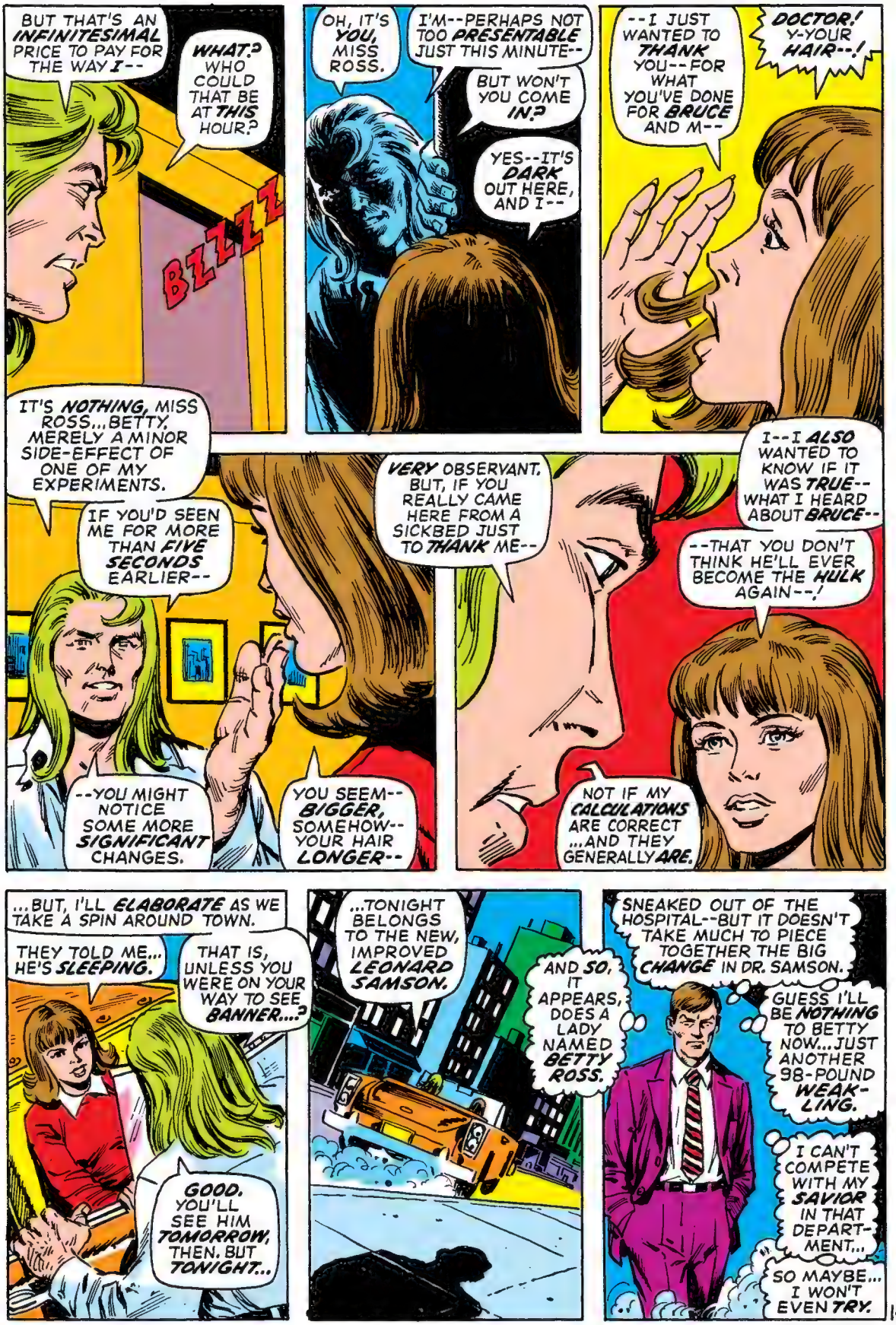
THE SENTENCE, EVEN THE VERY SYLLABLE, SHALL REMAIN FOREVER UNFINISHED! FAR, FAR FASTER THAN HUMAN SPEECH IS THE BLINDING SPEED OF LIGHT--

--AS, ON THE INSTANT, THE FORM OF DR. SAMSON IS BATHED FROM HEAD TO FOOT WITH A PRE-ORDAINED DOSAGE OF ELECTRIFYING GAMMA RAYS!

OMINOUS, IN PAST DAYS, HAVE BEEN THE EFFECTS OF THESE RAYS--A RAMPAGING, NEARLY MINDLESS HULK--A CRUEL, CYCLOPEAN ABOMINATION--

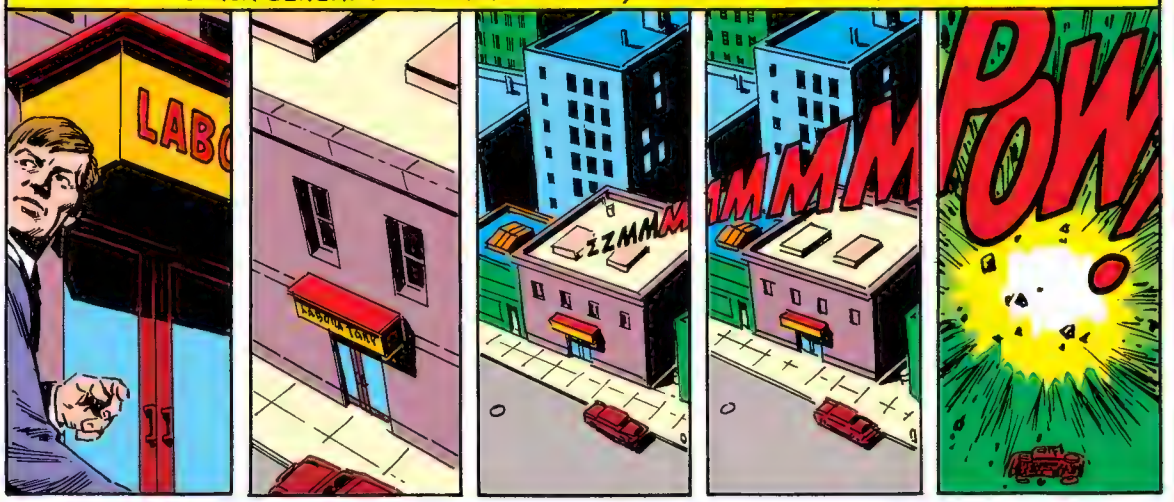

--AND TONIGHT--??
SOMEHOW, THE HULK'S CELLULAR STRUCTURE, OVER THE YEARS, MUST HAVE TRANSFORMED THE GAMMA-RADIATION IN THE HULK'S BODY INTO SOMETHING SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.
EVEN THE CATHEXIS-RAY--DESIGNED FOR ME BY SOME OF THE NATION'S TOP TECHNICIANS--COULD NOT FULLY CONTROL SUCH RAMPANT ENERGY.
--AND I FEEL-- DIFFERENT, SOMEHOW.
BUT--I ALWAYS DID TALK TOO MUCH. RIGHT NOW, IT'S HOW I FEEL THAT COUNTS--
WONDER HOW I LOOK--!?
UHNNH --I WASN'T QUITE READY FOR THAT.
12


SAY, NOW! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT.
IF MY COLLEAGUES IN THE AMERICAN PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!
MY PHYSIQUE IS NEARLY THE EQUAL OF THE HULK'S--
IN FACT, BECAUSE OF THE CAREFULLY CONTROLLED NATURE OF THIS BLAST-- I MAY EVEN BE MORE POWERFUL.
--NOT THAT I'LL EVER GET TO TEST THAT THEORY--SINCE THERE IS NO HULK, ANY MORE.
OF COURSE, THERE ARE A FEW UNPLEASANT SIDE-EFFECTS I DIDN'T ANTICIPATE--
--SUCH AS HAIR THAT'S SUDDENLY BECOME LONGER-- AND, HEAVEN HELP ME, GREEN--
13

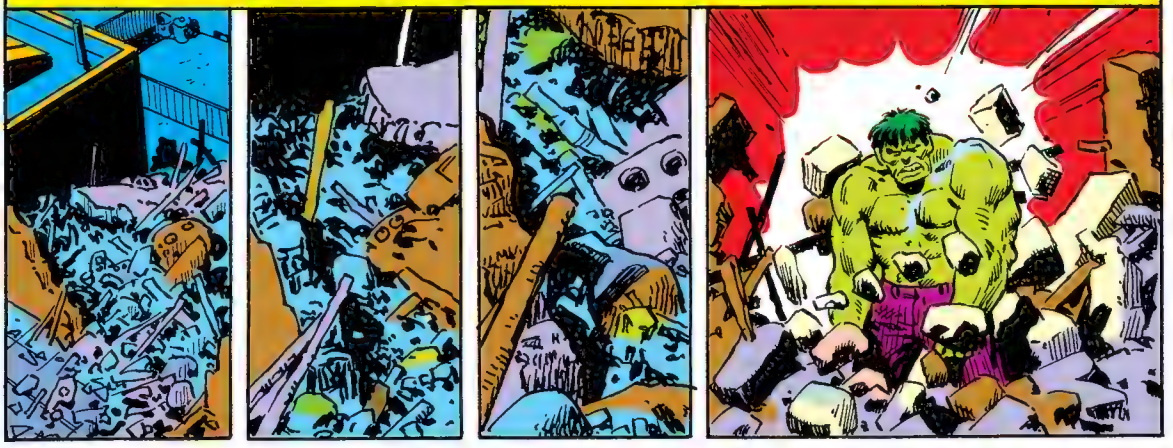

BUT THAT'S AN INFINITESIMAL PRICE TO PAY FOR THE WAY I--
WHAT? WHO COULD THAT BE AT THIS HOUR?
BZZZZ
OH, IT'S YOU, MISS ROSS.
I'M--PERHAPS NOT TOO PRESENTABLE JUST THIS MINUTE--
BUT WON'T YOU COME IN?
YES--IT'S DARK OUT HERE, AND I--
--I JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU--FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR BRUCE AND M--
DOCTOR! Y-YOUR HAIR--!
IT'S NOTHING, MISS ROSS...BETTY. MERELY A MINOR SIDE-EFFECT OF ONE OF MY EXPERIMENTS.
IF YOU'D SEEN ME FOR MORE THAN FIVE SECONDS EARLIER--
--YOU MIGHT NOTICE SOME MORE SIGNIFICANT CHANGES.
YOU SEEM--BIGGER, SOMEHOW--YOUR HAIR LONGER--
VERY OBSERVANT. BUT, IF YOU REALLY CAME HERE FROM A SICKBED JUST TO THANK ME--
I--I ALSO WANTED TO KNOW IF IT WAS TRUE--WHAT I HEARD ABOUT BRUCE--
--THAT YOU DON'T THINK HE'LL EVER BECOME THE HULK AGAIN--!
NOT IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT ...AND THEY GENERALLY ARE.
...BUT, I'LL ELABORATE AS WE TAKE A SPIN AROUND TOWN.
THEY TOLD ME... HE'S SLEEPING.
THAT IS, UNLESS YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY TO SEE BANNER...?
GOOD. YOU'LL SEE HIM TOMORROW, THEN. BUT TONIGHT...
...TONIGHT BELONGS TO THE NEW, IMPROVED LEONARD SAMSON.
AND SO, IT APPEARS, DOES A LADY NAMED BETTY ROSS.
SNEAKED OUT OF THE HOSPITAL--BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO PIECE TOGETHER THE BIG CHANGE IN DR. SAMSON.
GUESS I'LL BE NOTHING TO BETTY NOW... JUST ANOTHER 98-POUND WEAK-LING.
I CAN'T COMPETE WITH MY SAVIOR IN THAT DEPART-MENT...
SO MAYBE... I WON'T EVEN TRY.

NO USE DENYING IT NOW. BENEATH MY FACADE OF BIG WORDS, I'VE ALWAYS NURSED A DESIRE TO BE...A SUPERHERO.
COSTUMES
NOW, I HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO LIVE THAT LIFE... TO THE HILT.
THUS HAS IT BEGUN... AND SO IT GOES...
BECAUSE THERE IS REALLY NOTHING NEW 'NEATH SUN OR MOON...!
I POSSESS STAMINA... STRENGTH... BUT THAT'S NOT ENOUGH.
SPEED... AGILITY... I MUST HAVE IT ALL!
AND DOES THAT "ALL" INCLUDE-- BETTY ROSS.?
LEN IS KIND... GENTLE...BUT IT'S BRUCE I LOVE... BRUCE!
WHY DOESN'T HE CALL ME... SEE ME? WHY?
HAH! IT'S ALMOST UNFORTUNATE THAT THE HULK IS FOREVER DEAD!
HE WOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME NOW--I KNOW HE WOULD!
AND YES, THEY CALL HIM...
DOC SAMSON!
HE'S USING POWER THAT ONCE WAS MINE--TO STEAL THE GIRL I LOVE!
HE SAVED BETTY'S LIFE-- EVEN MY OWN, IN A WAY.
BUT WHAT GOOD IS LIFE--IF I'M DENIED THE ONLY ONE I EVER WANTED TO SHARE IT WITH.?
THEN--THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST DO-- ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO!

IN LATER DAYS, THEY WILL SAY THEY SHOULD HAVE **WATCHED** BRUCE BANNER MORE CLOSELY AFTER THE TRANSFERRAL--SHOULD HAVE **KNOWN** THAT HE MIGHT TEMPORARILY CRACK BENEATH SO MANY STRAINS, SO MUCH **PRESSURE**--

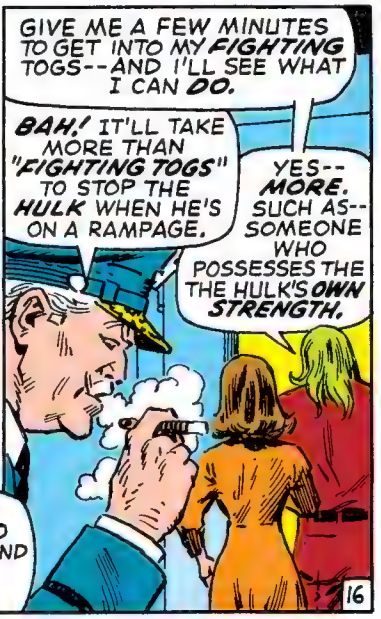


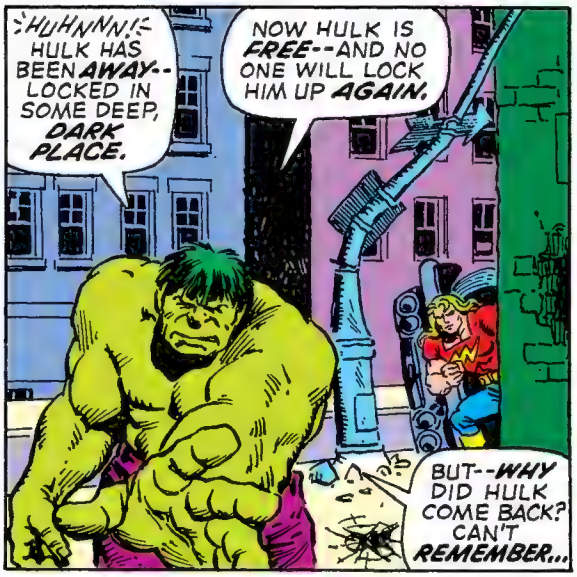
BUT PERHAPS THERE WAS **NOTHING**--NO POWER ON **EARTH**--THAT COULD HAVE PREVENTED THE MOST PLAGUED, MOST **TORTURED** BEING UPON THIS PLANET FROM BECOMING ONCE MORE--**THE MONSTER THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN!**

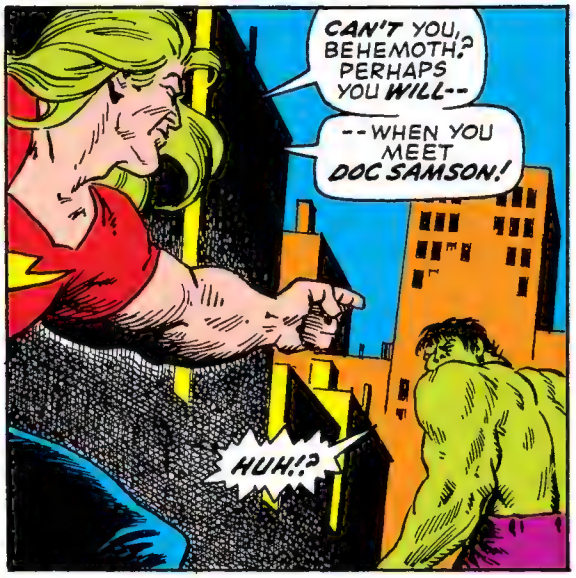


NO, LEN, I--I **CAN'T** GIVE YOU AN ANSWER--NOT JUST **NOW.** I--
DAD--WHAT'S **WRONG?**?
WHAT **ISN'T?** BANNER MUST'VE SNEAKED INTO THE **LAB.** HE'S BECOME THE **HULK** AGAIN!
BUT--**WHY?** WHY WOULD HE--?

I BELIEVE WE **BOTH** KNOW THE PROBABLE REASON, BETTY.
SIR--I SUGGEST YOU LET **ME** TRY TO STOP THE HULK--BEFORE YOU TRY **OTHER** METHODS.
I'M--NOT DOING TOO WELL AROUND **HERE,** ANYWAY.

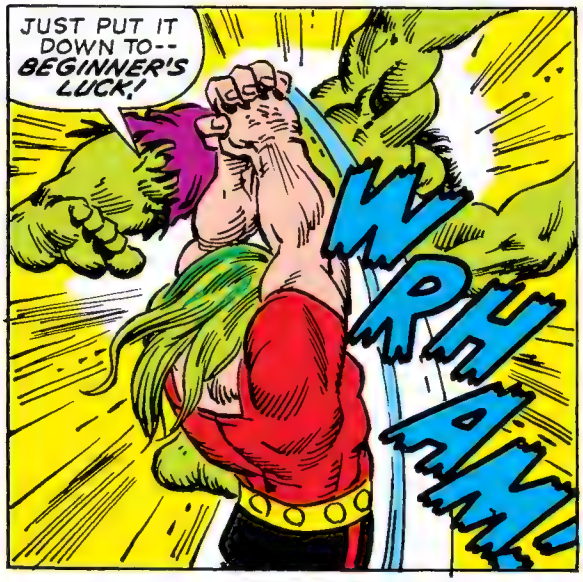

GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES TO GET INTO MY **FIGHTING** TOGS--AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN **DO.**
BAH! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN **"FIGHTING TOGS"** TO STOP THE **HULK** WHEN HE'S ON A RAMPAGE.
YES--**MORE.** SUCH AS--SOMEONE WHO POSSESSES THE THE HULK'S **OWN STRENGTH.**


:HUHNNN!: HULK HAS BEEN AWAY-- LOCKED IN SOME DEEP, DARK PLACE.
NOW HULK IS FREE--AND NO ONE WILL LOCK HIM UP AGAIN.
BUT--WHY DID HULK COME BACK? CAN'T REMEMBER...


CAN'T YOU, BEHEMOTH? PERHAPS YOU WILL--
--WHEN YOU MEET DOC SAMSON!
HUH!?

SAMSON? YES-- SAMSON! HULK KNOWS THAT NAME--
DON'T KNOW WHY--BUT HULK HATES THAT NAME--

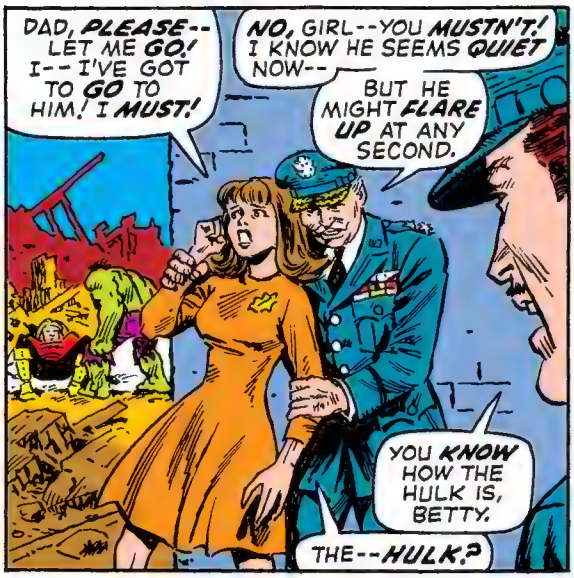
AND WHAT HULK HATES, HE--
WHAT??
NOT USED TO MISSING, ARE YOU, GREEN MAN?


JUST PUT IT DOWN TO-- BEGINNER'S LUCK!
WRH
AAM!

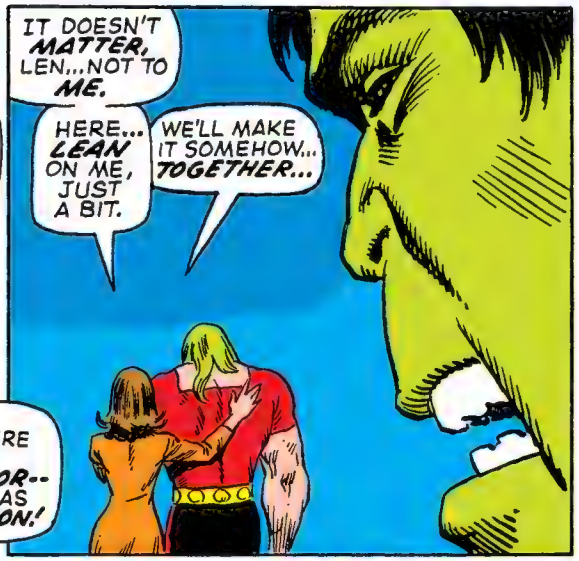
YOU RECOVER MORE QUICKLY THAN I IMAGINED--BUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED.
AFTER ALL--IT'S YOUR OWN FIST THAT WAS PUMMELING YOU, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN--WITH YOUR FANCY TALK.
ONLY KNOW-- HULK WILL SMASH!
PRAK

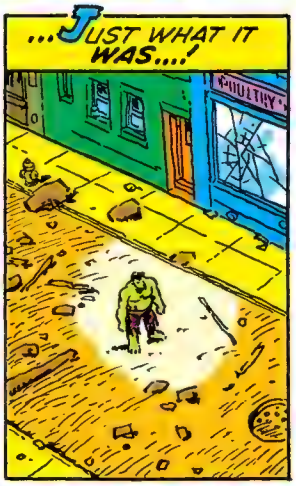
AND NOW THEY SQUARE OFF-- IN PERHAPS THE MOST UNLIKELY COMBAT SINCE KING KONG MET GODZILLA--
BUT THE STAKES ARE FAR MORE DEADLY-- FOR, THE ENRAGED HULK IS OUT FOR BLOOD--
THUS, IN DESPERATION-- DOC SAMSON STRIKES FIRST!
THIS IS NO TIME--FOR THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY!
HULK--I KNOW--YOU CAN'T COMPREHEND THIS--
BUT WHAT I'M DOING--IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
HAH! HULK HAS --HEARD THAT BEFORE--
NEVER BELIEVED IT THEN--
--AND DON'T BELIEVE IT NOW!
IT'S-- AMAZING!
AN ELEPHANT COULDN'T HAVE BROKEN THAT GRIP!
SO--IT'S GRIPS YOU CARE ABOUT.
THEN, HULK WILL SHOW YOU--HE HAS THE MIGHTIEST GRIP OF ALL!
I'VE GOT REASON TO BELIEVE, MONSTER--
--THAT ANYTHING YOU CAN DO-- I CAN DO BETTER--
--OR AT LEAST-- JUST AS WELL!!

SO YOU THINK, LEONARD SAMSON--SO YOU THINK, AS YOU STRAIN WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT--
BUT, THERE IS SOMETHING YOU FORGOT--SOMETHING VITAL.
YOU POSSESS ALL THE POWER WHICH THE HULK POSSESSED--AT THE INSTANT OF TRANSFERRAL--
BUT HE WAS CALM THEN--AND NOW, HE IS ANGRY--ANGRY BEYOND BELIEF--
AND, AS THE HULK GETS ANGRIER--
--HE BECOMES STRONGER--STRONGER--EVER STRONGER!
UHHNN
YOU HAVE LOST.
SAY IT, THEN.
HULK HAS WON!
SAY IT!
19


DAD, PLEASE--LET ME GO! I--I'VE GOT TO GO TO HIM! I MUST!
NO, GIRL--YOU MUSTN'T! I KNOW HE SEEMS QUIET NOW--
BUT HE MIGHT FLARE UP AT ANY SECOND.
YOU KNOW HOW THE HULK IS, BETTY.
THE--HULK?

BAH! TAKE HIM--HULK IS THRU WITH HIM.
HE IS NO MATCH FOR HULK--NO MATCH AT ALL.
LEN--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? DID HE--?
ONLY--THAT FAR-FAMED PRIDE, BETTY.
SOME SUPERHERO I AM--FLOORED MY FIRST TIME OUT.
A FAILURE AS DOCTOR--AND AS SAMSON!

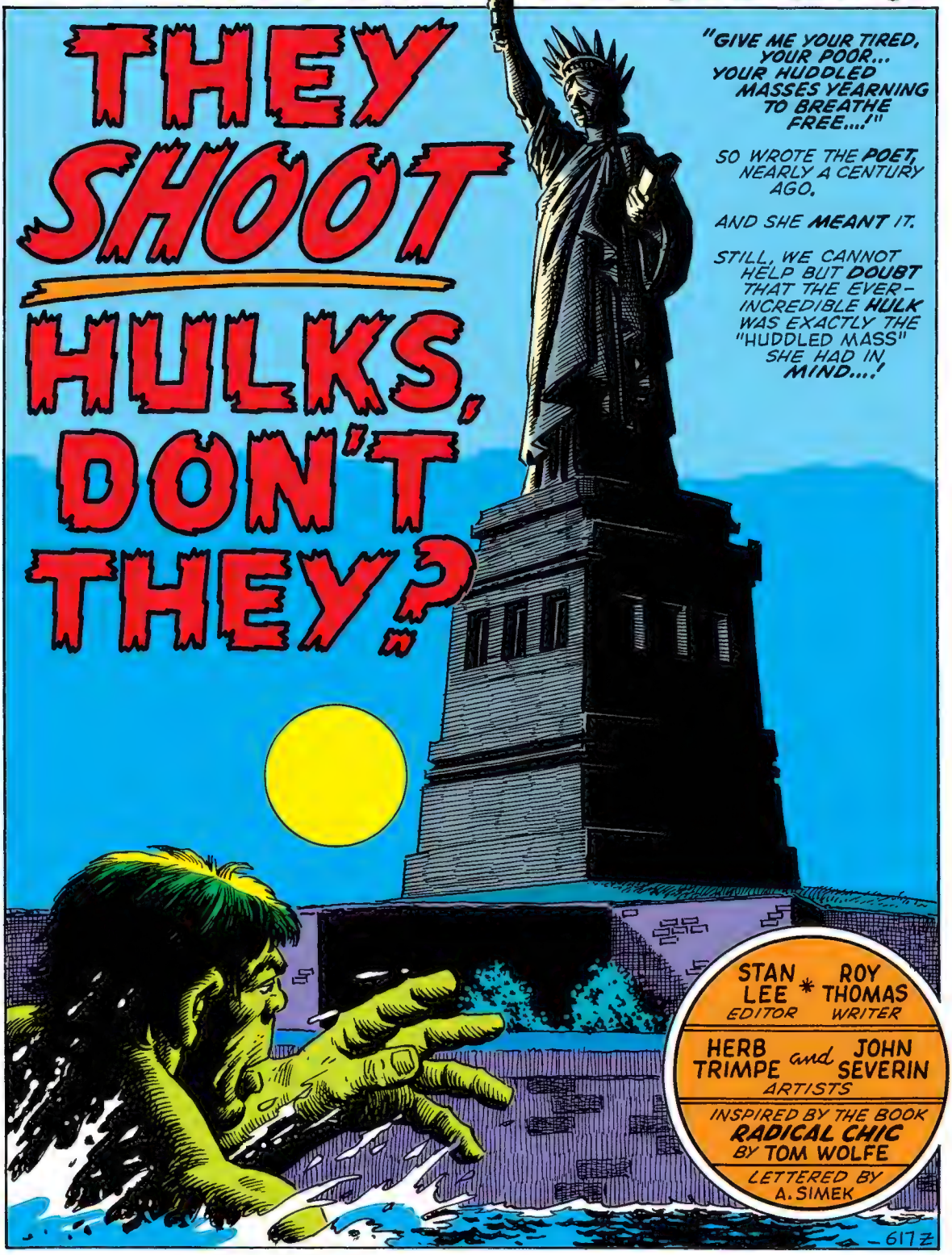




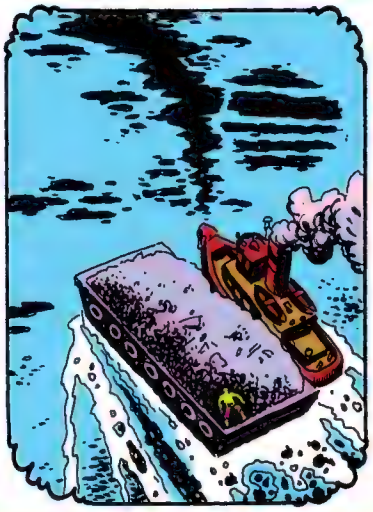
NEXT: PANIC ON PARK AVENUE

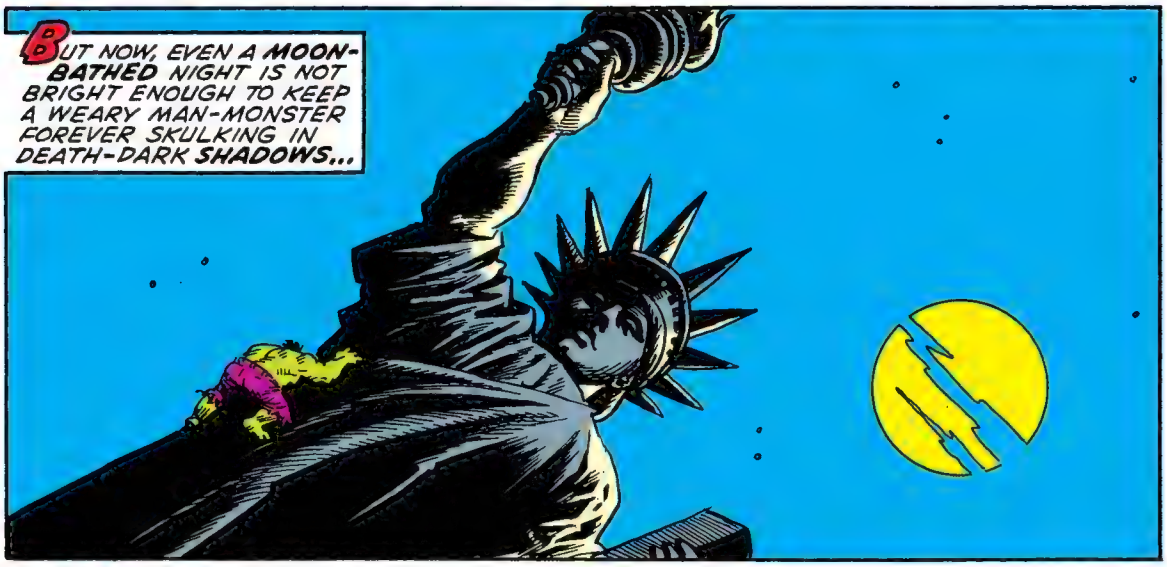
INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢
142
AUG
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
TM
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
HANG ONTO YOUR HARD-HATS 'CAUSE THE VENGEFUL VALKYRIE IS BACK!!
EVERY MALE CHAUVINIST PIG IN THE WORLD WILL TREMBLE"
--WHEN HE SEES THE HULK HURLED TO HIS DEATH--BY A WOMAN!
THE OFFBEAT SHOCKER OF THE CENTURY!
THEY SHOOT HULKS, DON'T THEY?

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™


THEY SHOOT HULKS, DON'T THEY?
"GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR... YOUR HUDDLED MASSES YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE....!"
SO WROTE THE POET, NEARLY A CENTURY AGO.
AND SHE MEANT IT.
STILL, WE CANNOT HELP BUT DOUBT THAT THE EVER-INCREDIBLE HULK WAS EXACTLY THE "HUDDLED MASS" SHE HAD IN MIND....!
STAN LEE * ROY THOMAS
EDITOR WRITER
HERB TRIMPE and JOHN SEVERIN
ARTISTS
INSPIRED BY THE BOOK RADICAL CHIC BY TOM WOLFE
LETTERED BY A. SIMEK
617

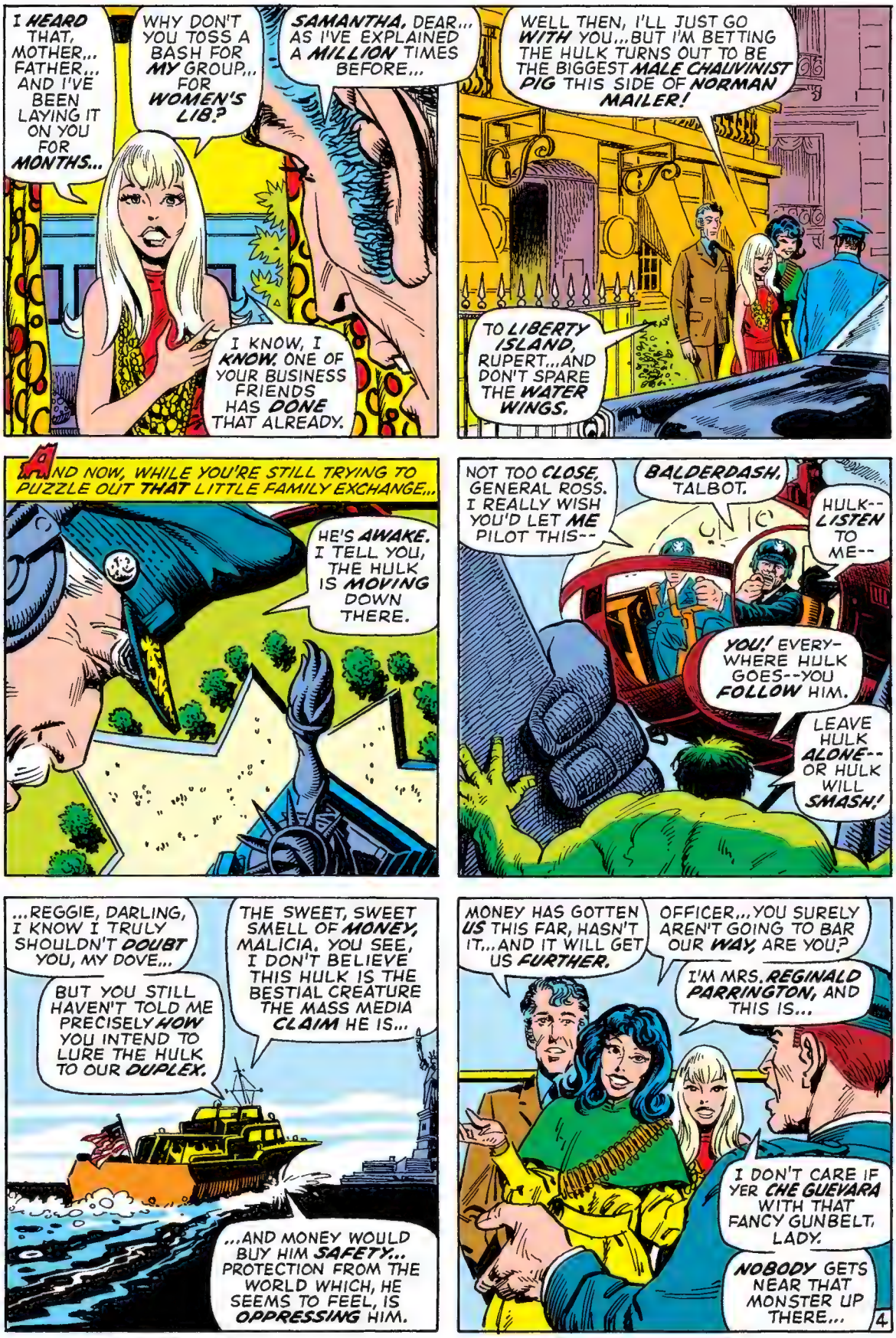
FOR THE GREAT GREEN **BEHEMOTH**, LIVING SYMBOL OF MAN'S INHUMANITY TOWARD ALL THAT IS STRANGE OR ALIEN TO HIM, IT HAS BEEN A **TIRING DAY**... FULL OF SOUND AND FURY, SIGNIFYING... **NOTHING**.

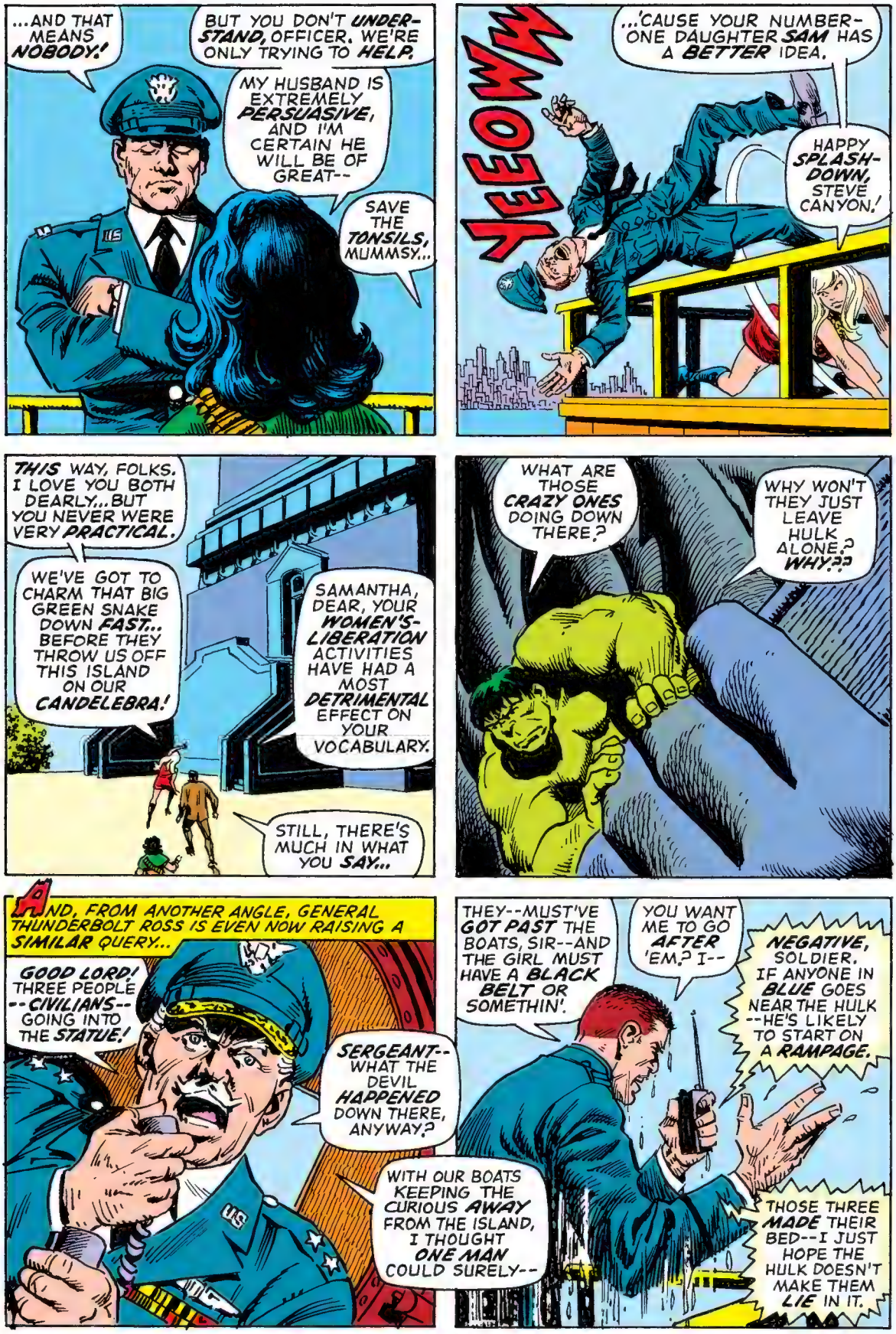




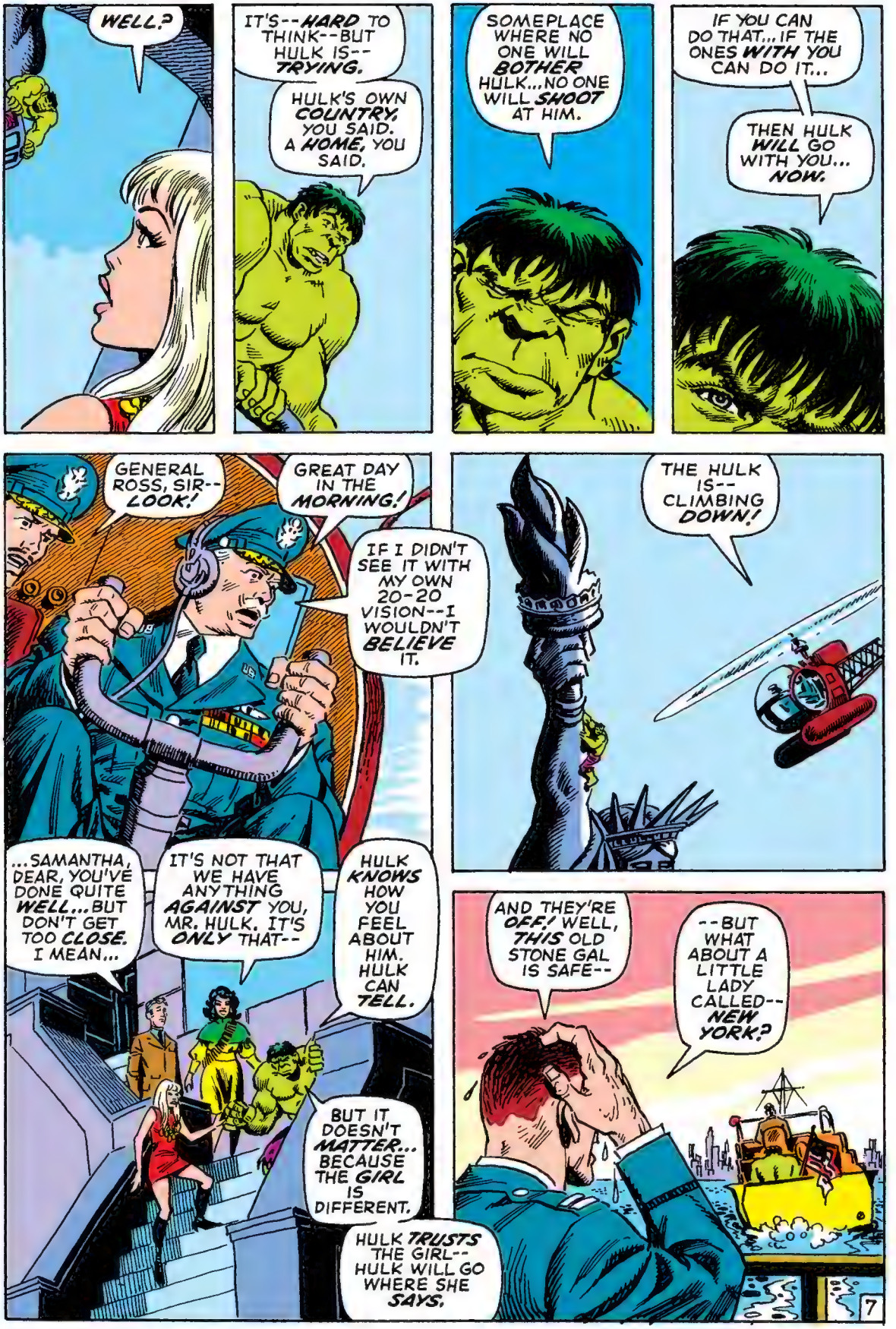
...WHEN HE CRAVES NAUGHT SAVE THE NECTAR-SWEET BOON OF **PEACE**... AND **QUIET**... AND **SLEEP**.

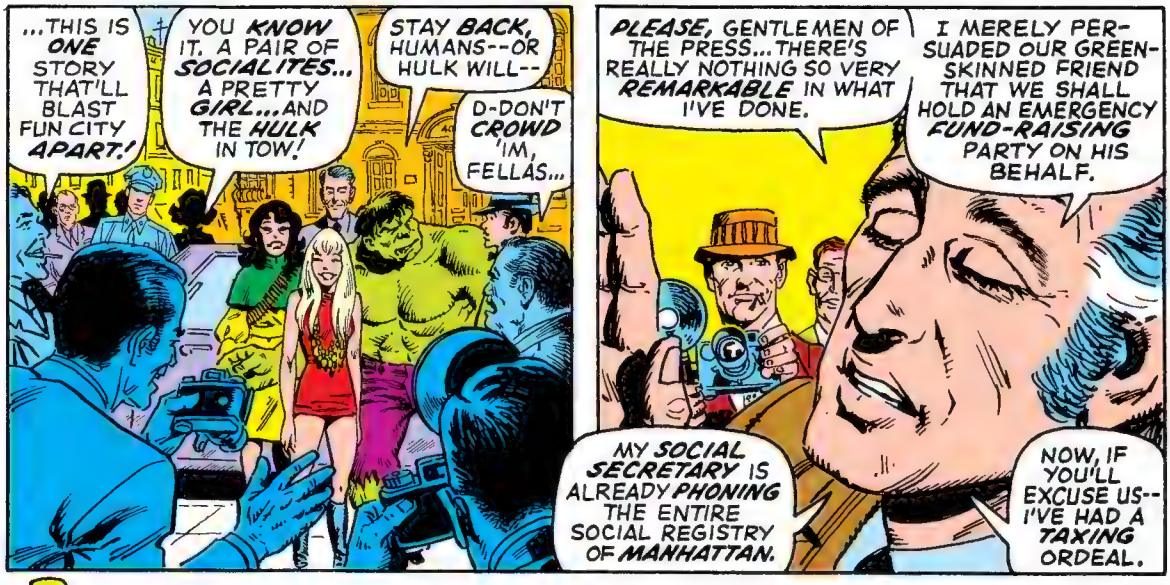
BUT, APPARENTLY, 'TIS NOT IN CHINA ALONE THAT THE DAWN CAN COME UP LIKE THUNDER...
HEY, JOE--RADIO THE CHIEF WE GOT TROUBLES.
THAT'S THE HULK UP THERE--SLEEPIN' ON TOP OF OL' LIBERTY HERSELF!
HOLD IT DOWN, PETE--NOT SO LOUD.
WAKE HIM UP, AND HE'S LIABLE TO BUST THAT THING APART.
AND, BEFORE LONG, AN ILL-KEPT SECRET IS OUT...
FIRST THE SUB-MARINER TAKES OVER PRISON ISLAND--NOW THIS.
AN' THEY ASKED ME HOW COME I MOVED TO JERSEY.
HULK ON STATU OF LIBERT
MONSTER IN APPARENT STATE OF HIBERNATION; MILITARY PUTS GUARD ON LIBERTY ISLAND
IN SOME SELECT CIRCLES, HOWEVER, FAR MORE THAN QUESTIONS ARE ALREADY BEING FORMULATED...
MALICIA, MY PET--IT WOULD APPEAR THAT OUR SOCIAL FORTUNE IS MADE.
DON'T BE A BORE, REGGIE DEAR.
WHAT EVER ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WE'VE ONLY TO REACH OUT, AND PLUCK THE GOLDEN APPLE FROM THE TREE.
HULK OF LIBE
WHY--ABOUT THE SO-CALLED HULK, OF COURSE.
EVERYONE WHO IS ANYONE THIS SEASON HAS GIVEN AT LEAST ONE FUND-RAISING PARTY FOR SOME SOCIALLY-OPPRESSED GROUP.
THE PANTHERS... THE GRAPE-PICKERS... EVEN THE FRIENDS OF THE EARTH...THEY'VE ALL BEEN DONE.
REGGIE, I DO THINK I BEGIN TO SEE A METHOD IN YOUR MADNESS.
OF COURSE, THERE IS THE LITTLE MATTER OF LURING HIM DOWN OFF THE STATUE.
WE ARE GOING TO GIVE SUCH A PARTY FOR...THE HULK!
BUT, I ALWAYS SAID IF YOU COULD GET TRUMAN CAPOTE TO AUTOGRAPH A COPY OF "THE LOVE MACHINE"--YOU CAN DO ANYTHING.
LET'S GO!
3


I HEARD THAT, MOTHER... FATHER... AND I'VE BEEN LAYING IT ON YOU FOR MONTHS...
WHY DON'T YOU TOSS A BASH FOR MY GROUP... FOR WOMEN'S LIB?
SAMANTHA, DEAR... AS I'VE EXPLAINED A MILLION TIMES BEFORE...
I KNOW, I KNOW. ONE OF YOUR BUSINESS FRIENDS HAS DONE THAT ALREADY.
WELL THEN, I'LL JUST GO WITH YOU...BUT I'M BETTING THE HULK TURNS OUT TO BE THE BIGGEST MALE CHAUVINIST PIG THIS SIDE OF NORMAN MAILER!
TO LIBERTY ISLAND, RUPERT...AND DON'T SPARE THE WATER WINGS.
AND NOW, WHILE YOU'RE STILL TRYING TO PUZZLE OUT THAT LITTLE FAMILY EXCHANGE...
HE'S AWAKE. I TELL YOU, THE HULK IS MOVING DOWN THERE.
NOT TOO CLOSE, GENERAL ROSS. I REALLY WISH YOU'D LET ME PILOT THIS--
BALDERDASH, TALBOT.
HULK-- LISTEN TO ME--
YOU! EVERY-WHERE HULK GOES--YOU FOLLOW HIM.
LEAVE HULK ALONE-- OR HULK WILL SMASH!
...REGGIE, DARLING, I KNOW I TRULY SHOULDN'T DOUBT YOU, MY DOVE...
BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME PRECISELY HOW YOU INTEND TO LURE THE HULK TO OUR DUPLEX.
THE SWEET, SWEET SMELL OF MONEY, MALICIA. YOU SEE, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS HULK IS THE BESTIAL CREATURE THE MASS MEDIA CLAIM HE IS...
...AND MONEY WOULD BUY HIM SAFETY... PROTECTION FROM THE WORLD WHICH, HE SEEMS TO FEEL, IS OPPRESSING HIM.
MONEY HAS GOTTEN US THIS FAR, HASN'T IT...AND IT WILL GET US FURTHER.
OFFICER...YOU SURELY AREN'T GOING TO BAR OUR WAY, ARE YOU?
I'M MRS. REGINALD PARRINGTON, AND THIS IS...
I DON'T CARE IF YER CHE GUEVARA WITH THAT FANCY GUNBELT, LADY.
NOBODY GETS NEAR THAT MONSTER UP THERE...
4


...AND THAT MEANS NOBODY!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, OFFICER. WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO HELP.
MY HUSBAND IS EXTREMELY PERSUASIVE, AND I'M CERTAIN HE WILL BE OF GREAT--
SAVE THE TONSILS, MUMMSY...
MEOW
...'CAUSE YOUR NUMBER-ONE DAUGHTER SAM HAS A BETTER IDEA.
HAPPY SPLASH-DOWN, STEVE CANYON.!
THIS WAY, FOLKS. I LOVE YOU BOTH DEARLY... BUT YOU NEVER WERE VERY PRACTICAL.
WE'VE GOT TO CHARM THAT BIG GREEN SNAKE DOWN FAST... BEFORE THEY THROW US OFF THIS ISLAND ON OUR CANDELEBRA!
SAMANTHA, DEAR, YOUR WOMEN'S-LIBERATION ACTIVITIES HAVE HAD A MOST DETRIMENTAL EFFECT ON YOUR VOCABULARY.
STILL, THERE'S MUCH IN WHAT YOU SAY...
WHAT ARE THOSE CRAZY ONES DOING DOWN THERE?
WHY WON'T THEY JUST LEAVE HULK ALONE? WHY???
AND, FROM ANOTHER ANGLE, GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS IS EVEN NOW RAISING A SIMILAR QUERY...
GOOD LORD! THREE PEOPLE --CIVILIANS-- GOING INTO THE STATUE!
SERGEANT-- WHAT THE DEVIL HAPPENED DOWN THERE, ANYWAY?
WITH OUR BOATS KEEPING THE CURIOUS AWAY FROM THE ISLAND, I THOUGHT ONE MAN COULD SURELY--
THEY--MUST'VE GOT PAST THE BOATS, SIR--AND THE GIRL MUST HAVE A BLACK BELT OR SOMETHIN'.
YOU WANT ME TO GO AFTER 'EM.? I--
NEGATIVE, SOLDIER. IF ANYONE IN BLUE GOES NEAR THE HULK --HE'S LIKELY TO START ON A RAMPAGE.
THOSE THREE MADE THEIR BED--I JUST HOPE THE HULK DOESN'T MAKE THEM LIE IN IT.

OH DEAR... I'M AFRAID THIS CROWN IS AS CLOSE AS WE CAN GET, NOW THAT THAT BRUTE HAS CLIMBED UP TO THE TORCH.
I READ SOMEPLACE THAT THE TORCH IS IN DANGER OF COLLAPSING, AND...
THEN I'LL SPEAK TO HIM FROM HERE, MALICIA-- IF YOU'LL ONLY STAND ASIDE.
S-SAY THERE, UH--HULK--
COULD YOU--ER--PERHAPS COME DOWN HERE A MOMENT? I'D LIKE TO--
I THINK HE HEARS YOU, REGGIE.
YES--HULK HEARS--BUT HULK STAYS WHERE HE IS.
EVERYWHERE HULK GOES, HUMANS TRY TO TRICK HIM--THEN HURT HIM.
NOW GO! THIS STATUE IS HULK'S NOW--HULK LIKES IT--
--AND HULK WILL KEEP IT!
DADSY, WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME... AND YOU'RE STILL IN STRIKE-OUT CITY.
HOW ABOUT LETTING ME GIVE IT A WHIRL?
ER... IT APPEARS USELESS, MY DEAR, BUT... STILL...
HULK--LISTEN TO ME--MY NAME IS SAMANTHA!
I--I DON'T KNOW YOU--BUT I'VE READ ABOUT YOU--AND THE RAW DEAL YOU ALWAYS GET--
--AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU TRULY WANT.
YOU NEED YOUR OWN COUNTRY, HULK--A PLACE YOU CAN REALLY CALL HOME.
NOT HERE--WHERE SOLDIERS AND POLICE'LL NEVER GIVE YOU A MINUTE'S PEACE--
--BUT SOME TURF ALL YOUR OWN--ONE THE WORLD KNOWS IS YOURS.
MY FOLKS CAN FIX THAT FOR YOU. THEY REALLY CAN.
THINK ABOUT IT, HULK. JUST... THINK ABOUT IT.
6

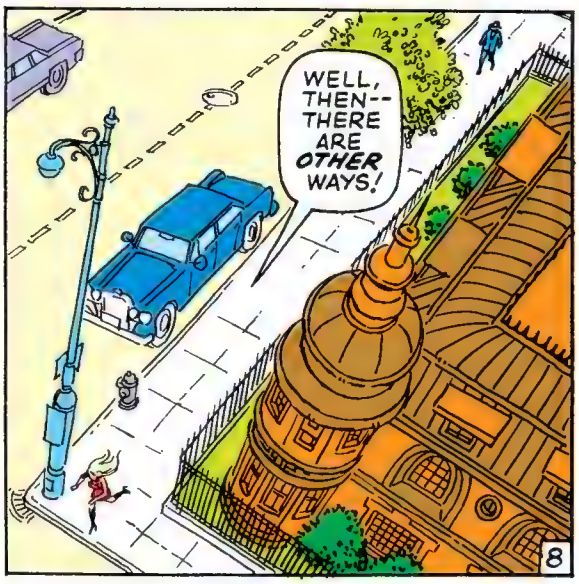

WELL?
IT'S--HARD TO THINK--BUT HULK IS--TRYING.
HULK'S OWN COUNTRY, YOU SAID. A HOME, YOU SAID.
SOMEPLACE WHERE NO ONE WILL BOTHER HULK...NO ONE WILL SHOOT AT HIM.
IF YOU CAN DO THAT...IF THE ONES WITH YOU CAN DO IT...
THEN HULK WILL GO WITH YOU...NOW.
GENERAL ROSS, SIR--LOOK!
GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING!
IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN 20-20 VISION--I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT.
THE HULK IS--CLIMBING DOWN!
...SAMANTHA, DEAR, YOU'VE DONE QUITE WELL...BUT DON'T GET TOO CLOSE. I MEAN...
IT'S NOT THAT WE HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU, MR. HULK. IT'S ONLY THAT--
HULK KNOWS HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT HIM. HULK CAN TELL.
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER...BECAUSE THE GIRL IS DIFFERENT.
HULK TRUSTS THE GIRL--HULK WILL GO WHERE SHE SAYS.
AND THEY'RE OFF! WELL, THIS OLD STONE GAL IS SAFE--
--BUT WHAT ABOUT A LITTLE LADY CALLED--NEW YORK?


...THIS IS ONE STORY THAT'LL BLAST FUN CITY APART!
YOU KNOW IT. A PAIR OF SOCIALITES... A PRETTY GIRL... AND THE HULK IN TOW!
STAY BACK, HUMANS--OR HULK WILL--
D-DON'T CROWD 'IM, FELLAS...
PLEASE, GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS... THERE'S REALLY NOTHING SO VERY REMARKABLE IN WHAT I'VE DONE.
I MERELY PERSUADED OUR GREEN-SKINNED FRIEND THAT WE SHALL HOLD AN EMERGENCY FUND-RAISING PARTY ON HIS BEHALF.
MY SOCIAL SECRETARY IS ALREADY PHONING THE ENTIRE SOCIAL REGISTRY OF MANHATTAN.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US--I'VE HAD A TAXING ORDEAL.

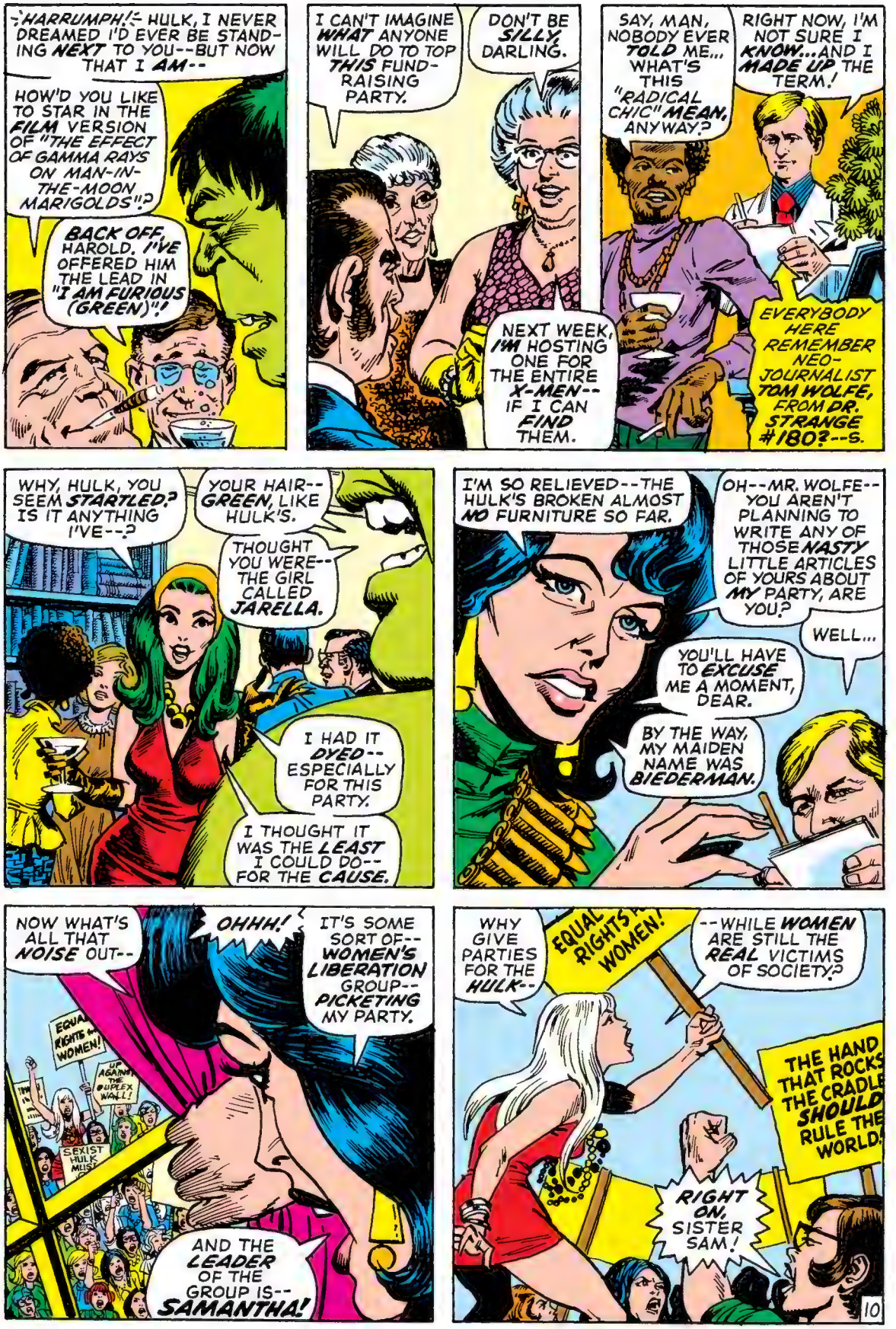
BUT, IF REGINALD PARRINGTON THOUGHT THAT ORDEAL WAS TAXING--
HOW COULD YOU, DADDY? YOU TOOK CREDIT FOR EVERYTHING.
NOW, NOW--BE FAIR, MY PET.
AFTER ALL, SEEKING OUT THE HULK WAS MY IDEA, AFTER ALL.

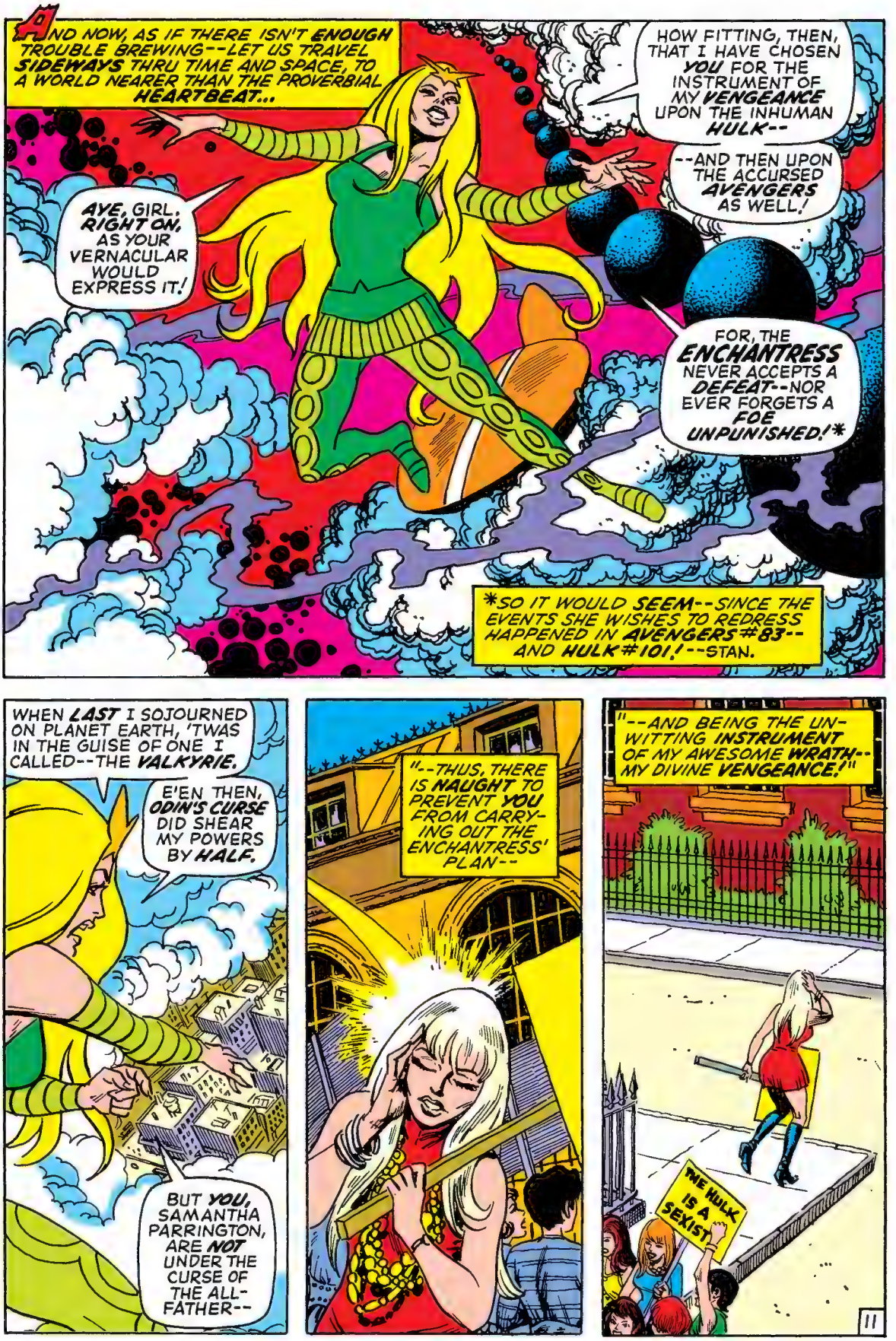
YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THE HULK. YOU JUST WANT TO EXPLOIT HIM--GET YOUR NAME IN THE PAPERS.
IT IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS, MY DEAR.
NOW, ER...HULK... IF YOU'LL JUST COME UP TO OUR SUITE...
YES--IF THE GIRL SAYS SO.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. MY OWN FOLKS--PLAYING FIREMAN ON THE SOCIAL LADDER.
ONE WORD FROM ME TO THE HULK--AND I COULD BRING DOWN THE WHOLE THING LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS.
BUT--THAT MIGHT ENDANGER THEM--THE WHOLE CITY.


WELL, THEN--THERE ARE OTHER WAYS!

RADICAL CHIC*! A NEW PHENOMENON IS ABROAD IN THE LAND--AS PARK AVENUE LIBERALS AND FIFTH AVENUE FIREBRANDS UNITE IN A VERITABLE ORGY OF PARTY-GIVING AND FUND-GATHERING FOR THEIR FAVORITE CAUSES CELEBRE--AND A FEW CAUSES NOT SO CELEBRATED.
AND, WHAT CAUSE COULD BE MORE NOTORIOUS--WHAT ONE-MAN MINORITY GROUP MORE PUT-UPON--THAN THE GRIM, GREEN-HUED HULK--HE ABOUT WHOM THE SOCIALLY-AWARE SET CLUSTER THIS EVENING IN THE PARRINGTONS' CROWDED DUPLEX.!
ISN'T HE SIMPLY DIVINE? THIS IS THE BEST PARTY YET.
I JUST DON'T SEE HOW THE ARMY CAN GO ON PERSECUTING HIM THAT WAY--
YES--JUST BECAUSE HE TEARS DOWN AN OLD BUILDING NOW AND THEN.
WHERE IS THE GIRL? THE ONE WHO BROUGHT HULK HERE?
IF THIS IS ALL A TRAP, HULK WILL SMASH--SMASH YOU ALL.!
ISN'T HE JUST ADORABLE, LIZABETH? HE'S BEEN SAYING THAT ALL DAY.
OF COURSE, HE REALLY DOESN'T MEAN A WORD OF IT.
*CHIC--PRONOUNCED SHEEK. --STAN.
9


HARRUMPH!-- HULK, I NEVER DREAMED I'D EVER BE STANDING NEXT TO YOU--BUT NOW THAT I AM--
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO STAR IN THE FILM VERSION OF "THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS"?
BACK OFF, HAROLD. I'VE OFFERED HIM THE LEAD IN "I AM FURIOUS (GREEN)"!
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT ANYONE WILL DO TO TOP THIS FUND-RAISING PARTY.
DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING.
NEXT WEEK, I'M HOSTING ONE FOR THE ENTIRE X-MEN--IF I CAN FIND THEM.
SAY, MAN, NOBODY EVER TOLD ME... WHAT'S THIS "RADICAL CHIC" MEAN, ANYWAY?
RIGHT NOW, I'M NOT SURE I KNOW...AND I MADE UP THE TERM!
EVERYBODY HERE REMEMBER NEO-JOURNALIST TOM WOLFE, FROM DR. STRANGE #180?--S.
WHY, HULK, YOU SEEM STARTLED? IS IT ANYTHING I'VE--?
YOUR HAIR--GREEN, LIKE HULK'S.
THOUGHT YOU WERE--THE GIRL CALLED JARELLA.
I HAD IT DYED--ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PARTY.
I THOUGHT IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO--FOR THE CAUSE.
I'M SO RELIEVED--THE HULK'S BROKEN ALMOST NO FURNITURE SO FAR.
OH--MR. WOLFE--YOU AREN'T PLANNING TO WRITE ANY OF THOSE NASTY LITTLE ARTICLES OF YOURS ABOUT MY PARTY, ARE YOU?
WELL...
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, DEAR.
BY THE WAY, MY MAIDEN NAME WAS BIEDERMAN.
NOW WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE OUT--
OHHH!
IT'S SOME SORT OF--WOMEN'S LIBERATION GROUP--PICKETING MY PARTY.
EQUAL RIGHTS for WOMEN!
UP AGAINST THE DUPLEX WALL!
SEXIST HULK MEISE
AND THE LEADER OF THE GROUP IS--SAMANTHA!
WHY GIVE PARTIES FOR THE HULK--
EQUAL RIGHTS for WOMEN!
--WHILE WOMEN ARE STILL THE REAL VICTIMS OF SOCIETY?
THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE SHOULD RULE THE WORLD!
RIGHT ON, SISTER SAM!


AND NOW, AS IF THERE ISN'T ENOUGH TROUBLE BREWING--LET US TRAVEL SIDEWAYS THRU TIME AND SPACE, TO A WORLD NEARER THAN THE PROVERBIAL HEARTBEAT...
HOW FITTING, THEN, THAT I HAVE CHOSEN YOU FOR THE INSTRUMENT OF MY VENGEANCE UPON THE INHUMAN HULK--
--AND THEN UPON THE ACCURSED AVENGERS AS WELL!
AYE, GIRL, RIGHT ON, AS YOUR VERNACULAR WOULD EXPRESS IT!
FOR, THE ENCHANTRESS NEVER ACCEPTS A DEFEAT--NOR EVER FORGETS A FOE UNPUNISHED!*
*SO IT WOULD SEEM--SINCE THE EVENTS SHE WISHES TO REDRESS HAPPENED IN AVENGERS #83--AND HULK #101!--STAN.
WHEN LAST I SOJOURNED ON PLANET EARTH, 'TWAS IN THE GUISE OF ONE I CALLED--THE VALKYRIE.
E'EN THEN, ODIN'S CURSE DID SHEAR MY POWERS BY HALF.
BUT YOU, SAMANTHA PARRINGTON, ARE NOT UNDER THE CURSE OF THE ALL-FATHER--
"--THUS, THERE IS NAUGHT TO PREVENT YOU FROM CARRYING OUT THE ENCHANTRESS' PLAN--
"--AND BEING THE UNWITTING INSTRUMENT OF MY AWESOME WRATH--MY DIVINE VENGEANCE!"
THE HULK IS A SEXIST
11

"WALK LIKE A LIVING **ZOMBIE** THRU THE HEART OF A TEEMING CITY-- TOWARD THAT SITE WHICH HAS BEEN **CHOSEN**--

"--THE SITE WHICH IS, BY FATE OR FORTUNE, AT THAT VERY POINT IN TIME AND SPACE WHERE OUR TWO WORLDS DO LIGHTLY **MEET**--

"NOW, SPEAK THEE THE **WORD** WHICH I HAVE LIGHTLY WHISPERED-- THE WORD WHICH HAS BEEN **SEARED** UPON YOUR EARTHLY LIPS--

VALHALLA!

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN!

12

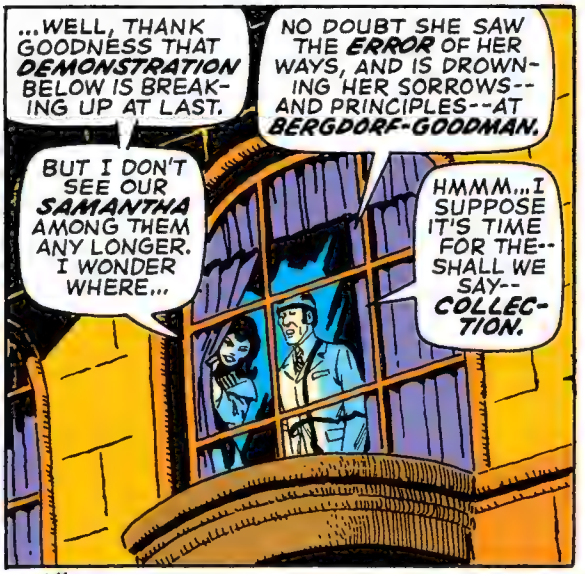
"--AND YOU SHALL KNOW THE **TRUEST** LIBERATION WHICH MAN **OR** WOMAN MAY EVER SEE--

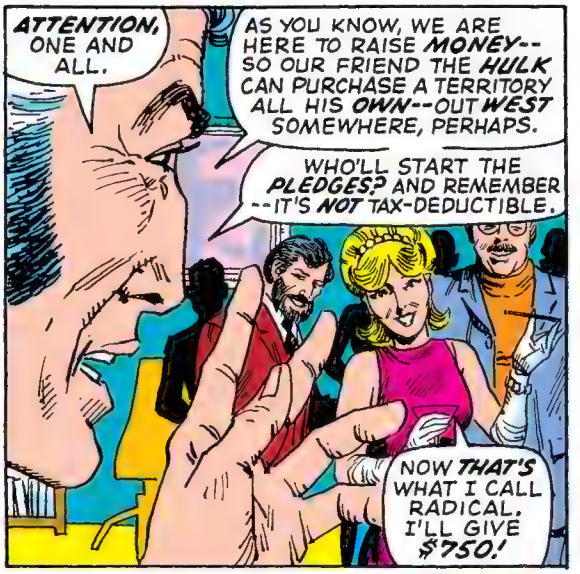
EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN!

"--WHEN YOU ARE NO MORE **SAMANTHA PARRINGTON**-- BUT RATHER, THE VENGEFUL **VALKYRIE!**"

13

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE PARTY...
I'VE WORKED HARD... TAKEN PLENTY OF GAMBLES TO GET WHERE I AM TODAY.
RODE THE RAILS DURING THE DEPRESSION... BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A GAMBLING MAN DOWN.
WORLD WAR II CAME, I GOT INTO MUNITIONS--JUST WHEN EVERYBODY ELSE SAID TO GET OUT.
IN '70, THE STOCK MARKET PLUNGED--MY BROKER SAID SELL--I KEPT RIGHT ON BUYING.
THE SPACE PROGRAM FALTERED--I WENT RIGHT OUT AND BOUGHT A SPACE ELECTRONICS FIRM.
--THEN LAST YEAR I WON A MILLION DOLLARS IN THE STATE LOTTERY.


...WELL, THANK GOODNESS THAT DEMONSTRATION BELOW IS BREAKING UP AT LAST.
NO DOUBT SHE SAW THE ERROR OF HER WAYS, AND IS DROWNING HER SORROWS--AND PRINCIPLES--AT BERGDORF-GOODMAN.
BUT I DON'T SEE OUR SAMANTHA AMONG THEM ANY LONGER. I WONDER WHERE...
HMMM...I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME FOR THE--SHALL WE SAY--COLLECTION.

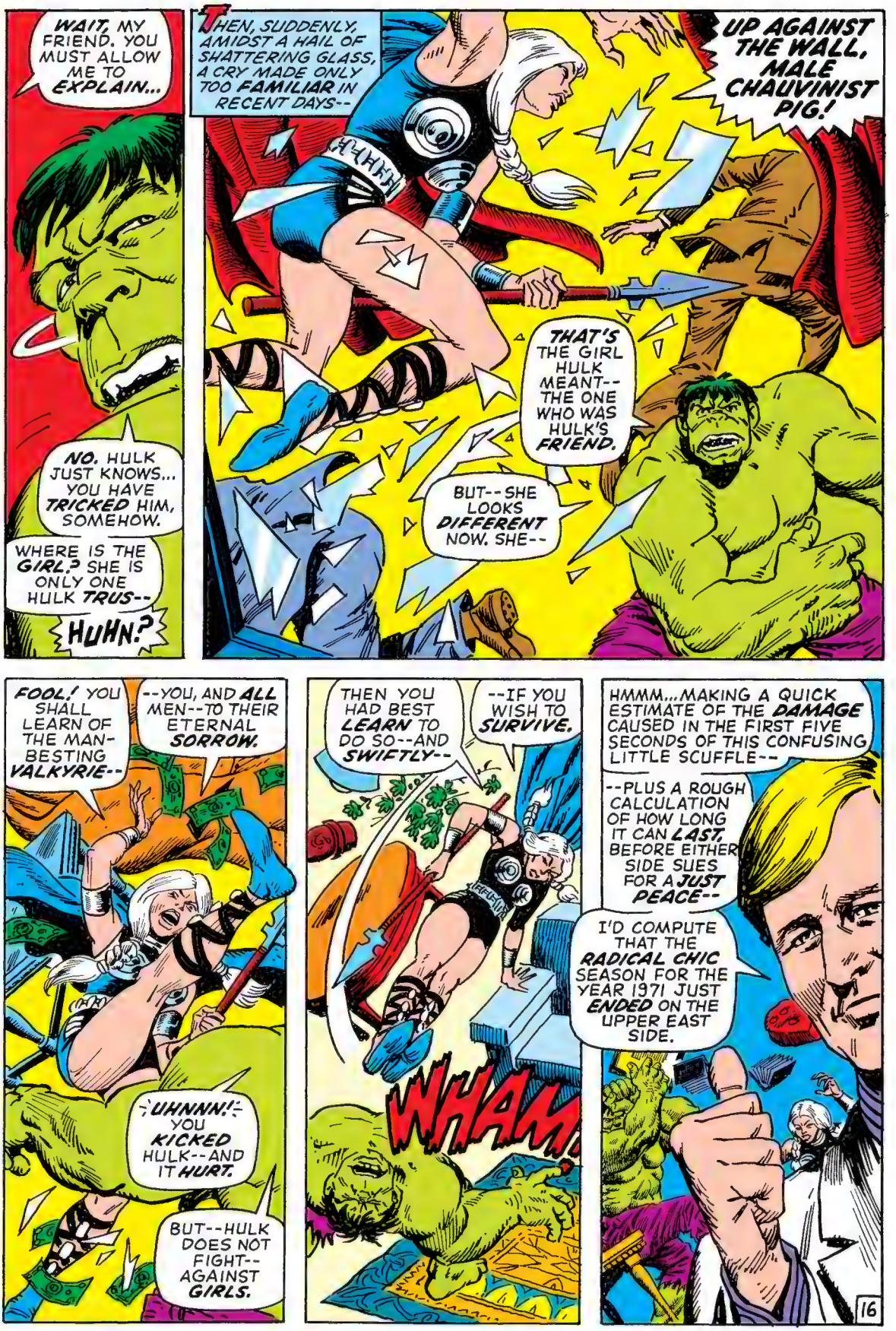

ATTENTION, ONE AND ALL.
AS YOU KNOW, WE ARE HERE TO RAISE MONEY--SO OUR FRIEND THE HULK CAN PURCHASE A TERRITORY ALL HIS OWN--OUT WEST SOMEWHERE, PERHAPS.
WHO'LL START THE PLEDGES? AND REMEMBER--IT'S NOT TAX-DEDUCTIBLE.
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL RADICAL. I'LL GIVE $750!

AND, IN APPROXIMATELY TWO SHAKES OF A SHEEP'S FLEECE--
MY HEAVENS! MORE THAN $100,000 IN CASH AND CHECKS!
I ONLY HOPE HE REMEMBERS TO TELL THE REPORTERS WHO RAISED IT FOR HIM.
WELL, UH--HULK--HERE IT IS, JUST AS WE PROMISED.
THIS IS--YOUR PERMANENT FREEDOM.

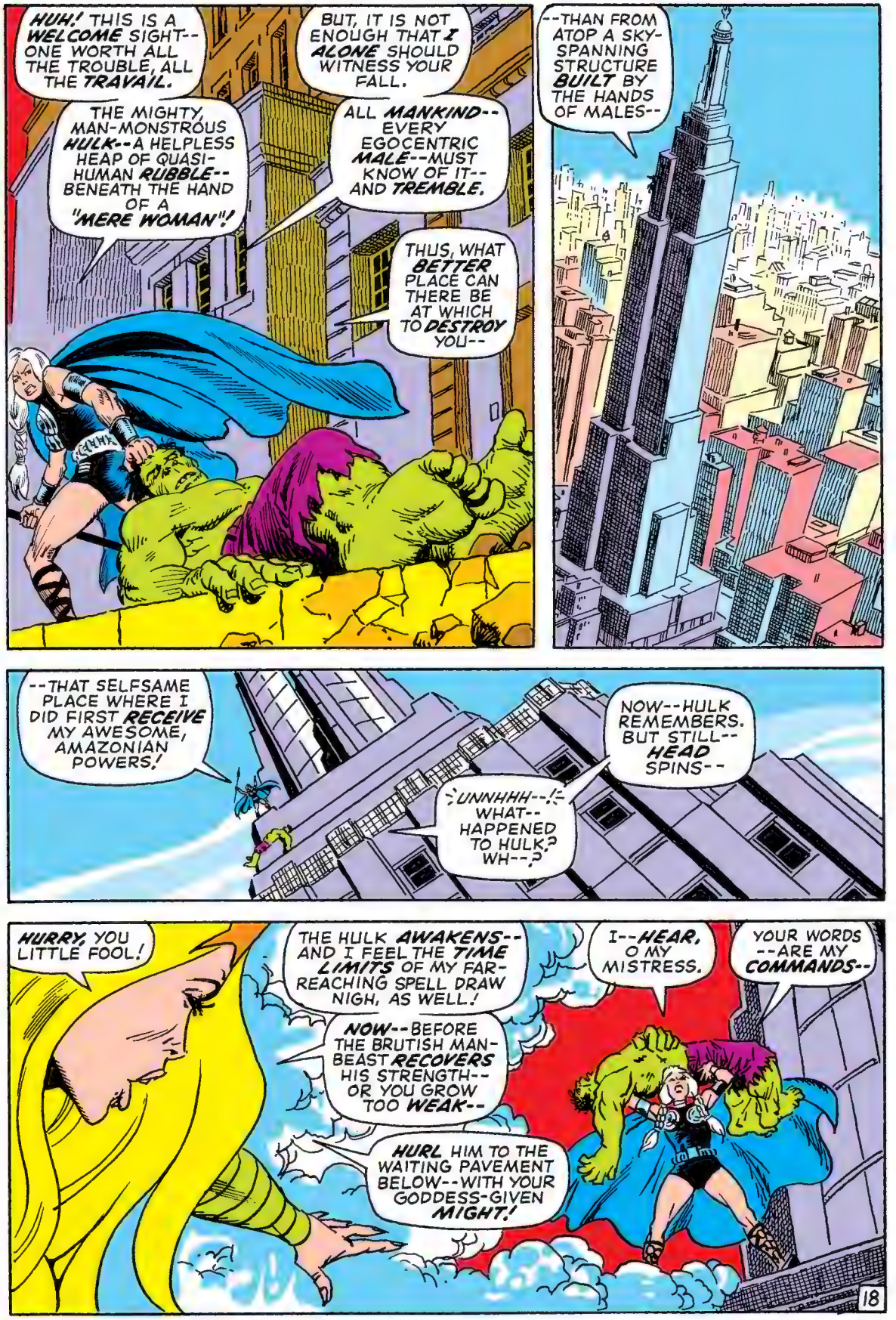
THIS? HULK--DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.
THIS IS JUST MONEY--MONEY AND PAPER.

WHAT HAS THE HULK TO DO--

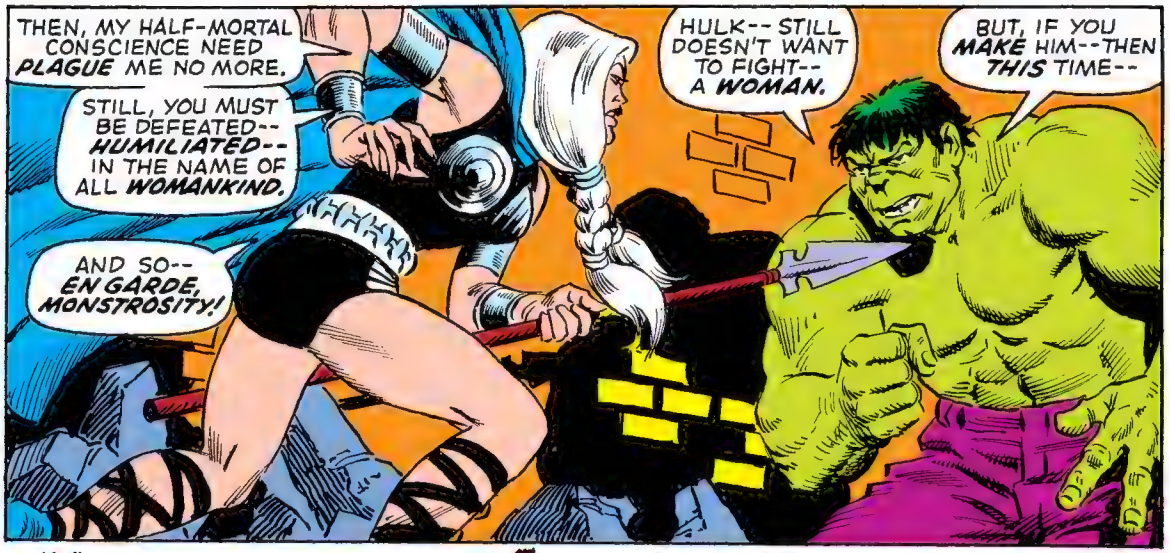
--WITH SCRAPS OF PAPER?

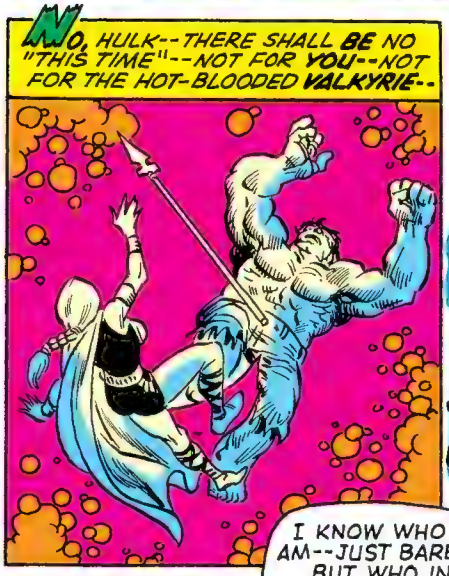

WAIT, MY FRIEND. YOU MUST ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN...
NO. HULK JUST KNOWS... YOU HAVE TRICKED HIM, SOMEHOW.
WHERE IS THE GIRL? SHE IS ONLY ONE HULK TRUS--
HUHN?
THEN, SUDDENLY, AMIDST A HAIL OF SHATTERING GLASS, A CRY MADE ONLY TOO FAMILIAR IN RECENT DAYS--
UP AGAINST THE WALL, MALE CHAUVINIST PIG!
THAT'S THE GIRL HULK MEANT-- THE ONE WHO WAS HULK'S FRIEND.
BUT--SHE LOOKS DIFFERENT NOW. SHE--
FOOL! YOU SHALL LEARN OF THE MAN-BESTING VALKYRIE--
--YOU, AND ALL MEN--TO THEIR ETERNAL SORROW.
UHNNN! YOU KICKED HULK--AND IT HURT.
BUT--HULK DOES NOT FIGHT-- AGAINST GIRLS.
THEN YOU HAD BEST LEARN TO DO SO--AND SWIFTLY--
--IF YOU WISH TO SURVIVE.
WHAM!
HMMM...MAKING A QUICK ESTIMATE OF THE DAMAGE CAUSED IN THE FIRST FIVE SECONDS OF THIS CONFUSING LITTLE SCUFFLE--
--PLUS A ROUGH CALCULATION OF HOW LONG IT CAN LAST, BEFORE EITHER SIDE SUES FOR A JUST PEACE--
I'D COMPUTE THAT THE RADICAL CHIC SEASON FOR THE YEAR 1971 JUST ENDED ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE.
16

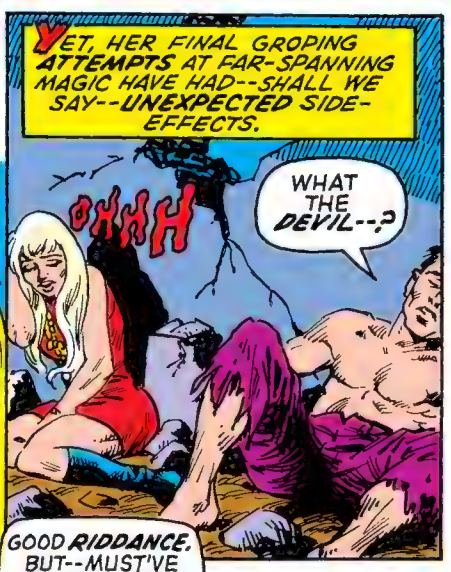
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO--HULK STILL WON'T HIT A GIRL.
BUT, HULK WILL DO--THIS.
SEXIST SWINE! IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN ONE FALL TO DEFEAT THE VALKYRIE.
YOU CALL HULK STRANGE NAMES--NAMES HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.
BUT, HULK WILL STILL WIN. HULK ALWAYS WINS.
WELL, REGGIE, THAT'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOT US INTO.
NOW, HOW DO WE GET THEM OUT OF HERE?
JUST THEN, HOWEVER, THE ENTIRE MATTER BECOMES RATHER ACADEMIC, AS--
BRAAK!
NOW THAT WE'RE IN THE OPEN, HULK CAN LEAVE.
WAIT, GREEN ONE. I SEE NOW THE RASH FOLLY OF MY WAYS.
LET US PART NOT AS FOES--BUT AS FRIENDS.
HUH? THAT SOUNDS GOOD TO HULK--BUT WHY--?
THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE.
I WANTED YOU TO LET ME GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO YOU--
--SO THAT I MIGHT TOUCH A CERTAIN PRESSURE-POINT ON YOUR NECK--AND GAIN THE DAY'S VICTORY.
UNNHH
17

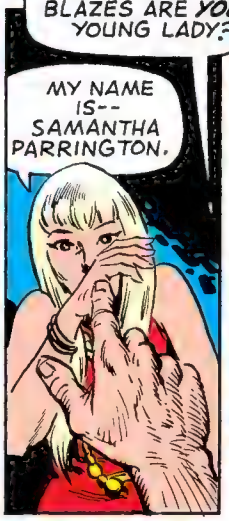

HUH! THIS IS A WELCOME SIGHT--ONE WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE, ALL THE TRAVAIL.
BUT, IT IS NOT ENOUGH THAT I ALONE SHOULD WITNESS YOUR FALL.
THE MIGHTY, MAN-MONSTROUS HULK--A HELPLESS HEAP OF QUASI-HUMAN RUBBLE--BENEATH THE HAND OF A "MERE WOMAN"!
ALL MANKIND--EVERY EGOCENTRIC MALE--MUST KNOW OF IT--AND TREMBLE.
THUS, WHAT BETTER PLACE CAN THERE BE AT WHICH TO DESTROY YOU--
--THAN FROM ATOP A SKY-SPANNING STRUCTURE BUILT BY THE HANDS OF MALES--
--THAT SELFSAME PLACE WHERE I DID FIRST RECEIVE MY AWESOME, AMAZONIAN POWERS!
NOW--HULK REMEMBERS. BUT STILL--HEAD SPINS--
:UNNHHH--!: WHAT--HAPPENED TO HULK? WH--?
HURRY, YOU LITTLE FOOL!
THE HULK AWAKENS--AND I FEEL THE TIME LIMITS OF MY FAR-REACHING SPELL DRAW NIGH, AS WELL!
NOW--BEFORE THE BRUTISH MAN-BEAST RECOVERS HIS STRENGTH--OR YOU GROW TOO WEAK--
HURL HIM TO THE WAITING PAVEMENT BELOW--WITH YOUR GODDESS-GIVEN MIGHT!
I--HEAR, O MY MISTRESS.
YOUR WORDS --ARE MY COMMANDS--

COMMANDS--WHICH THE VALKYRIE OBEYS!
YET, EVEN AS SHE SPEAKS THUS--EVEN AS SHE VIEWS THE HULK'S GREAT FORM, CASCADING OUTWARD AND SICKENING DOWNWARD--
NO! WHAT--WHAT HAVE I DONE?
THERE IS A MAN--A HUMAN BEING--WITHIN THAT GROTESQUE GREEN SHELL--
AND I HAVE--KILLED HIM!
THUS DOES THE STILL, SMALL VOICE OF SOMETHING HUMAN--SOMETHING MORTAL--CRY OUT WITHIN THE BREAST OF THE TORTURED WARRIOR-MAID--
BUT, PERHAPS IT IS FAR TOO LITTLE--AND FAR TOO LATE.
ONE LAST, MIGHTY LEAP--WITH POWERS OF WHICH SAMANTHA PARRINGTON WOULD NE'ER HAVE DREAMT, AND--
DID--DID THE HULK SURVIVE SOMEHOW--OR IS HE--?
FOR THE SAKE OF MY OWN SANITY, I MUST--
HOLD!
YES, GIRL. THE HULK LIVES! NOTHING CAN HARM HULK--
--LEAST OF ALL, THE HAND OF A WOMAN!
YOU! YOU'RE ALIVE!
19


THEN, MY HALF-MORTAL CONSCIENCE NEED PLAGUE ME NO MORE.
STILL, YOU MUST BE DEFEATED--HUMILIATED--IN THE NAME OF ALL WOMANKIND.
AND SO--EN GARDE, MONSTROSITY!
HULK--STILL DOESN'T WANT TO FIGHT--A WOMAN.
BUT, IF YOU MAKE HIM--THEN THIS TIME--







NEXT: AT LAST--DOCTOR DOOM!

INCREDIBLE HULK
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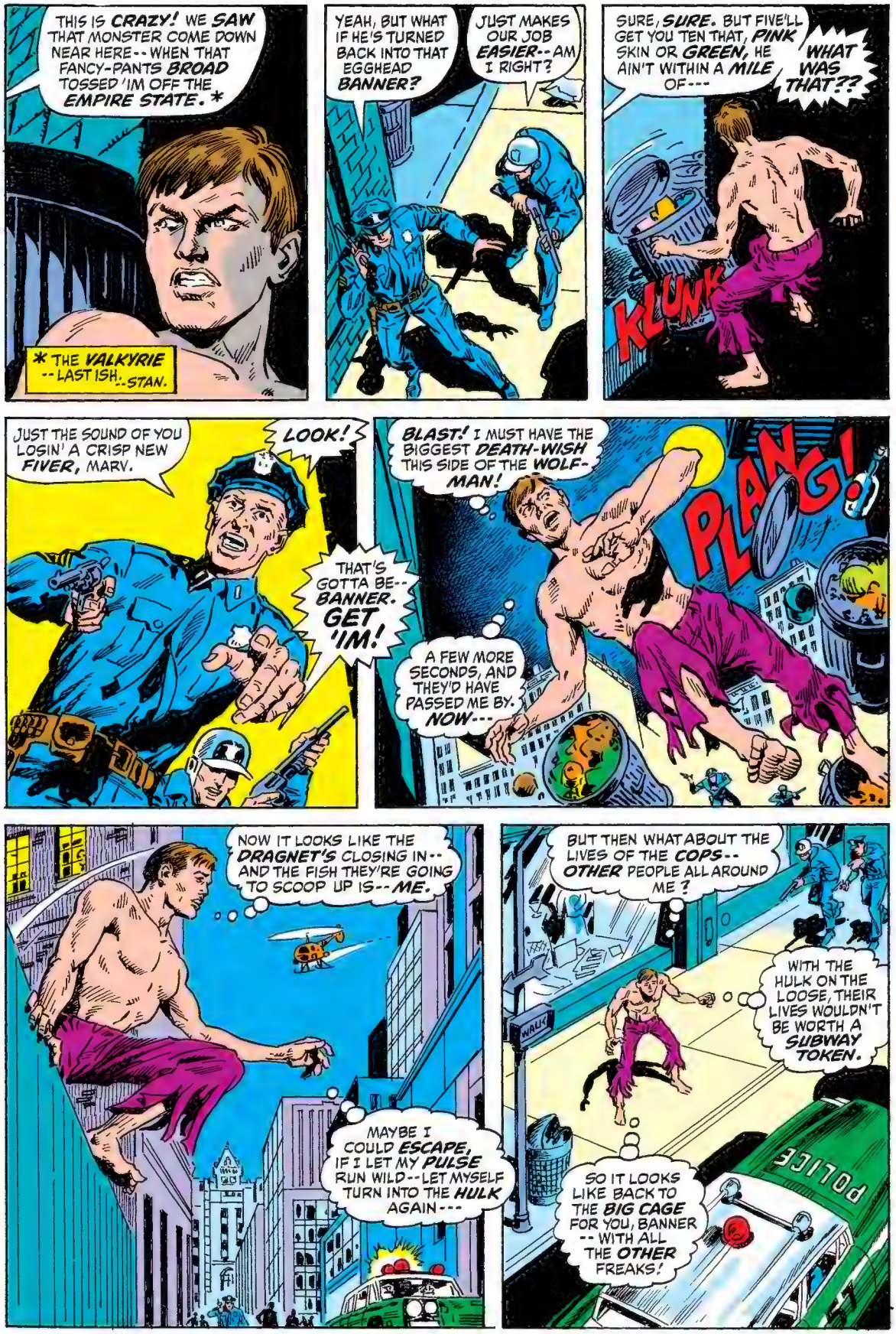
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
AT LAST!
DOCTOR DOOM!
MARVEL COMICS GROUP

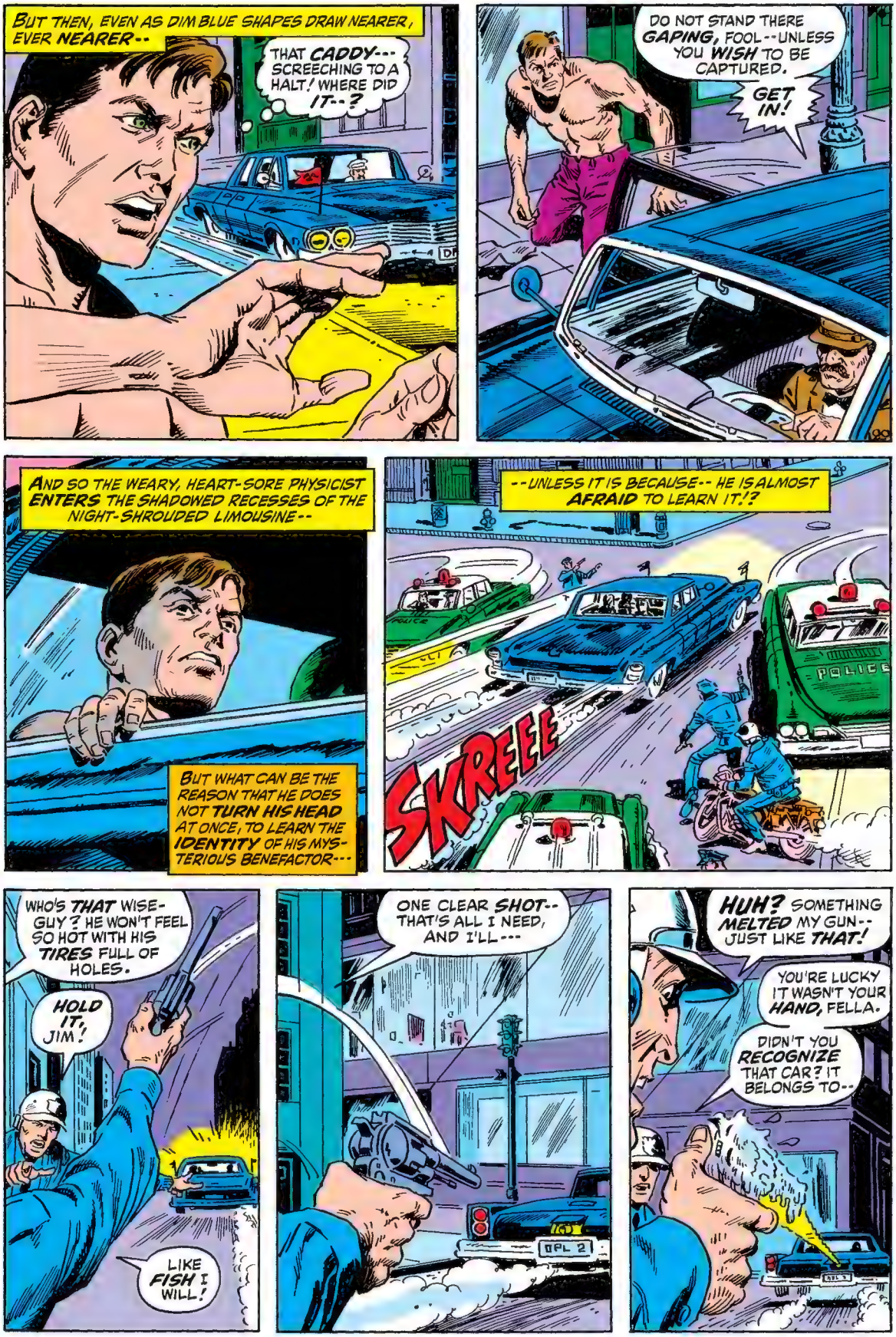
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

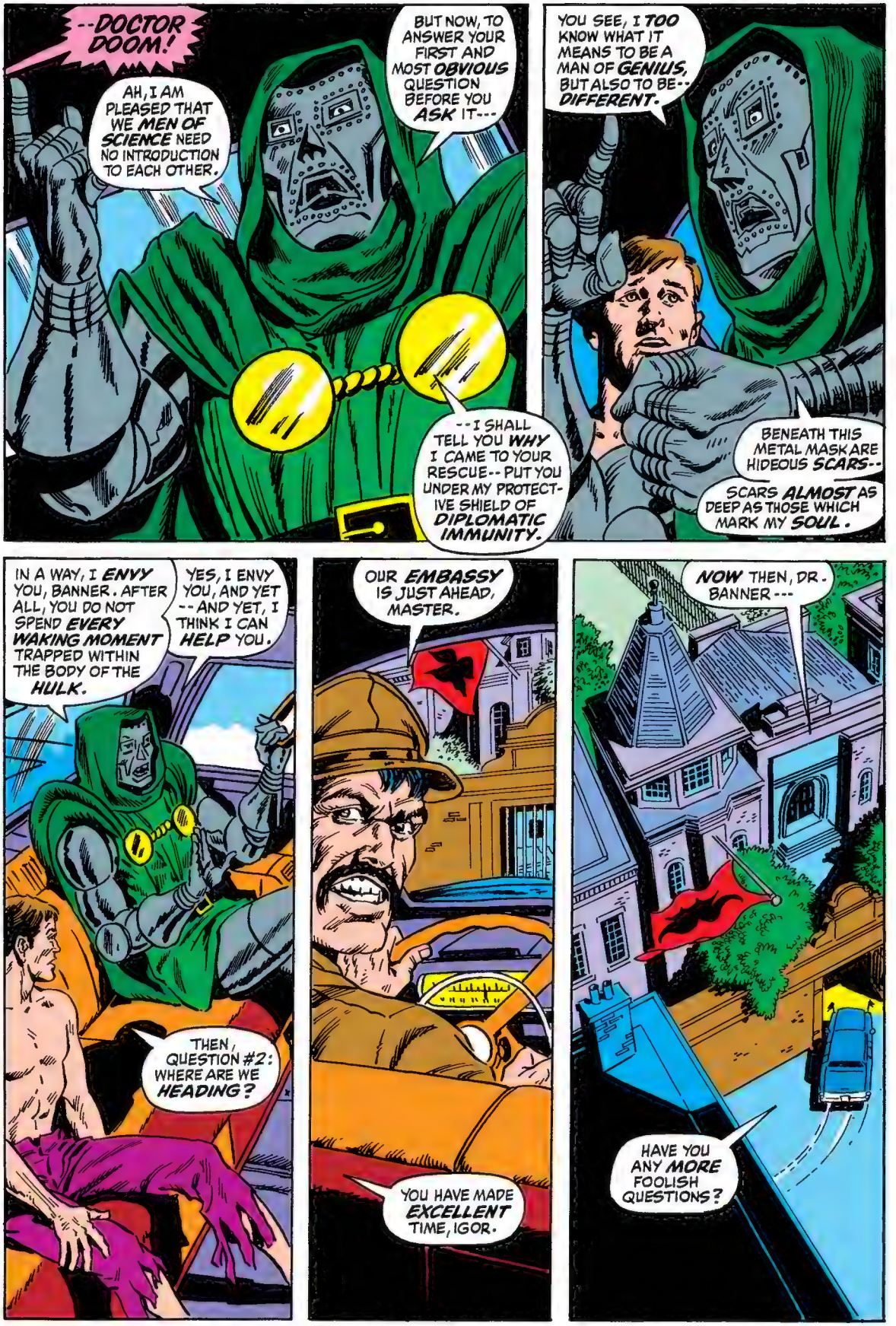
STAN LEE EDITOR * ROY THOMAS WRITER * DICK AYERS ARTIST * JOHN SEVERIN EMBELLISHER * SAM ROSEN LETTERER

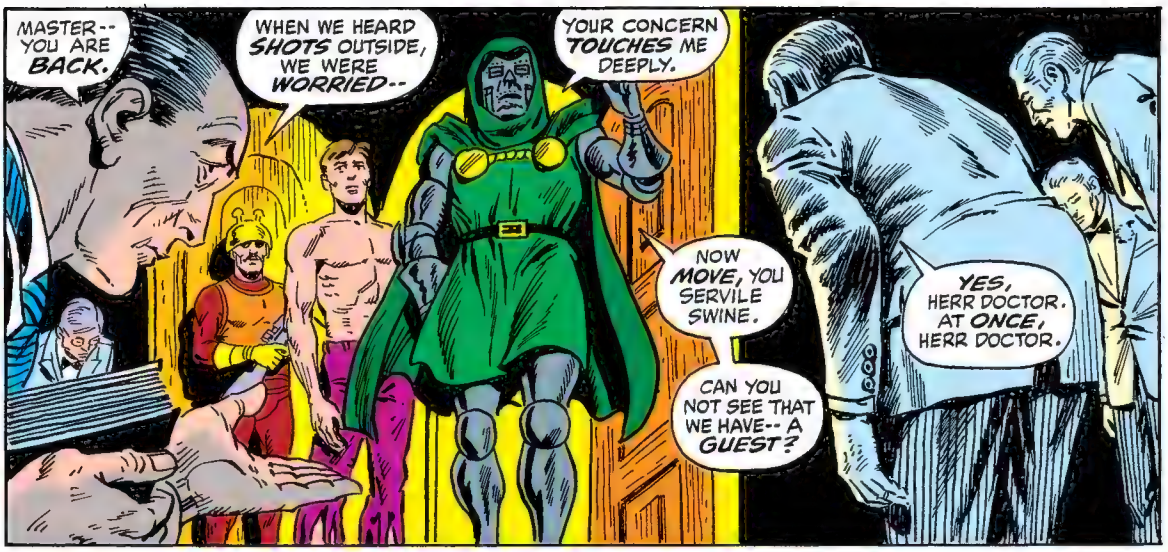
SANCTUARY!*

--DEFINITION--
deja vu: THE SENSATION OF HAVING SEEN OR EXPERIENCED SOMETHING AT A PREVIOUS TIME.
--EXAMPLE--
THE HULK IS LOOSE IN NEW YORK CITY!
HE'S GOT TO BE HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE! GET HIM! FIND THE HULK!
WHY? WHY MUST I ALWAYS BE HOUNDED--HUNTED DOWN LIKE SOME WILD ANIMAL?
MUST BRUCE BANNER LIVE--AND DIE--IN THE DEADLY SHADOW OF THE ONE CALLED--THE HULK??
*WITH APOLOGIES TO WILLIAM FAULKNER. --R.T.
625


THIS IS CRAZY! WE SAW THAT MONSTER COME DOWN NEAR HERE--WHEN THAT FANCY-PANTS BROAD TOSSED 'IM OFF THE EMPIRE STATE.*
* THE VALKYRIE --LAST ISH.--STAN.
YEAH, BUT WHAT IF HE'S TURNED BACK INTO THAT EGGHEAD BANNER?
JUST MAKES OUR JOB EASIER--AM I RIGHT?
SURE, SURE. BUT FIVE'LL GET YOU TEN THAT, PINK SKIN OR GREEN, HE AIN'T WITHIN A MILE OF---
WHAT WAS THAT??
KLUNK
JUST THE SOUND OF YOU LOSIN' A CRISP NEW FIVER, MARV.
LOOK!
THAT'S GOTTA BE--BANNER. GET 'IM!
BLAST! I MUST HAVE THE BIGGEST DEATH-WISH THIS SIDE OF THE WOLF-MAN!
PLANG!
A FEW MORE SECONDS, AND THEY'D HAVE PASSED ME BY. NOW---
NOW IT LOOKS LIKE THE DRAGNET'S CLOSING IN--AND THE FISH THEY'RE GOING TO SCOOP UP IS--ME.
MAYBE I COULD ESCAPE, IF I LET MY PULSE RUN WILD--LET MYSELF TURN INTO THE HULK AGAIN---
BUT THEN WHAT ABOUT THE LIVES OF THE COPS--OTHER PEOPLE ALL AROUND ME?
WITH THE HULK ON THE LOOSE, THEIR LIVES WOULDN'T BE WORTH A SUBWAY TOKEN.
WALK
POLICE
SO IT LOOKS LIKE BACK TO THE BIG CAGE FOR YOU, BANNER--WITH ALL THE OTHER FREAKS!


BUT THEN, EVEN AS DIM BLUE SHAPES DRAW NEARER, EVER NEARER--
THAT CADDY--- SCREECHING TO A HALT! WHERE DID IT--?
DO NOT STAND THERE GAPING, FOOL--UNLESS YOU WISH TO BE CAPTURED.
GET IN!
AND SO THE WEARY, HEART-SORE PHYSICIST ENTERS THE SHADOWED RECESSES OF THE NIGHT-SHROUDED LIMOUSINE--
BUT WHAT CAN BE THE REASON THAT HE DOES NOT TURN HIS HEAD AT ONCE, TO LEARN THE IDENTITY OF HIS MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR---
--UNLESS IT IS BECAUSE-- HE IS ALMOST AFRAID TO LEARN IT!?
SKREEE
POLICE
WHO'S THAT WISE-GUY? HE WON'T FEEL SO HOT WITH HIS TIRES FULL OF HOLES.
HOLD IT, JIM!
LIKE FISH I WILL!
ONE CLEAR SHOT-- THAT'S ALL I NEED, AND I'LL---
OPL 2
HUH? SOMETHING MELTED MY GUN-- JUST LIKE THAT!
YOU'RE LUCKY IT WASN'T YOUR HAND, FELLA.
DIDN'T YOU RECOGNIZE THAT CAR? IT BELONGS TO--


--DOCTOR DOOM!
AH, I AM PLEASED THAT WE MEN OF SCIENCE NEED NO INTRODUCTION TO EACH OTHER.
BUT NOW, TO ANSWER YOUR FIRST AND MOST OBVIOUS QUESTION BEFORE YOU ASK IT---
--I SHALL TELL YOU WHY I CAME TO YOUR RESCUE-- PUT YOU UNDER MY PROTECTIVE SHIELD OF DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY.
YOU SEE, I TOO KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MAN OF GENIUS, BUT ALSO TO BE-- DIFFERENT.
BENEATH THIS METAL MASK ARE HIDEOUS SCARS--
SCARS ALMOST AS DEEP AS THOSE WHICH MARK MY SOUL.
IN A WAY, I ENVY YOU, BANNER. AFTER ALL, YOU DO NOT SPEND EVERY WAKING MOMENT TRAPPED WITHIN THE BODY OF THE HULK.
YES, I ENVY YOU, AND YET -- AND YET, I THINK I CAN HELP YOU.
THEN, QUESTION #2: WHERE ARE WE HEADING?
OUR EMBASSY IS JUST AHEAD, MASTER.
YOU HAVE MADE EXCELLENT TIME, IGOR.
NOW THEN, DR. BANNER---
HAVE YOU ANY MORE FOOLISH QUESTIONS?

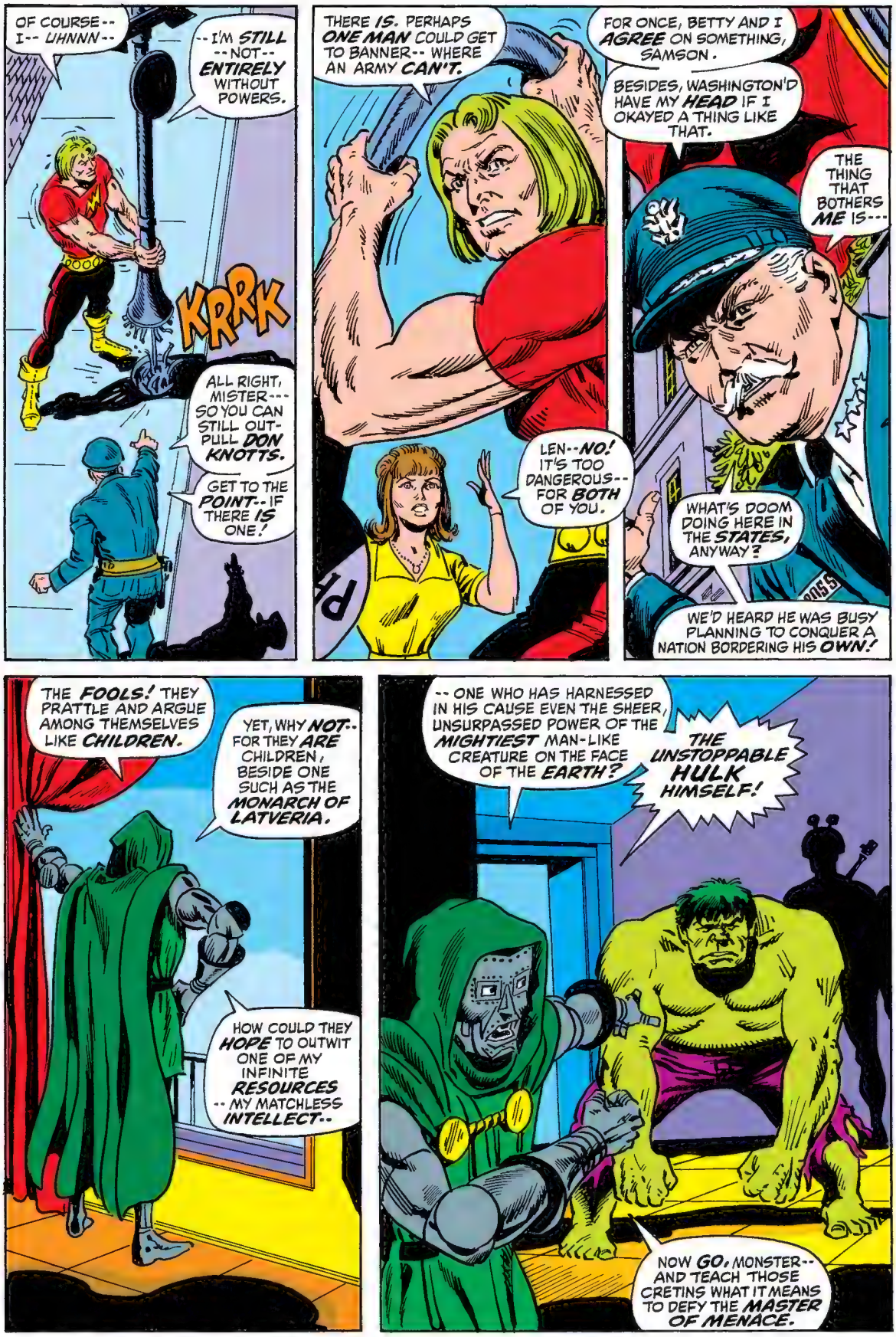

MASTER-- YOU ARE BACK.
WHEN WE HEARD SHOTS OUTSIDE, WE WERE WORRIED--
YOUR CONCERN TOUCHES ME DEEPLY.
NOW MOVE, YOU SERVILE SWINE.
CAN YOU NOT SEE THAT WE HAVE-- A GUEST?
YES, HERR DOCTOR. AT ONCE, HERR DOCTOR.

WHILE, OUTSIDE, IN THE GRIZZLY GRAY OF A MANHATTAN DAWN---
GENERAL ROSS-- OVER HERE, IF YOU WILL--
WE HAVE THE MATTER WELL IN HAND, SIR.
WHO'S THE CAP'N THINK HE'S SHUCKIN'? IF THINGS WAS UNDER CONTROL---
--NO THREE-STAR LIFER WOULD HAVE TO COME STICKIN' HIS BRASS-HAT INTO THINGS.
MAYBE THAT OLD-MAID DAUGHTER OF HIS MADE 'IM COME. HAW!

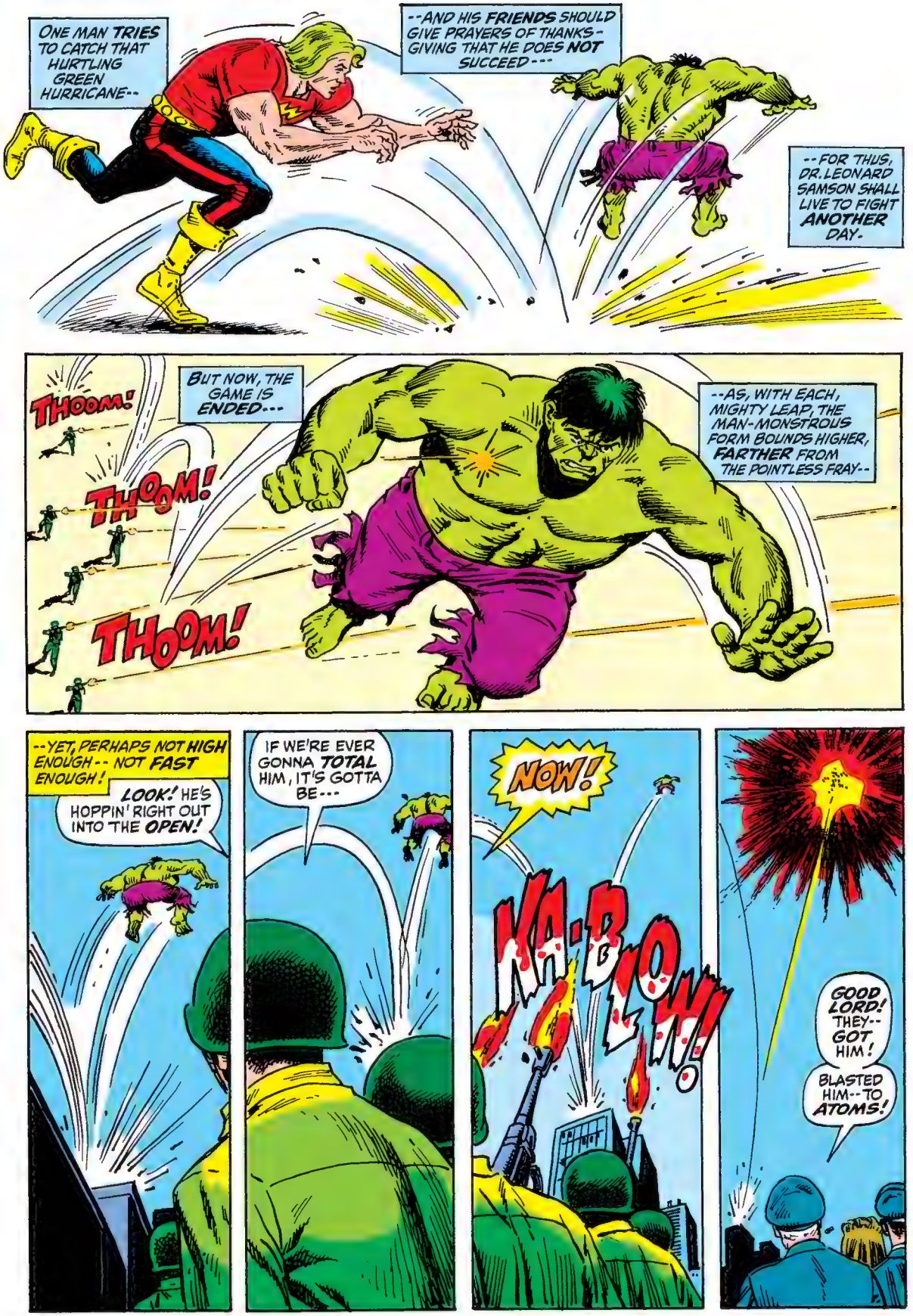
ALL RIGHT, SOLDIER---
NOW, JUST WHAT IN BLAZES IS THE SITUATION HERE?
DR. DOOM'S FLAGCAR PICKED BANNER UP, SIR--- AND HUSTLED HIM IN THERE.
DOCT--? OH, NO--
EASY, BETTY.
OSS

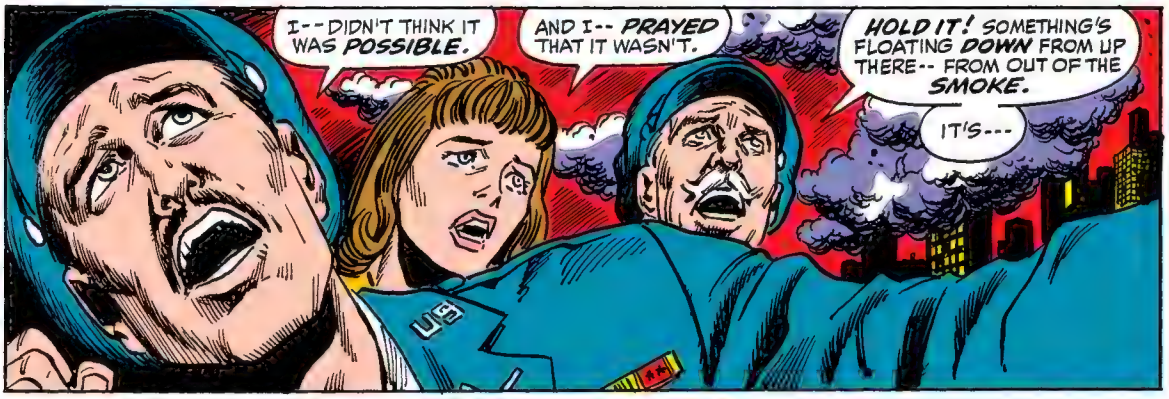
THEN, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE UP THAT WELL-KNOWN RIVER WITHOUT A PADDLE.
BEG PARDON, SIR-- BUT THE WAY I HEAR IT, LATVERIA'S A ONE-HORSE KINGDOM-- NO BIGGER'N A POSTAGE STAMP.
WE CAN'T STORM THE LATVERIAN EMBASSY--- WITHOUT VIOLATING TEN KINDS OF DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY!
WHY DON'T WE JUST STORM THIS WALL, AND LET THE POLITICIANS HASH IT OUT LATER?
THAT'S NOT THE WAY WE DO THINGS IN THE NEW ARMY, MISTER.
AND DOCTOR DOOM KNOWS IT.

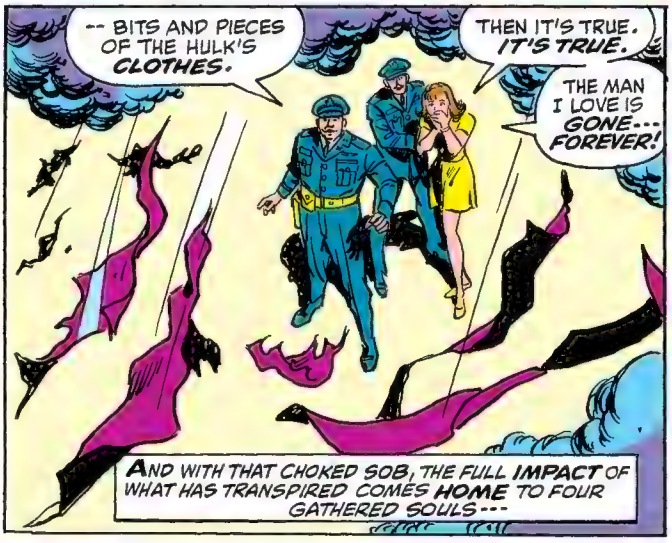
YESSIR. JUST THE SAME, IF NOBODY CAN GET IN-- NOBODY CAN GET OUT, EITHER.
WE GOT ENOUGH FIREPOWER IN THE AREA TO FINISH OFF EVEN THE HULK.
RIGHT NOW, CAPTAIN, THE MAJOR HERE WILL SETTLE FOR-- A BULLHORN.
YOU'RE THE BOSS, SIR.
ATTENTION, DOCTOR DOOM-- THIS IS MAJOR TALBOT, SPEAKING FOR GENERAL ROSS.
WE ASK YOU TO SURRENDER DR. BANNER TO US-- TO PRESERVE LATVERIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS.
WE WILL WAIT FIVE MINUTES-- BEFORE CONSIDERING ALTERNATIVE COURSES OF ACTION.
SO, THEY SEEK TO COW VICTOR VON DOOM WITH VEILED THREATS, DO THEY?
WHEN THE TIME IS ELAPSED, I'LL NOT EVEN DEIGN TO ANSWER THEM.
HMMM-- WHO IS THE GREEN-HAIRED ONE NOW COMING ON THE SCENE?
HIS NAME IS LEONARD SAMSON--A PSYCHIATRIST, IN SPITE OF THAT COSTUME.
DOC SAMSON-- THE MAN WHO ALMOST RESCUED ME FROM MY PRISON OF GREEN FLESH.
THE MAN BETTY RAN TO-- WHEN SHE THOUGHT THE HULK HAD KILLED HIM!
DAD-- LOOK. LEN'S COME TO HELP US.
HARRUMPH! NO FANCY-PANTS HEADSHRINKER CAN DO US ANY GOOD NOW.
BUT AT LEAST I SEE HE GOT HIMSELF A HAIRCUT.
NO CHOICE, SIR.
YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON MYSELF-- EVER SINCE I SIPHONED OFF SOME OF THE HULK'S STRENGTH.
I LEARNED THAT, IN SOME UNCANNY WAY, JUST LIKE THE ORIGINAL SAMSON---
--MY RAW POWER VARIED DIRECTLY WITH THE LENGTH OF THIS GREEN HAIR THE GAMMA RAYS GAVE ME.
IN POINT OF FACT, I FOUND IT INCREASINGLY HARD TO CONTROL MY STRENGTH---
--TILL I TOOK SCISSORS IN HAND, AND PLAYED MY OWN DELILAH.


OF COURSE-- I-- UHNNN--
--I'M STILL --NOT-- ENTIRELY WITHOUT POWERS.
KRRK
ALL RIGHT, MISTER--- SO YOU CAN STILL OUT-PULL DON KNOTTS.
GET TO THE POINT-- IF THERE IS ONE!
THERE IS. PERHAPS ONE MAN COULD GET TO BANNER-- WHERE AN ARMY CAN'T.
LEN--NO! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS-- FOR BOTH OF YOU.
FOR ONCE, BETTY AND I AGREE ON SOMETHING, SAMSON.
BESIDES, WASHINGTON'D HAVE MY HEAD IF I OKAYED A THING LIKE THAT.
THE THING THAT BOTHERS ME IS---
WHAT'S DOOM DOING HERE IN THE STATES, ANYWAY?
WE'D HEARD HE WAS BUSY PLANNING TO CONQUER A NATION BORDERING HIS OWN!
THE FOOLS! THEY PRATTLE AND ARGUE AMONG THEMSELVES LIKE CHILDREN.
YET, WHY NOT-- FOR THEY ARE CHILDREN, BESIDE ONE SUCH AS THE MONARCH OF LATVERIA.
HOW COULD THEY HOPE TO OUTWIT ONE OF MY INFINITE RESOURCES -- MY MATCHLESS INTELLECT--
-- ONE WHO HAS HARNESSED IN HIS CAUSE EVEN THE SHEER, UNSURPASSED POWER OF THE MIGHTIEST MAN-LIKE CREATURE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH?
THE UNSTOPPABLE HULK HIMSELF!
NOW GO, MONSTER-- AND TEACH THOSE CRETINS WHAT IT MEANS TO DEFY THE MASTER OF MENACE.

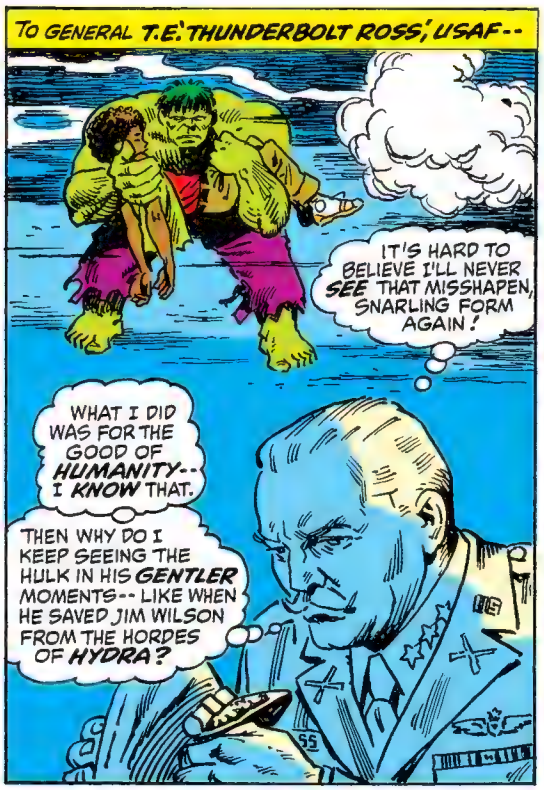
INSTANTANEOUSLY-- WITHOUT A WORD, WITHOUT EVEN THE SHADOW OF A GRUNT--
--THE HALF-TON HORROR BRACES HIMSELF, THEN LEAPS THE SHORT, SHORT DISTANCE BETWEEN THE REGAL, BROODING EMBASSY--
--AND THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE FREE WORLD!
BY THUNDER-- THIS IS JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID WOULD HAPPEN.
HE'S NOT BRUCE BANNER ANY MORE---
HE'S THE HULK!
BRUMP!
HE WAS RIGHT TO FEAR, WAS GENERAL ROSS-- FOR, WHAT POWER CAN FIGHT A FORCE WHICH TREATS A SOLID STEEL CANNON LIKE A BASEBALL BAT--
SKRAAPP!
--A CONCRETE SIDEWALK AS FIRST BASE---
KRUNCH!
-- OR AN ENTIRE TANK AS SECOND?
RRAKK!


ONE MAN TRIES TO CATCH THAT HURTLING GREEN HURRICANE--
--AND HIS FRIENDS SHOULD GIVE PRAYERS OF THANKS-GIVING THAT HE DOES NOT SUCCEED---
--FOR THUS, DR. LEONARD SAMSON SHALL LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.
THOOM!
THOOM!
THOOM!
BUT NOW, THE GAME IS ENDED---
--AS, WITH EACH, MIGHTY LEAP, THE MAN-MONSTROUS FORM BOUNDS HIGHER, FARTHER FROM THE POINTLESS FRAY--
--YET, PERHAPS NOT HIGH ENOUGH-- NOT FAST ENOUGH!
LOOK! HE'S HOPPIN' RIGHT OUT INTO THE OPEN!
IF WE'RE EVER GONNA TOTAL HIM, IT'S GOTTA BE---
NOW!
KA-BLOW!
GOOD LORD! THEY-- GOT HIM!
BLASTED HIM--TO ATOMS!


I--DIDN'T THINK IT WAS POSSIBLE.
AND I-- PRAYED THAT IT WASN'T.
HOLD IT! SOMETHING'S FLOATING DOWN FROM UP THERE-- FROM OUT OF THE SMOKE.
IT'S---


-- BITS AND PIECES OF THE HULK'S CLOTHES.
THEN IT'S TRUE. IT'S TRUE.
THE MAN I LOVE IS GONE--- FOREVER!
AND WITH THAT CHOKED SOB, THE FULL IMPACT OF WHAT HAS TRANSPIRED COMES HOME TO FOUR GATHERED SOULS---

TO MAJOR GLENN TALBOT--
GUESS THIS'LL ADD A NEW STAR TO THE OLD MAN'S COLLAR.
BUT BANNER'S DEATH JUST THROWS A LONG DARK SHADOW BETWEEN BETTY AND ME.

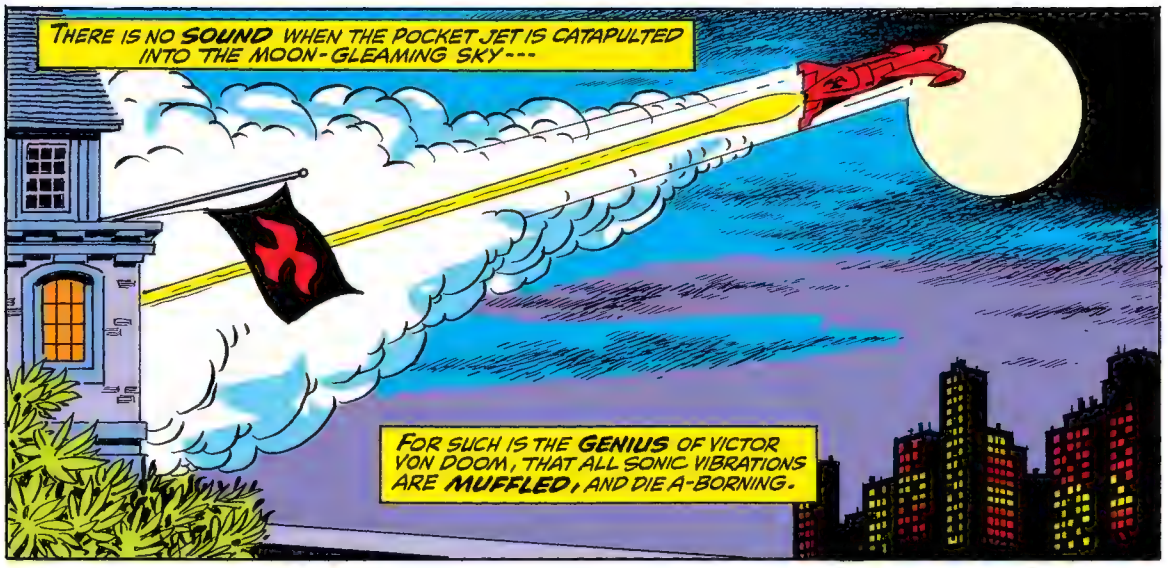

TO GENERAL T.E. 'THUNDERBOLT ROSS,' USAF--
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I'LL NEVER SEE THAT MISSHAPEN, SNARLING FORM AGAIN!
WHAT I DID WAS FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY-- I KNOW THAT.
THEN WHY DO I KEEP SEEING THE HULK IN HIS GENTLER MOMENTS-- LIKE WHEN HE SAVED JIM WILSON FROM THE HORDES OF HYDRA?

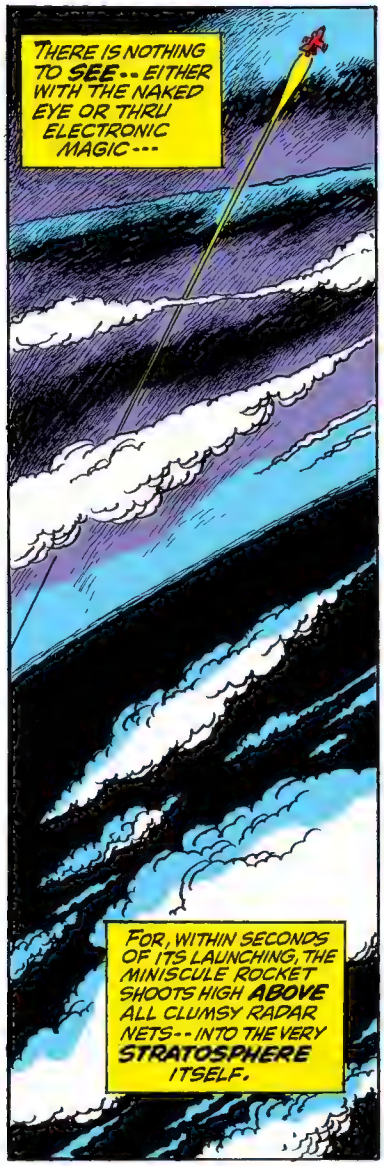
AND WHAT ABOUT BRUCE BANNER-- THE MAN WHO LIVED WITHIN THE MONSTER?
HE WASN'T MY KIND OF MAN-- BUT BETTY LOVED HIM-- AND I HAD TO DESTROY HIM.
TRY TO FORGET THAT, ROSS-- WHEN THEY PIN THAT BIG SHINY MEDAL ON YOUR CHEST!

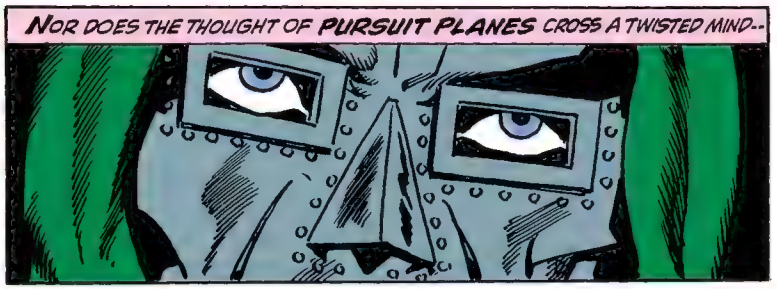
TO PSYCHIATRIST LEONARD SAMSON--
THE HULK-- BANNER-- GAVE ME MY POWERS-- MADE ME THE SUPER-HERO I'D ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING.
I WANTED TO USE THOSE POWERS TO TAKE AWAY FROM HIM THE GIRL HE LOVED--
BUT NOT THIS WAY! NOT THIS WAY!
AND, MOST OF ALL-- TO THE WOMAN NAMED BETTY ROSS.
I'VE TRIED TO PREPARE FOR THIS MOMENT-- EVERY DAY, EVERY HOUR--
-- BECAUSE I KNEW IT HAD TO COME, SOONER OR LATER. IT HAD TO.
STILL, NOW THAT IT'S HERE-- ALL I CAN FEEL IS THE NUMBING SHOCK-- THE UNBEARABLE SORROW.
I MUST TRY TO REMEMBER BRUCE THE WAY HE TRULY WAS-- KIND, GENTLE-- ALWAYS TRYING TO SPARE ME THE PAIN OF HIS BECOMING--
-- THE HULK!
OH, NO-- NO! I WON'T REMEMBER HIM THAT WAY!
I WON'T! I WON'T!
YET-- THEY WERE BOTH REAL-- AS REAL AS THE BARRAGE OF SHELLS THAT DESTROYED THEM--
--MORE REAL THAN ANYTHING THAT WILL EVER HAPPEN TO ME AGAIN!
COME, DAUGHTER. THERE'S--- NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE.

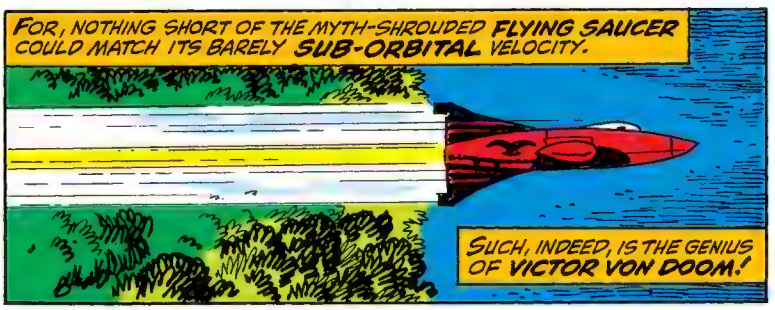
BUT, IN THE HEART OF THE GREAT-WALLED MANSION WHICH IS NOW ALL BUT FORGOTTEN--LESS MOURNFUL SOUNDS ECHO THRU SHADOWED CORRIDORS---
HA HA HA HA
DID YOU HEAR HIM, MY FRIEND?
DID YOU HEAR THE GOOD GENERAL, THRU THE VARIOUS MICRO-PHONES HIDDEN ABOUT THE GROUNDS?
THERE IS "NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO."
YOU--
YOU FOOLED THEM--TRICKED THEM WITH WITH THAT HULK-ROBOT YOU HAD PREVIOUSLY PREPARED.
BUT HOW COULD YOU HAVE KNOWN I WOULD FALL INTO YOUR HANDS? AND WHY DID YOU--?
THAT YOU SHALL LEARN IN DUE TIME!
FOR NOW, REST CONTENT THAT YOU ARE MY HONORED GUEST.
GUEST? TO YOU, THAT'S JUST A FANCY WORD FOR--A PRISONER.
WELL, MAYBE BRUCE BANNER CAN'T GO TEARING OUT OF HERE--
BUT-- THE HULK--
--IS ANOTHER MATTER--!
SO--YOU WOULD TRY TO EXERT YOURSELF --CHANGE INTO THE TRUE HULK.
VERY RESOURCE-FUL. BUT, MY DEAR PHYSICIST, YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE WHEN YOU TRY SUCH ELEMENTARY TACTICS AGAINST--
SSSS
SSS
SSS
--DOCTOR DOOM!

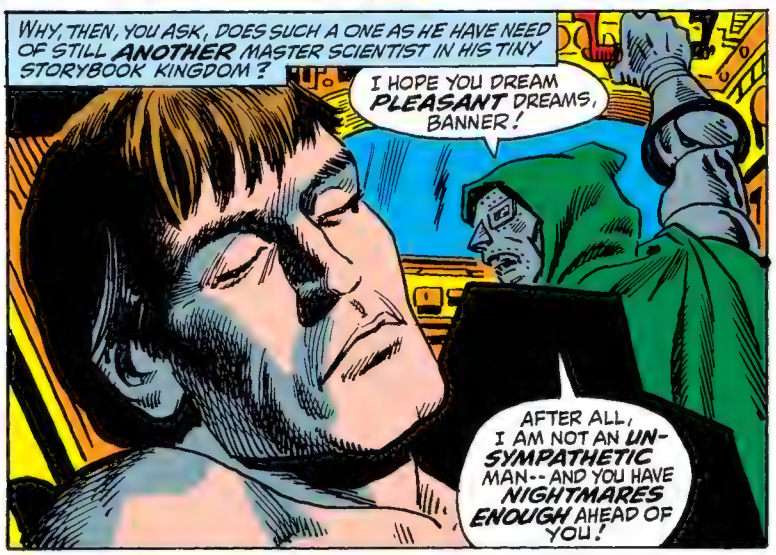
AH--MY GUEST IS SLEEPING NOW.
THAT IS GOOD.
AND, THIS MILDEST DOSE OF SEDATION--
--WILL SEE THAT HE REMAINS THUS---
ENTER, LACKEYS. PICK UP THIS FRAIL FORM YOU SEE BEFORE YOU.
YES, SIRE. AT ONCE, SIRE.
DO WE LEAVE NOW, MASTER? SURELY LATVERIA HAS NEED OF YOU IN SUCH AN---
SILENCE, DOG!
DO YOU THINK THAT DOCTOR DOOM NEEDS ONE SUCH AS YOU TO REMIND HIM OF HIS SOLEMN DUTIES?
ARE YOU NOT TO ME AS THE ANT IS TO THE HEEL WHICH CRUSHES IT?
Y-YES, MASTER.
THEN, I MAY TRUST YOU TO DISCIPLINE YOURSELF--WHEN WE HAVE REACHED OUR DESTINATION.
TAKE DR. BANNER TO THE LAUNCHING AREA, AND SECURE HIM.
AND HEAVEN HELP THE UNMITIGATED FOOL WHO ALLOWS HIM TO AWAKEN --BEFORE WE HAVE REACHED OUR GOAL.

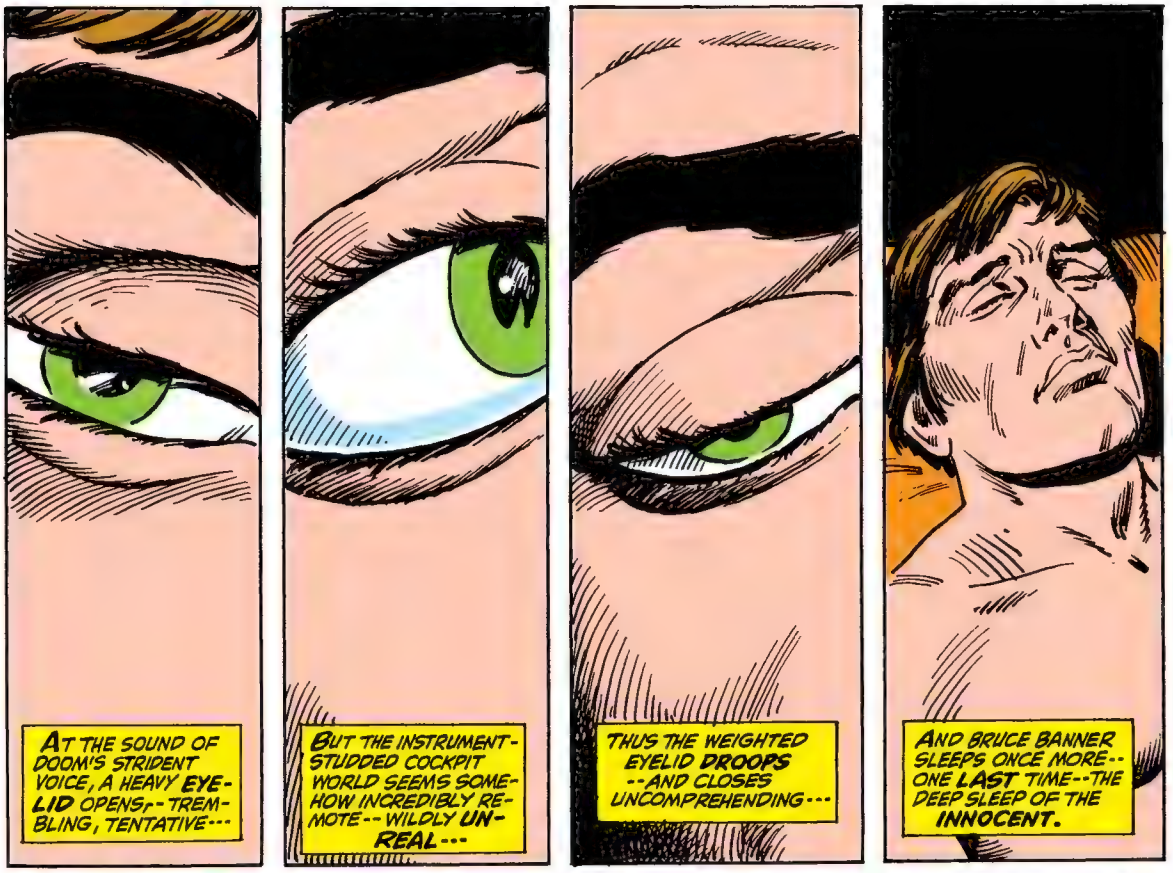

THERE IS NO SOUND WHEN THE POCKET JET IS CATAPULTED INTO THE MOON-GLEAMING SKY---
FOR SUCH IS THE GENIUS OF VICTOR VON DOOM, THAT ALL SONIC VIBRATIONS ARE MUFFLED, AND DIE A-BORNING.

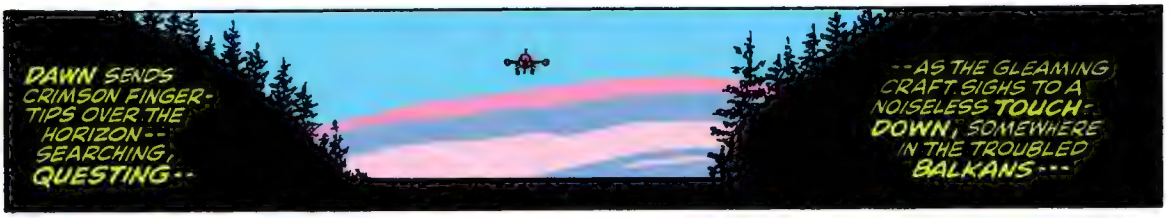

THERE IS NOTHING TO SEE-- EITHER WITH THE NAKED EYE OR THRU ELECTRONIC MAGIC---
FOR, WITHIN SECONDS OF ITS LAUNCHING, THE MINISCULE ROCKET SHOOTS HIGH ABOVE ALL CLUMSY RADAR NETS--INTO THE VERY STRATOSPHERE ITSELF.


NOR DOES THE THOUGHT OF PURSUIT PLANES CROSS A TWISTED MIND--

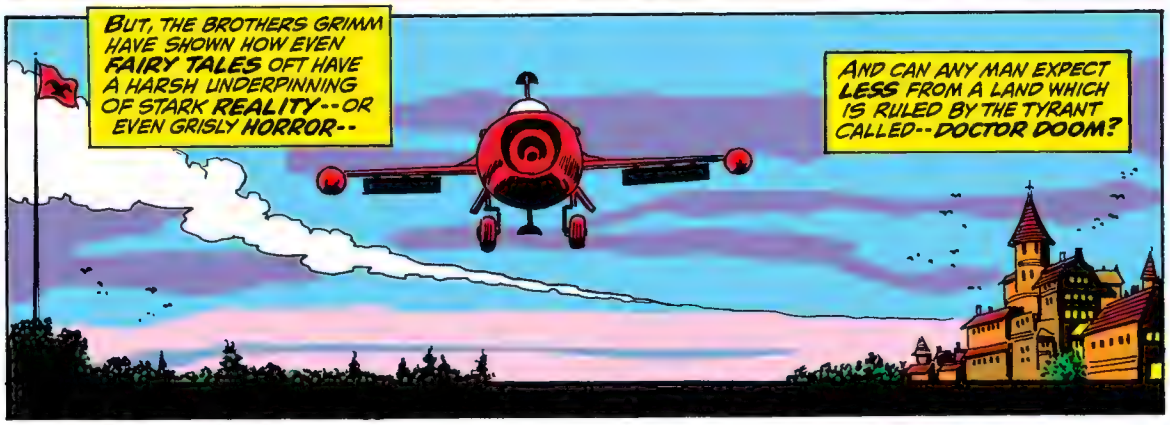

FOR, NOTHING SHORT OF THE MYTH-SHROUDED FLYING SAUCER COULD MATCH ITS BARELY SUB-ORBITAL VELOCITY.
SUCH, INDEED, IS THE GENIUS OF VICTOR VON DOOM!

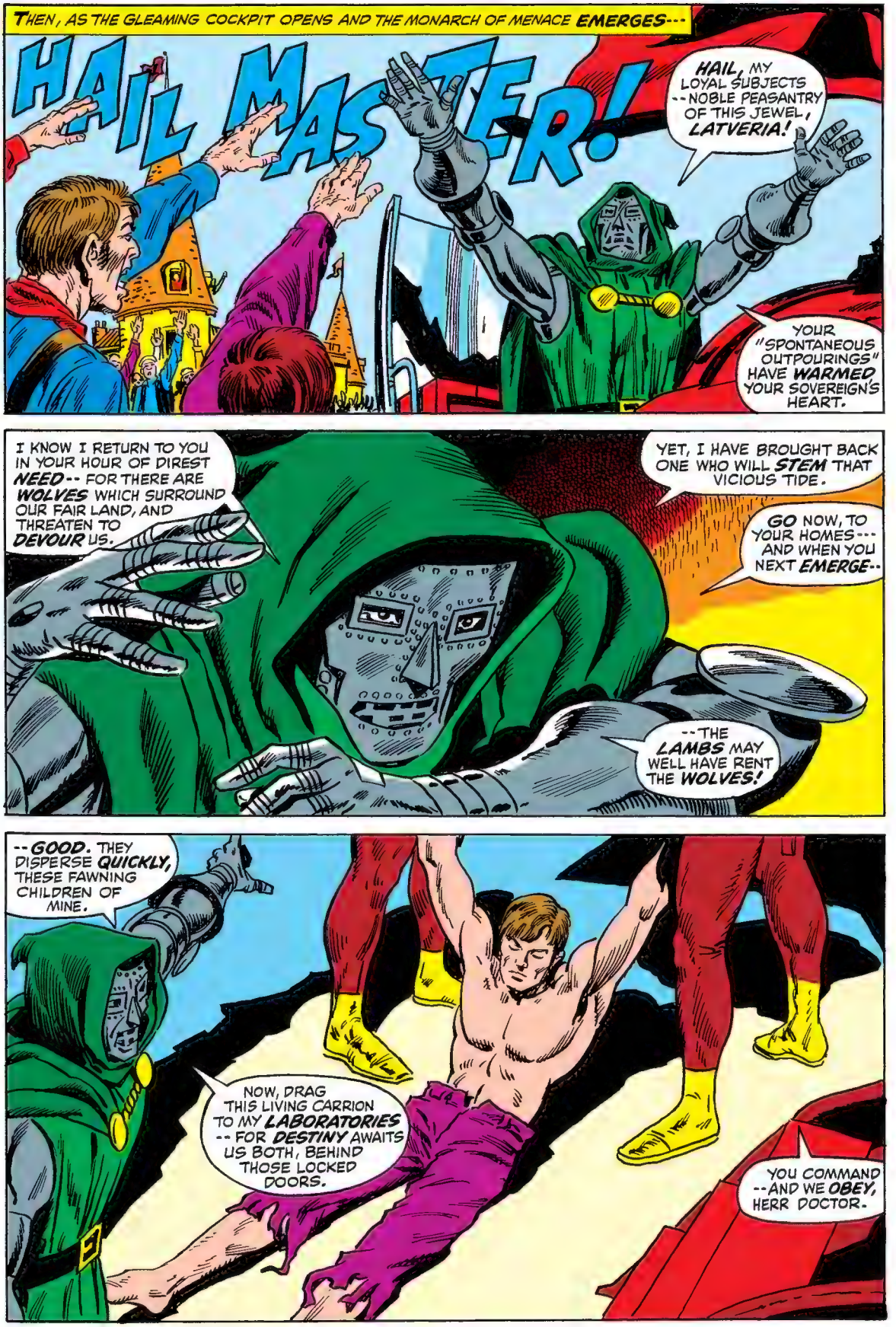

WHY, THEN, YOU ASK, DOES SUCH A ONE AS HE HAVE NEED OF STILL ANOTHER MASTER SCIENTIST IN HIS TINY STORYBOOK KINGDOM?
I HOPE YOU DREAM PLEASANT DREAMS, BANNER!
AFTER ALL, I AM NOT AN UN-SYMPATHETIC MAN--AND YOU HAVE NIGHTMARES ENOUGH AHEAD OF YOU!


AT THE SOUND OF DOOM'S STRIDENT VOICE, A HEAVY EYE-LID OPENS,--TREMBLING, TENTATIVE---
BUT THE INSTRUMENT-STUDDED COCKPIT WORLD SEEMS SOMEHOW INCREDIBLY REMOTE--WILDLY UNREAL---
THUS THE WEIGHTED EYELID DROOPS --AND CLOSES UNCOMPREHENDING---
AND BRUCE BANNER SLEEPS ONCE MORE--ONE LAST TIME--THE DEEP SLEEP OF THE INNOCENT.


DAWN SENDS CRIMSON FINGER-TIPS OVER THE HORIZON--SEARCHING, QUESTING--
--AS THE GLEAMING CRAFT SIGHS TO A NOISELESS TOUCH-DOWN, SOMEWHERE IN THE TROUBLED BALKANS---

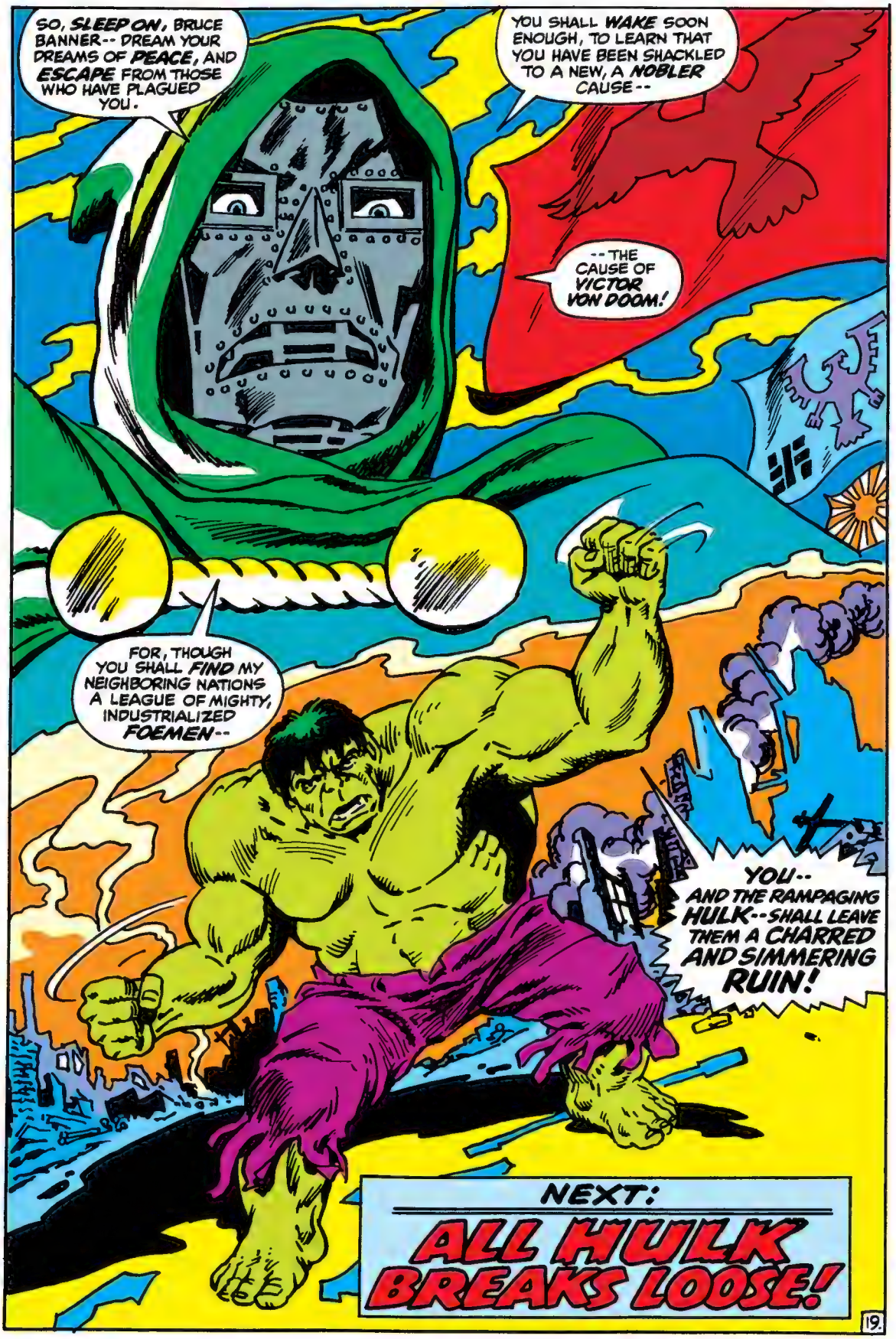
FOR, THIS IS LATVERIA--SHINING STORYBOOK KINGDOM---

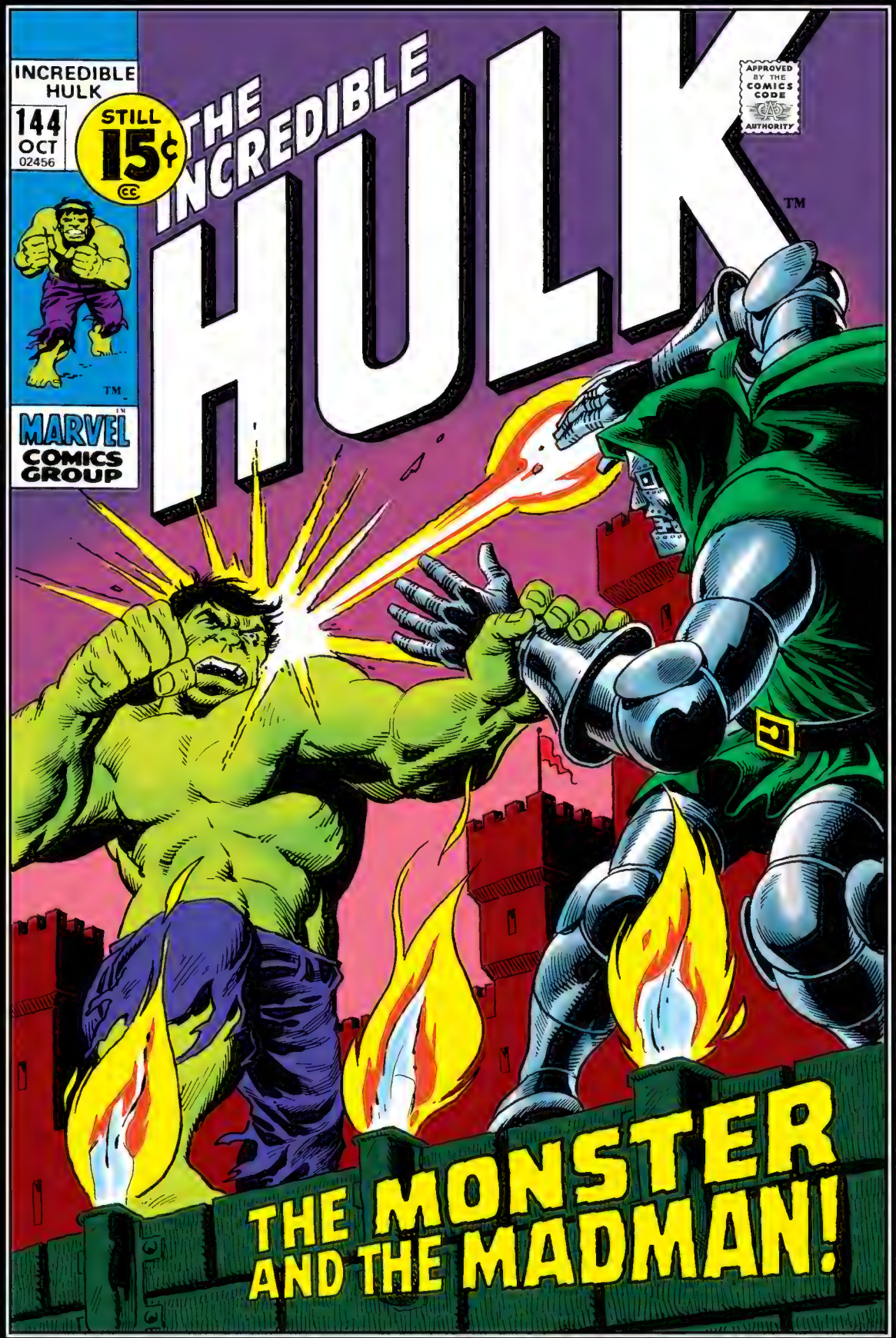

BUT, THE BROTHERS GRIMM HAVE SHOWN HOW EVEN FAIRY TALES OFT HAVE A HARSH UNDERPINNING OF STARK REALITY--OR EVEN GRISLY HORROR--
AND CAN ANY MAN EXPECT LESS FROM A LAND WHICH IS RULED BY THE TYRANT CALLED--DOCTOR DOOM?


THEN, AS THE GLEAMING COCKPIT OPENS AND THE MONARCH OF MENACE EMERGES---
HAIL MASTER!
HAIL, MY LOYAL SUBJECTS --NOBLE PEASANTRY OF THIS JEWEL, LATVERIA!
YOUR "SPONTANEOUS OUTPOURINGS" HAVE WARMED YOUR SOVEREIGN'S HEART.
I KNOW I RETURN TO YOU IN YOUR HOUR OF DIREST NEED-- FOR THERE ARE WOLVES WHICH SURROUND OUR FAIR LAND, AND THREATEN TO DEVOUR US.
YET, I HAVE BROUGHT BACK ONE WHO WILL STEM THAT VICIOUS TIDE.
GO NOW, TO YOUR HOMES--- AND WHEN YOU NEXT EMERGE--
--THE LAMBS MAY WELL HAVE RENT THE WOLVES!
--GOOD. THEY DISPERSE QUICKLY, THESE FAWNING CHILDREN OF MINE.
NOW, DRAG THIS LIVING CARRION TO MY LABORATORIES -- FOR DESTINY AWAITS US BOTH, BEHIND THOSE LOCKED DOORS.
YOU COMMAND --AND WE OBEY, HERR DOCTOR.

AND SOON, WITHIN THE CLOISTERED, CLAMMY WALLS OF THE LATVERIAN PALACE ROYAL---
THIS IS THE MOMENT I HAVE WAITED LONG FOR.
THIS SHALL BE THE HOUR OF MY GREATEST, MY ULTIMATE TRIUMPH!
IT HAS BEEN MORE THAN HALF A DECADE SINCE I MASTERED THIS TINY KINGDOM--
THIS INSIGNIFICANT POCKET-- WHOSE VERY NAME THE MASS OF MEN DO NOT KNOW---
--TOO SMALL EVEN TO BE SKETCHED UPON THE MAPS OF MANY-NATIONED EUROPE.
YET, AFTER TODAY, ALL THAT SHALL BE CHANGED.
FOR, SOON, HUMBLE LATVERIA SHALL BE MASTER OF ALL EUROPE---
AND THE MASTER OF LATVERIA SHALL BE-- DOCTOR DOOM!
BUT, MY FOOLPROOF SCHEME FOR CONQUEST REQUIRES-- AN ALLY.
NAY, IT REQUIRES TWO ALLIES--- TWO OF TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALENTS, AND WILDLY VARYING POWERS---
--AND BOTH OF THEM LIE THERE, BENEATH MY SUBLIMINAL INDUCER---
--WITHIN THE FRAIL-BORN FRAME OF ROBERT BRUCE BANNER.

ONE OF THOSE STAUNCH SUPPORTERS IS BANNER HIMSELF --A MAN OF GENIUS ALBEIT MORE LIMITED THAN MY OWN--
--YET UNPARALLELED IN CERTAIN FIELDS-- EVEN BY MYSELF.
BUT EQUALLY IMPORTANT TO ME-- TO MY CAREFULLY-LAID PLANS--
--IS THE MAN-LIKE MONSTROSITY CALLED THE HULK.
IF BANNER SHALL BE MY CONSCIOUSLY-WILLING ALLY-- THE GREEN-SKINNED ONE, HIS FAR WEAKER WILL, SHALL BE MY OVERT SLAVE.
AND WHAT A SLAVE-- SUCH AS MY HEAVILY-ARMED NEIGHBORS HAVE NEVER SEEN!
HOW EASILY HE CAN SMASH THEIR NUMERICALLY-SUPERIOR NUMBERS --THEIR ARMIES-- EVEN THEIR VAUNTED MERCHANT FLEETS.
WHAT CHANCE WILL THEIR DEPENDENCE ON BORROWED TECHNOLOGY STAND AGAINST THE UNLEASHED ESSENCE OF ALL THAT IS SAVAGE, ALL THAT IS BESTIAL IN MAN?


SO, SLEEP ON, BRUCE BANNER-- DREAM YOUR DREAMS OF PEACE, AND ESCAPE FROM THOSE WHO HAVE PLAGUED YOU.
YOU SHALL WAKE SOON ENOUGH, TO LEARN THAT YOU HAVE BEEN SHACKLED TO A NEW, A NOBLER CAUSE--
--THE CAUSE OF VICTOR VON DOOM!
FOR, THOUGH YOU SHALL FIND MY NEIGHBORING NATIONS A LEAGUE OF MIGHTY, INDUSTRIALIZED FOEMEN--
YOU-- AND THE RAMPAGING HULK--SHALL LEAVE THEM A CHARRED AND SIMMERING RUIN!
NEXT:
ALL HULK BREAKS LOOSE!


INCREDIBLE HULK
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK
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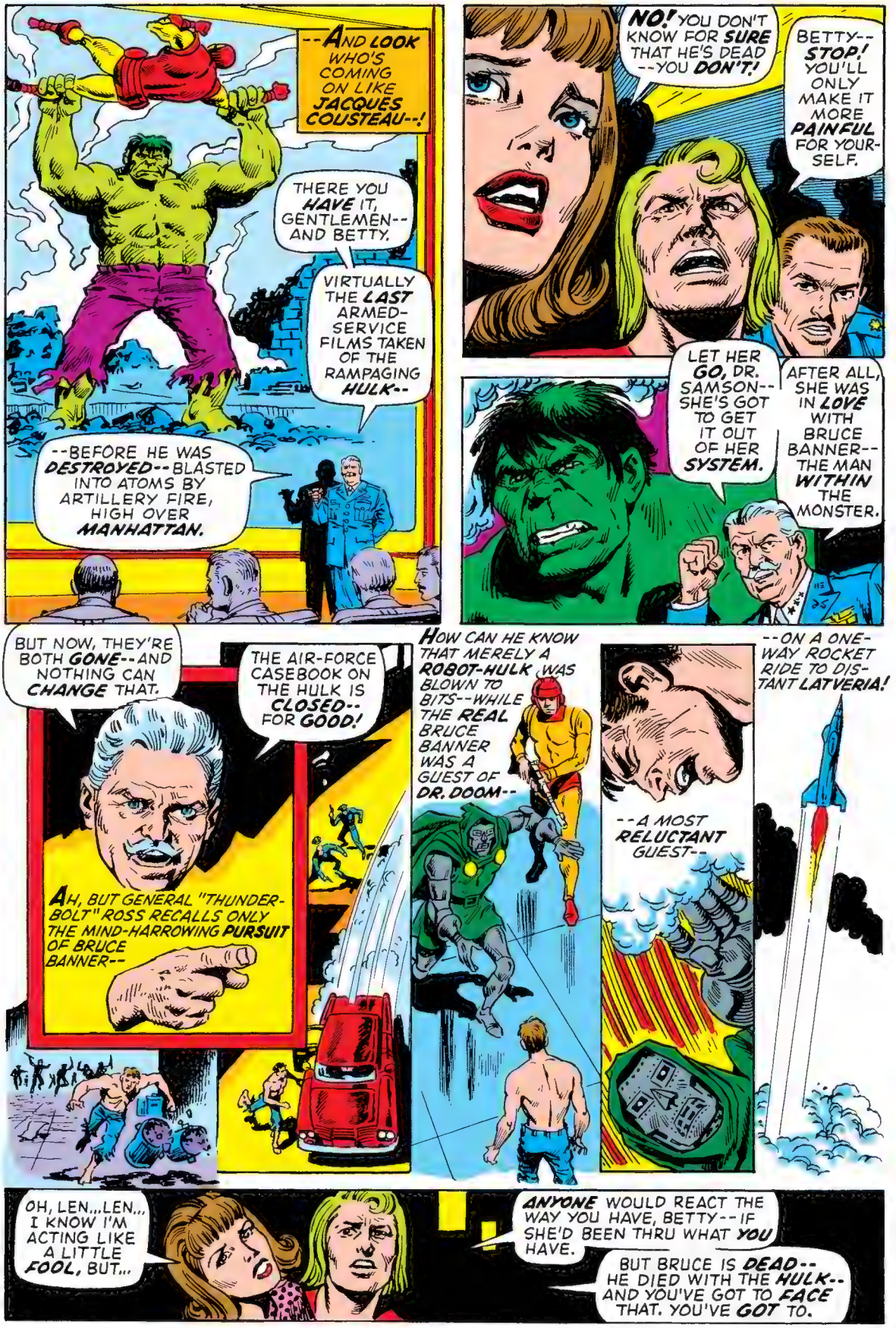
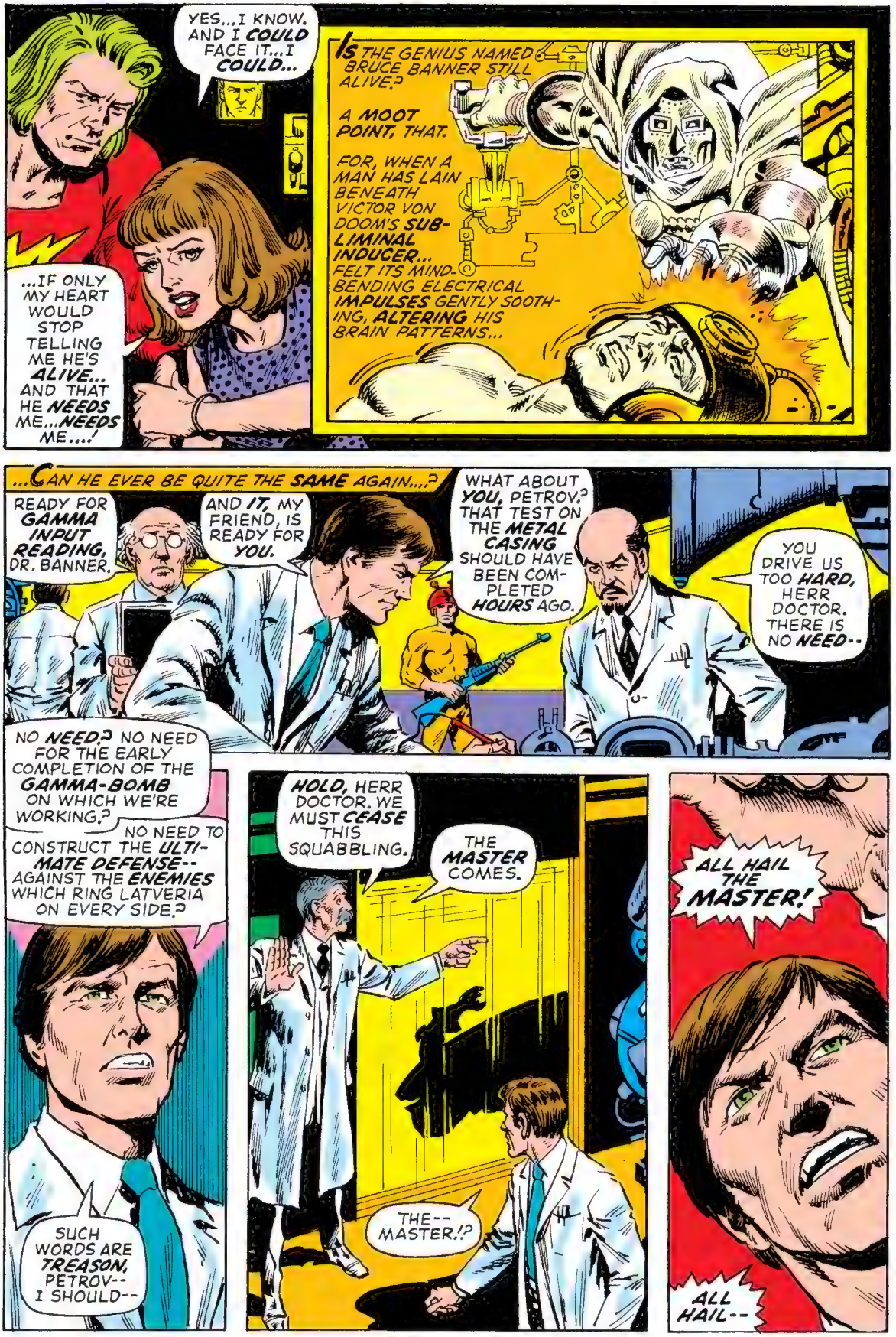
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE MONSTER AND THE MADMAN!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

ENTER NOW THE BATTLE-TORN WORLD OF...
THE MONSTER AND THE MADMAN!
HULK WILL SMASH YOU! HULK CAN SMASH ANYTHING!
YOU COULDN'T PROVE IT BY ME, GRUESOME.
SO FAR, ALL YOU'VE DONE IS STRIKE A FEW BLOWS FOR URBAN RENEWAL!
NOPE, FLAME-KEEPER--YOU HAVEN'T MISSED AN ISSUE DUE TO DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT, IS A NOT-SO-INSTANT REPLAY OF EVENTS IN HULK #131--THE LAST WORD IN CINEMA VERITÉ--
STAN LEE EDITOR
ROY THOMAS and G. FRIEDRICH WRITERS
DICK AYERS and JOHN SEVERIN ARTISTS
ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER
675


--AND LOOK WHO'S COMING ON LIKE JACQUES COUSTEAU--!
THERE YOU HAVE IT, GENTLEMEN--AND BETTY.
VIRTUALLY THE LAST ARMED-SERVICE FILMS TAKEN OF THE RAMPAGING HULK--
--BEFORE HE WAS DESTROYED--BLASTED INTO ATOMS BY ARTILLERY FIRE, HIGH OVER MANHATTAN.
NO! YOU DON'T KNOW FOR SURE THAT HE'S DEAD --YOU DON'T!
BETTY--STOP! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE IT MORE PAINFUL FOR YOURSELF.
LET HER GO, DR. SAMSON--SHE'S GOT TO GET IT OUT OF HER SYSTEM.
AFTER ALL, SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH BRUCE BANNER--THE MAN WITHIN THE MONSTER.
BUT NOW, THEY'RE BOTH GONE--AND NOTHING CAN CHANGE THAT.
THE AIR-FORCE CASEBOOK ON THE HULK IS CLOSED--FOR GOOD!
AH, BUT GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS RECALLS ONLY THE MIND-HARROWING PURSUIT OF BRUCE BANNER--
HOW CAN HE KNOW THAT MERELY A ROBOT-HULK WAS BLOWN TO BITS--WHILE THE REAL BRUCE BANNER WAS A GUEST OF DR. DOOM--
--A MOST RELUCTANT GUEST--
--ON A ONE-WAY ROCKET RIDE TO DISTANT LATVERIA!
OH, LEN...LEN... I KNOW I'M ACTING LIKE A LITTLE FOOL, BUT...
ANYONE WOULD REACT THE WAY YOU HAVE, BETTY--IF SHE'D BEEN THRU WHAT YOU HAVE.
BUT BRUCE IS DEAD--HE DIED WITH THE HULK--AND YOU'VE GOT TO FACE THAT. YOU'VE GOT TO.

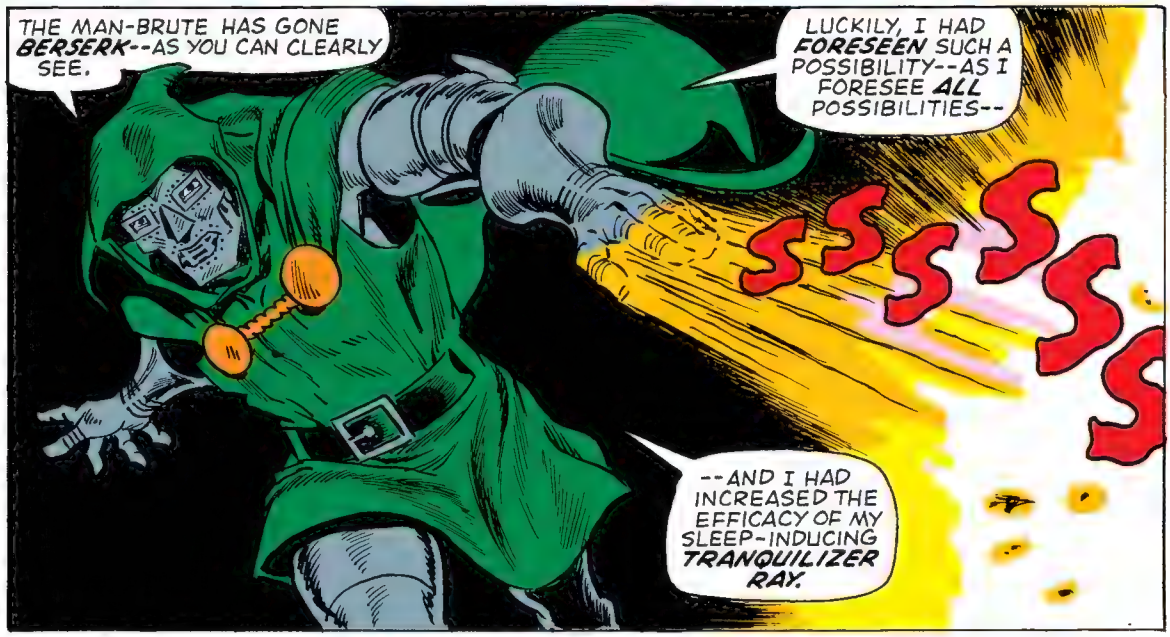

YES...I KNOW. AND I COULD FACE IT...I COULD...
...IF ONLY MY HEART WOULD STOP TELLING ME HE'S ALIVE... AND THAT HE NEEDS ME...NEEDS ME....!
IS THE GENIUS NAMED BRUCE BANNER STILL ALIVE?
A MOOT POINT, THAT.
FOR, WHEN A MAN HAS LAIN BENEATH VICTOR VON DOOM'S SUB-LIMINAL INDUCER... FELT ITS MIND-BENDING ELECTRICAL IMPULSES GENTLY SOOTHING, ALTERING HIS BRAIN PATTERNS...
...CAN HE EVER BE QUITE THE SAME AGAIN...?
READY FOR GAMMA INPUT READING, DR. BANNER.
AND IT, MY FRIEND, IS READY FOR YOU.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, PETROV? THAT TEST ON THE METAL CASING SHOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETED HOURS AGO.
YOU DRIVE US TOO HARD, HERR DOCTOR. THERE IS NO NEED--
NO NEED? NO NEED FOR THE EARLY COMPLETION OF THE GAMMA-BOMB ON WHICH WE'RE WORKING?
NO NEED TO CONSTRUCT THE ULTIMATE DEFENSE-- AGAINST THE ENEMIES WHICH RING LATVERIA ON EVERY SIDE?
SUCH WORDS ARE TREASON, PETROV-- I SHOULD--
HOLD, HERR DOCTOR. WE MUST CEASE THIS SQUABBLING.
THE MASTER COMES.
THE-- MASTER!?
ALL HAIL THE MASTER!
ALL HAIL--

--DOCTOR DOOM!
DO YOU SEE, MY DEAR VALERIA?
DO YOU BEHOLD THE INESTIMABLE ESTEEM IN WHICH MY SUBJECTS HOLD THEIR RIGHTFUL SOVEREIGN?
WHAT I BEHOLD, VICTOR--
--IS THAT YOUR SUBJECTS LIVE IN MORTAL TERROR OF THEIR LIVES.
IT'S THAT--AND NOTHING MORE--WHICH GIVES BIRTH TO THESE LOUD "ALL HAIL'S."
IF YOU WOULD BELIE ME, THEN TAKE YOUR ROBOT GUARDS FROM THEIR ARMORED POSTS--
REMOVE THE BRISTLING WEAPONRY FROM ABOUT THIS PALACE--
--AND LEARN THE TRUE DEPTHS OF THE LOVE WHICH LATVERIA HOLDS FOR ITS MONARCH.
WHY DO YOU BAIT ME THUS, GIRL, BEYOND THE POINT OF MADNESS?
IT IS FOR YOU THAT I HAVE DONE IT ALL. FOR YOU!
IS IT, VICTOR? IS THAT WHY YOU WOULD NOT RESPECT MY WISH NEVER TO SEE YOU AGAIN?*
FOR YEARS, VALERIA, I HAVE BEEN A PRISONER--
IS THAT WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE--AND KEEP ME HERE, A PRISONER?
BUT YOU ARE NOT MY PRISONER. YOU ARE--A GUEST.
--OF MY LOVE FOR YOU.
*THE CHILDHOOD ROMANCE OF VICTOR VON DOOM AND THE GIRL VALERIA WAS FIRST RECORDED IN MARVEL SUPERHEROES #19, REMEMBER? --STAN.
AS ARE ALL THESE DOOMED SOULS, I SUPPOSE--SUCH AS THAT ONE--
--WHOM YOU BROUGHT IN BENEATH A VEIL OF DARK SECRECY.
I AM DIS-APPOINTED, GIRL...

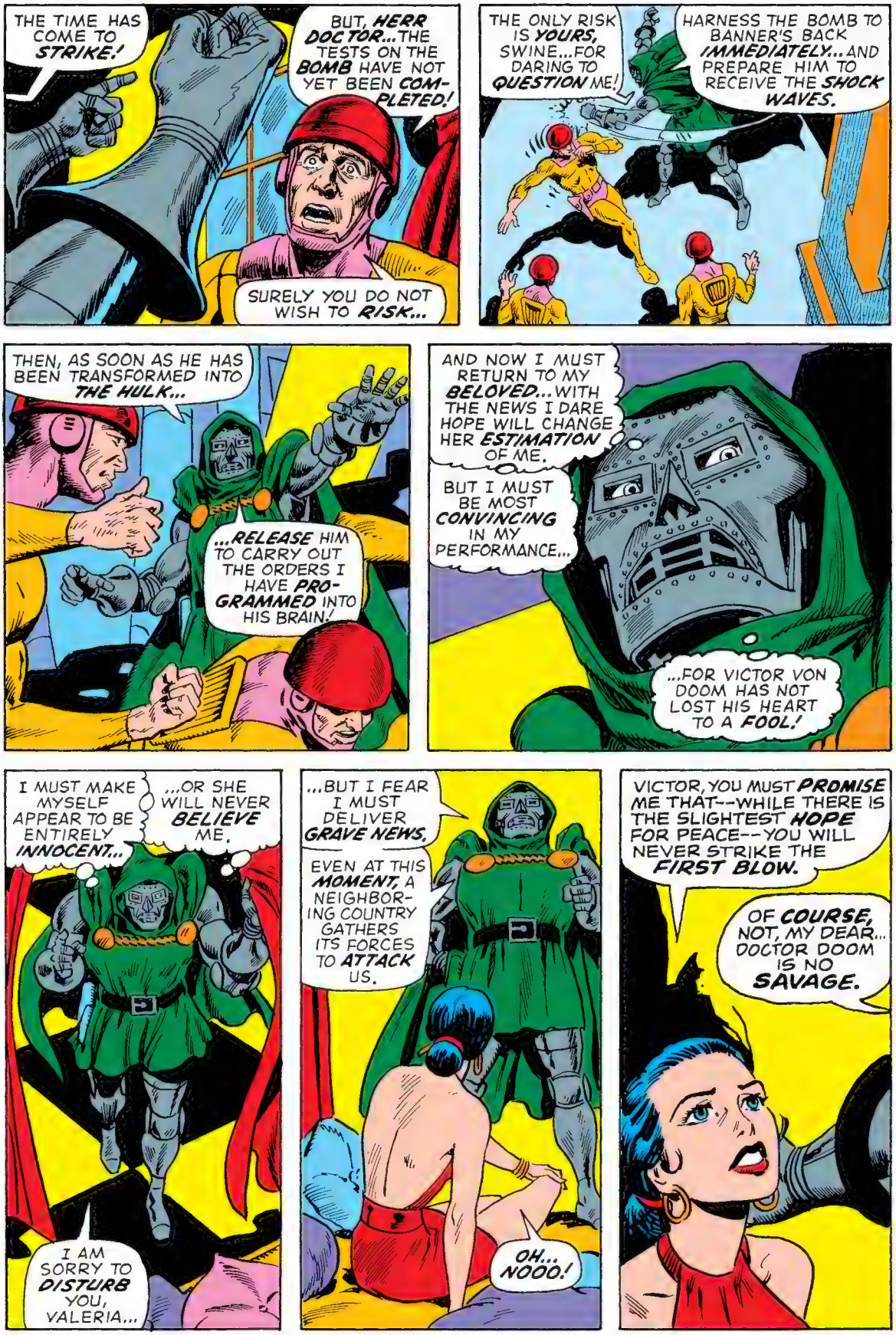
...THAT YOU FAILED TO RECOGNIZE DR. BRUCE BANNER.
I--I'VE HEARD OF HIM. ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PHYSICISTS OF THE WEST.
AYE...
...AND, THOUGH AN EXPATRIATE, ONE OF THE MOST LOYAL OF LATVERIANS.
WELL, SPEAK UP, MAN. IS NOT ALL THAT I HAVE SAID TRUE?
YES...YES IT IS, HERR DOCTOR.
I CAME HERE WILLINGLY... EVEN EAGERLY...
...TO PERFECT FOR LATVERIA THE WEAPON THAT WILL SHIELD HER FROM ALL HER FOES.
THE GAMMA BOMB!
THE GAM--? NO--NO!
I'VE HEARD SUCH A THING CALLED--THE DEVICE WHICH COULD DESTROY THE WORLD!
BUT--NOW I REMEMBER--SOMETHING ELSE THEY SAY HAPPENED YEARS AGO--
SUCH A BOMB TURNED ITS CREATOR--
--INTO ONE WHO IS CALLED THE HULK!
THE--HULK!?
VALERIA--YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE SPOKEN THAT HATED NAME.
FOR NOW--YOU HAVE STIRRED MEMORIES I HAD HOPED WERE FOREVER BURIED. LOOK!
THE HULK! NO!
IT'S TRUE. I--I AM THE HULK!
BUT--I DON'T WANT TO TURN INTO THE MONSTER--EVER AGAIN.
I MUSTN'T--AND I WON'T! I WON'T--! I--
HUHNN! AND--WHY SHOULDN'T I--?
WHY SHOULDN'T I WANT TO BECOME THE HULK--

--WHEN HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE OF ALL!?
RAK!!
WHAT IS THIS PLACE? HULK DOES NOT REMEMBER IT--HULK DOES NOT LIKE IT.
AND WHAT HULK DOESN'T LIKE--HE DESTROYS!
WOM

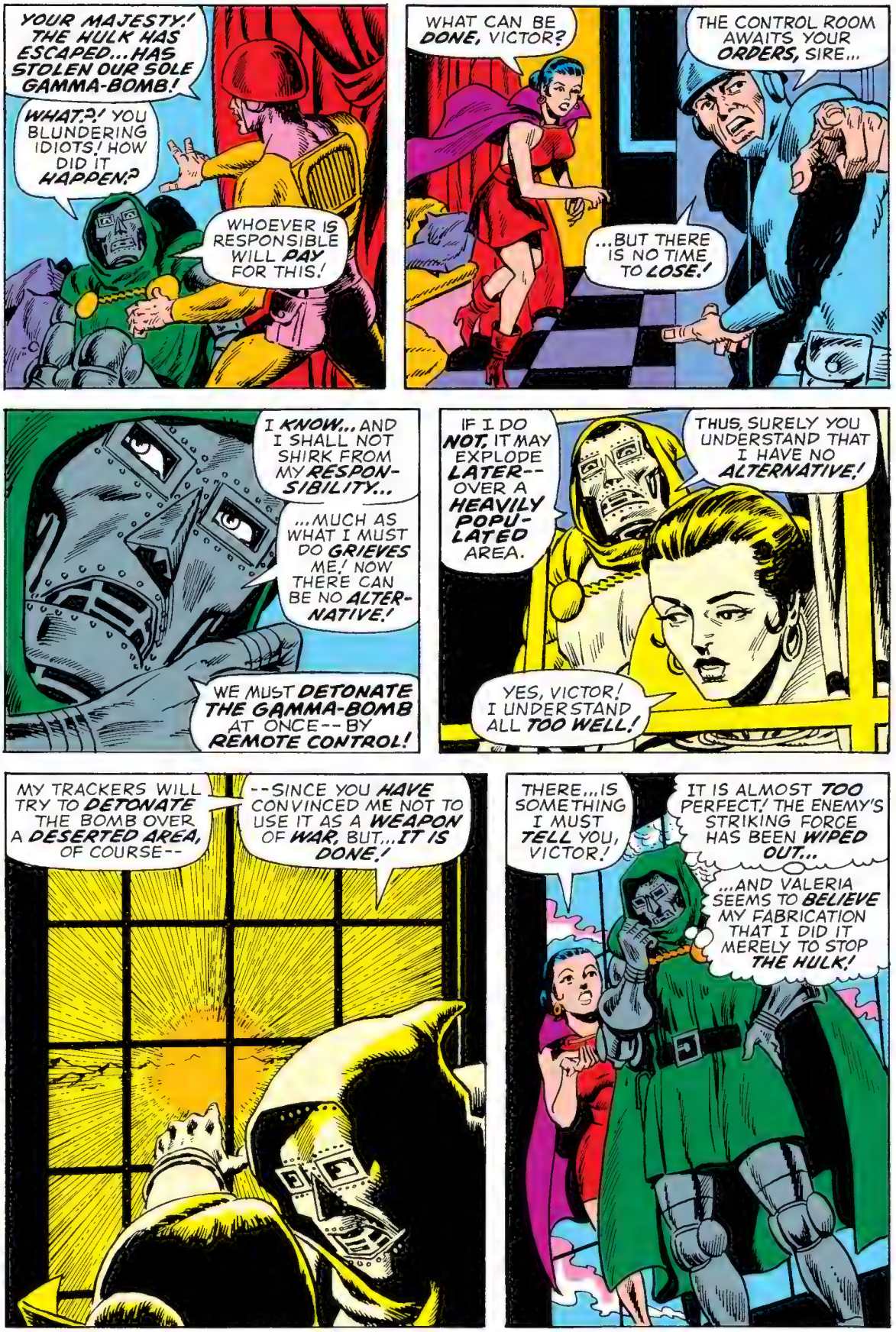
STOP, HULK! YOU ARE NOT SURROUNDED BY ENEMIES--NOT HERE.
WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS--YOUR FRIENDS!
FRIENDS? HULK HAS NO FRIENDS.
SOME HAVE SAID THEY WERE HULK'S FRIENDS--
--BUT THEN THEY ALWAYS TRIED TO TRICK HULK--HURT HIM.


THE MAN-BRUTE HAS GONE BERSERK--AS YOU CAN CLEARLY SEE.
LUCKILY, I HAD FORESEEN SUCH A POSSIBILITY--AS I FORESEE ALL POSSIBILITIES--
SSSSSSS
--AND I HAD INCREASED THE EFFICACY OF MY SLEEP-INDUCING TRANQUILIZER RAY.

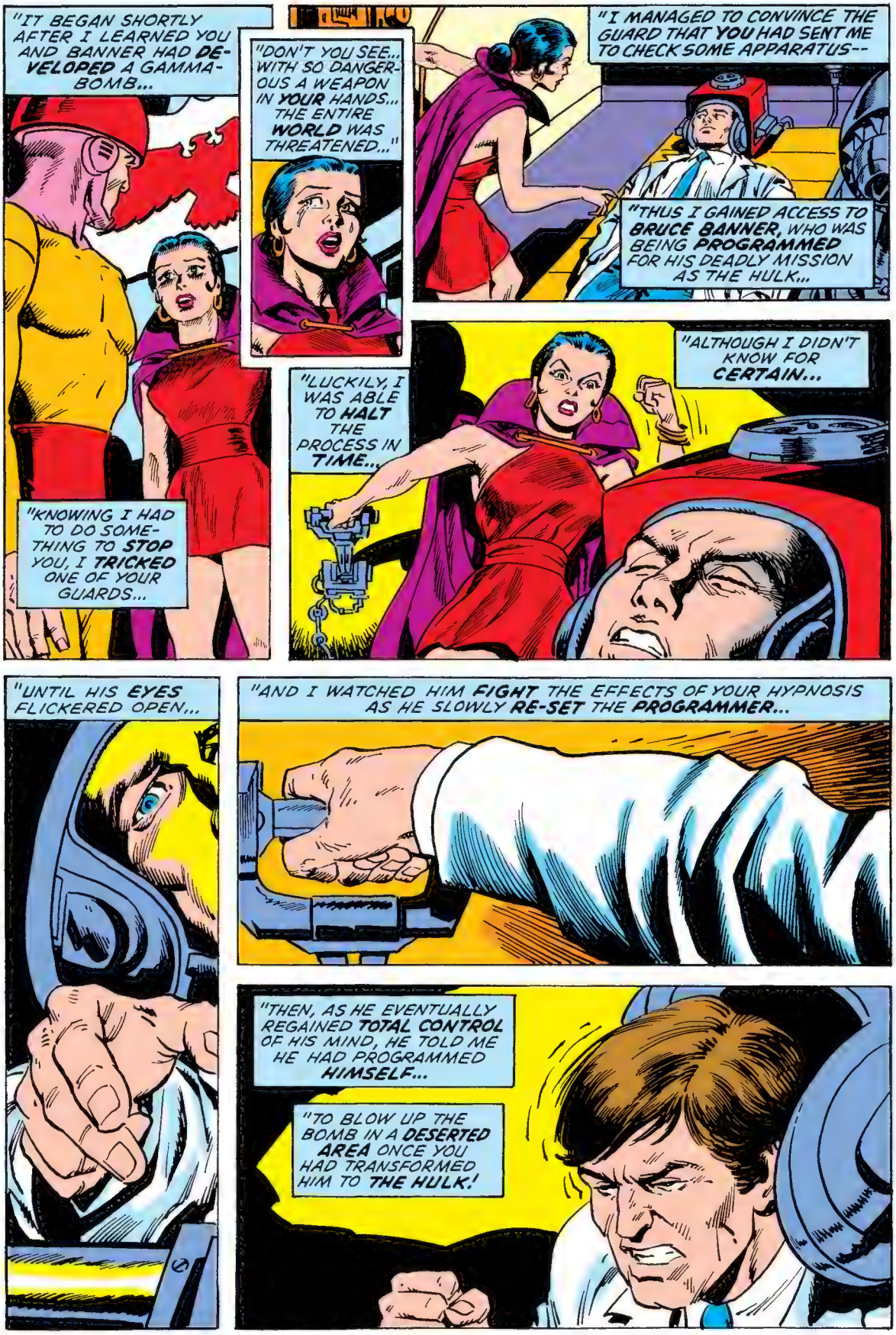
...WHICH AT FIRST SLOWS THE RAGING BRUTE...
...THEN STAGGERS HIM TO A POINT OF ALMOST TOTAL HELPLESSNESS...
...BEFORE, IN A MATTER OF MERE SECONDS, REDUCING HIM TO AN UNCONSCIOUS AND THUS HARMLESS BRUCE BANNER ONCE MORE!
HOW GHASTLY! I REALIZED THERE WAS DANGER...BUT TO TOY WITH SUCH A PITIFUL CREATURE...
PITIFUL?! THE HULK?! YOU TRY MY PATIENCE, WOMAN.
HAD I NOT INTERVENED, YOU MIGHT NOW BE DEAD... AND THAT GREEN GARGOYLE AT LARGE!
HOW NOBLE OF YOU, VICTOR! I AM SO IMPRESSED...I SHOULD LIKE TO RETURN TO MY ROOM...AWAY FROM THE SIGHT OF THAT POOR, TORMENTED MAN...
...AND FROM THE SIGHT OF MY DERANGED ADMIRER WHO HOLDS ME HERE AGAINST MY WILL!
AS YOU WISH. GUARDS...ESCORT HER TO HER QUARTERS!


THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE!
BUT, HERR DOCTOR... THE TESTS ON THE BOMB HAVE NOT YET BEEN COMPLETED!
SURELY YOU DO NOT WISH TO RISK...
THE ONLY RISK IS YOURS, SWINE... FOR DARING TO QUESTION ME!
HARNESS THE BOMB TO BANNER'S BACK IMMEDIATELY... AND PREPARE HIM TO RECEIVE THE SHOCK WAVES.
THEN, AS SOON AS HE HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THE HULK...
...RELEASE HIM TO CARRY OUT THE ORDERS I HAVE PROGRAMMED INTO HIS BRAIN!
AND NOW I MUST RETURN TO MY BELOVED... WITH THE NEWS I DARE HOPE WILL CHANGE HER ESTIMATION OF ME.
BUT I MUST BE MOST CONVINCING IN MY PERFORMANCE...
...FOR VICTOR VON DOOM HAS NOT LOST HIS HEART TO A FOOL!
I MUST MAKE MYSELF APPEAR TO BE ENTIRELY INNOCENT...
...OR SHE WILL NEVER BELIEVE ME.
I AM SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, VALERIA...
...BUT I FEAR I MUST DELIVER GRAVE NEWS.
EVEN AT THIS MOMENT, A NEIGHBORING COUNTRY GATHERS ITS FORCES TO ATTACK US.
OH... NOOO!
VICTOR, YOU MUST PROMISE ME THAT--WHILE THERE IS THE SLIGHTEST HOPE FOR PEACE--YOU WILL NEVER STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW.
OF COURSE, NOT, MY DEAR... DOCTOR DOOM IS NO SAVAGE.

WHILE, AT THAT SAME MOMENT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE...
ALL IS IN READINESS, SIR! WE NEED ONLY AWAIT YOUR ACTIVATION OF THE HULK!
IT IS DONE...AND MAY GOD HELP US...IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG!
BUT IT WILL NOT... IT CANNOT!
WE WILL SOON KNOW...FOR EVEN NOW I HEAR THE CREATURE STIRRING!
AND INDEED, IN A HEAVILY-FORTIFIED ADJOINING ROOM... A TREMENDOUS JOLT OF ELECTRICITY HAS ONCE MORE GIVEN BIRTH TO THE GREEN GOLIATH!
HULK IS...FREE AGAIN!
SOMETHING TELLING ME ENEMIES ARE NEARBY!
THERE HE GOES... SMASHING RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!
DON'T KNOW WHO ENEMIES ARE...
...BUT HULK WILL FIND THEM...AND SMASH THEM!
HE'S HEADING TOWARD THE BORDER ...JUST AS THE MASTER PROGRAMMED HIM TO DO!
AND WHEN HE ATTACKS...THE ENEMY WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!
YES...AND IF THEY WERE NOT TRYING TO OVERRUN US, I WOULD MOST CERTAINLY FEEL SYMPATHY FOR THEM!

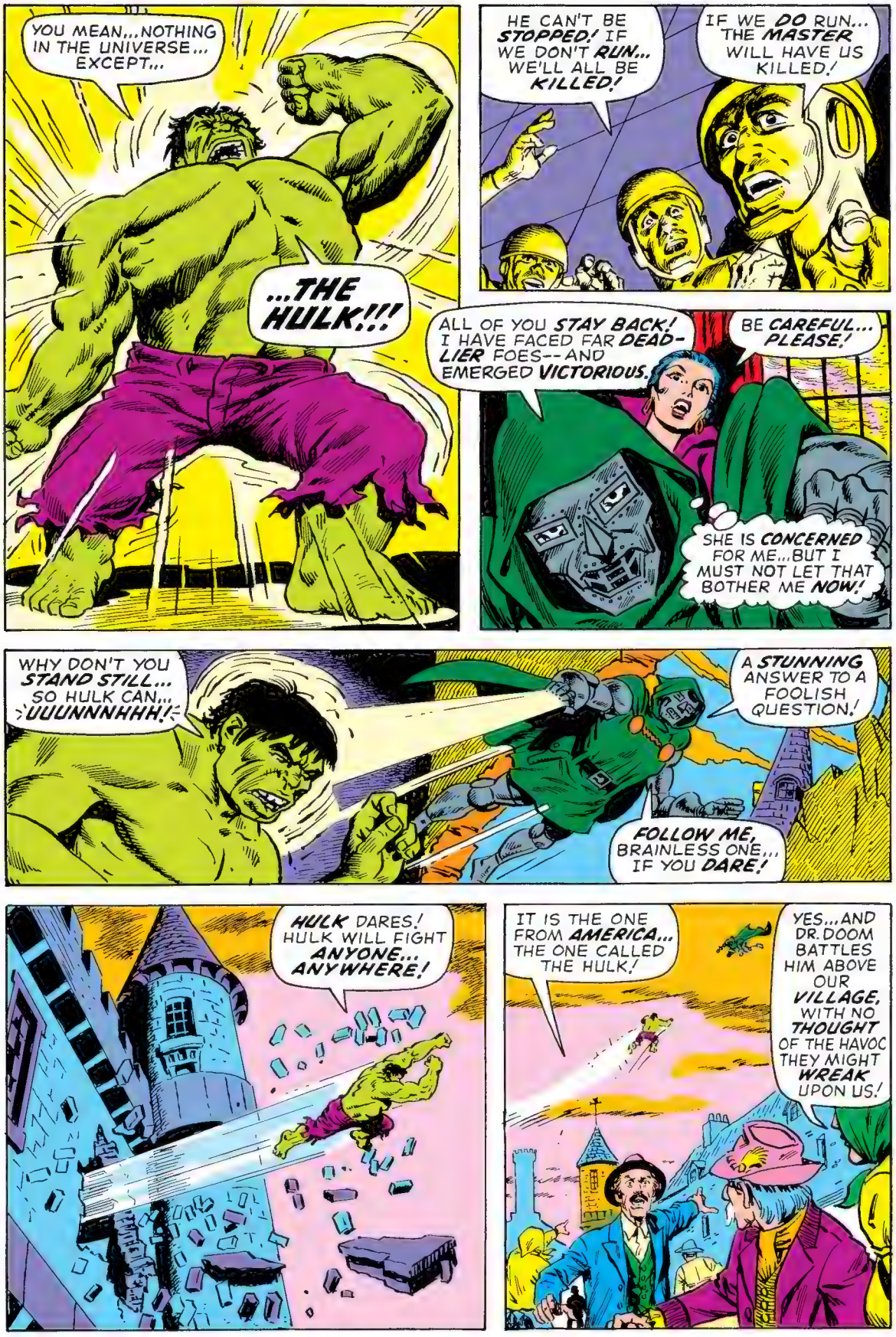

YOUR MAJESTY! THE HULK HAS ESCAPED... HAS STOLEN OUR SOLE GAMMA-BOMB!
WHAT?! YOU BLUNDERING IDIOTS! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE WILL PAY FOR THIS!
WHAT CAN BE DONE, VICTOR?
THE CONTROL ROOM AWAITS YOUR ORDERS, SIRE...
...BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!
I KNOW... AND I SHALL NOT SHIRK FROM MY RESPONSIBILITY...
...MUCH AS WHAT I MUST DO GRIEVES ME! NOW THERE CAN BE NO ALTERNATIVE!
WE MUST DETONATE THE GAMMA-BOMB AT ONCE -- BY REMOTE CONTROL!
IF I DO NOT, IT MAY EXPLODE LATER -- OVER A HEAVILY POPULATED AREA.
THUS, SURELY YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE!
YES, VICTOR! I UNDERSTAND ALL TOO WELL!
MY TRACKERS WILL TRY TO DETONATE THE BOMB OVER A DESERTED AREA, OF COURSE --
--SINCE YOU HAVE CONVINCED ME NOT TO USE IT AS A WEAPON OF WAR, BUT... IT IS DONE!
THERE... IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU, VICTOR!
IT IS ALMOST TOO PERFECT! THE ENEMY'S STRIKING FORCE HAS BEEN WIPED OUT...
...AND VALERIA SEEMS TO BELIEVE MY FABRICATION THAT I DID IT MERELY TO STOP THE HULK!

AND NOW, DEAREST, I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY...
FORGIVE MY INTRUSION, SIRE... BUT THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE!
THE BOMB DETONATED TOO SOON... AND THE ENEMY FORCES WERE NOT HARMED!
I DO NOT UNDER-STAND!
SILENCE, FOOL!
THERE'S NO NEED TO BLAME HIM, VICTOR! THAT IS WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU!
WHAT'S THAT?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! I THOUGHT THAT YOU...
NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THOUGHT, VICTOR! WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT I'VE KNOWN ABOUT YOUR FIENDISH PLOT FOR HOURS!
YOUR PERFORMANCE FOR MY BENEFIT WAS DESERVING OF AN AWARD, BUT I WASN'T FOOLED BY IT!
FOR ALL THESE YEARS... I'VE HOPED THAT SOMEHOW, SOME WAY, YOU WOULD CHANGE...
...AND THAT PERHAPS WHEN THAT HAPPENED, IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO LOVE YOU...
BUT NOW I REALIZE IT CAN NEVER BE... FOR THE FEELINGS I HOLD IN MY HEART FOR YOU...
...CAN NEVER STAMP OUT THE EVER-PRESENT EVIL WHICH CONTROLS YOURS!
I SUPPOSE THAT IS WHY I DID WHAT I DID!


"IT BEGAN SHORTLY AFTER I LEARNED YOU AND BANNER HAD DEVELOPED A GAMMA-BOMB...
"KNOWING I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO STOP YOU, I TRICKED ONE OF YOUR GUARDS...
"DON'T YOU SEE... WITH SO DANGEROUS A WEAPON IN YOUR HANDS... THE ENTIRE WORLD WAS THREATENED..."
"I MANAGED TO CONVINCE THE GUARD THAT YOU HAD SENT ME TO CHECK SOME APPARATUS--
"THUS I GAINED ACCESS TO BRUCE BANNER, WHO WAS BEING PROGRAMMED FOR HIS DEADLY MISSION AS THE HULK...
"LUCKILY, I WAS ABLE TO HALT THE PROCESS IN TIME...
"ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN...
"UNTIL HIS EYES FLICKERED OPEN...
"AND I WATCHED HIM FIGHT THE EFFECTS OF YOUR HYPNOSIS AS HE SLOWLY RE-SET THE PROGRAMMER...
"THEN, AS HE EVENTUALLY REGAINED TOTAL CONTROL OF HIS MIND, HE TOLD ME HE HAD PROGRAMMED HIMSELF...
"TO BLOW UP THE BOMB IN A DESERTED AREA ONCE YOU HAD TRANSFORMED HIM TO THE HULK!

THEN...IT WAS YOU.?!
YES, VICTOR! I DESTROYED YOUR PLOT TO ENSLAVE AN ENTIRE COUNTRY...
...AND MURDER THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE! BUT I AM NOT SORRY!
BUT...WHY.?! WHY BETRAY THE MAN WHO LOVES YOU...WHO WOULD GIVE YOU THE WORLD.?!
IT IS BECAUSE --YOU WOULD GIVE ME THE WORLD.
YOU'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT I DON'T WANT THE WORLD... I ONLY WANTED YOU!
YOU TALK IN RIDDLES, WOMAN...AND TREASON IS NOT A MATTER TAKEN LIGHTLY IN MY KINGDOM!
I HAVE SPENT MY LAST SLEEPLESS NIGHT FILLED LONGING FOR YOU! FROM NOW ON, I WILL SEEK TO PLEASE ONLY MYSELF!
GUARDS...TAKE HER AWAY! SHE WILL BE TRIED LATER!
NO, VICTOR!! YOU CAN'T! YOU WOULDN'T!
DO NOT WORRY, WOMAN!
THE HULK IS HERE!

STOP HIM! USE YOUR STUN RIFLES!
HAH! WHAT GOOD ARE GUNS...WHEN EVEN CANNONS CAN'T STOP HULK?
WHOK!
THAK!
GET OUT OF HULK'S WAY! HULK HAS NO TIME TO WASTE!
HULK ONLY WANTS THE ONE CALLED... DR. DOOM!
HUH?! SOMETHING INVISIBLE... HOLDING HULK BACK ...HULK CAN'T MOVE!
A SLIGHT OVER-SIMPLIFICATION, YOU PEA-BRAINED OAF...
...BUT AN ACCURATE ONE FOR MY MINIATURIZED FORCE-FIELD PROJECTOR!
IT MAY BE SMALL IN SIZE...BUT NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SHATTER ITS FIELD!


YOU MEAN,,,NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE... EXCEPT...
...THE HULK!!!
HE CAN'T BE STOPPED! IF WE DON'T RUN... WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
IF WE DO RUN... THE MASTER WILL HAVE US KILLED!
ALL OF YOU STAY BACK! I HAVE FACED FAR DEADLIER FOES--AND EMERGED VICTORIOUS.
BE CAREFUL... PLEASE!
SHE IS CONCERNED FOR ME...BUT I MUST NOT LET THAT BOTHER ME NOW!
WHY DON'T YOU STAND STILL... SO HULK CAN,,, UUUNNNHHH!
A STUNNING ANSWER TO A FOOLISH QUESTION!
FOLLOW ME, BRAINLESS ONE,,, IF YOU DARE!
HULK DARES! HULK WILL FIGHT ANYONE... ANYWHERE!
IT IS THE ONE FROM AMERICA... THE ONE CALLED THE HULK!
YES...AND DR. DOOM BATTLES HIM ABOVE OUR VILLAGE, WITH NO THOUGHT OF THE HAVOC THEY MIGHT WREAK UPON US!

HULK IS STRONGER THAN YOU. HULK IS STRONGER THAN ANYONE!
YOU HAVE YET TO PROVE THE CREDIBILITY OF THAT STATEMENT...
...BUT YOU ARE FAR MORE AGILE THAN I ANTICIPATED FROM ONE OF YOUR SIZE!
HULK IS TIRED OF ALL THIS TALK!
IF YOU WON'T COME TO HULK... HULK WILL COME TO YOU!
I HARDLY THINK SO...WHEN A SIMPLE BLAST OF MY FORCE-RAYS SENDS ME HURTLING AWAY FROM YOU!
OOOHHHHH!
HE CRASHED INTO THAT STEEPLE...
AND THE RUBBLE IS FALLING TOWARDS VALERIA!
I MUST REACH HER BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

FALL DOWN... AND STAY BENEATH MY FORCE UMBRELLA!
ONE MOMENT SHE BETRAYS ME... AND THE NEXT I RISK MY LIFE TO SAVE HER!
WHAT IS THIS INSANITY WHICH MAKES EVEN DOCTOR DOOM ACT LIKE A FOOL?
THE MADNESS, OF COURSE, IS WHAT MEN CALL LOVE, AND IT HAS CAUSED VICTOR VON DOOM TO COMMIT AN IRREPARABLE ERROR--!
YOU CALL HULK STUPID...THEN TURN YOUR BACK ON HIM!
THE HULK... SMASHING RIGHT THROUGH THE FORCE SHIELD!
SMAK!
YOU MAY HAVE MORE TRICKS...
...BUT HULK HAS BIGGER FISTS!
VICTOR... WATCH OUT!
YOU TRIED TO USE HULK... THEN MADE FUN OF HIM NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'S LAUGHING AT THE END OF OUR BATTLE!

NOOO! STOP IT! PLEASE STOP! HE DIDN'T MEAN TO DO ANY OF IT!
IT'S NO USE! HE HAS VICTOR IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP! AND I'M HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING BUT WATCH!
WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH AT HULK NOW?!
YOU DON'T THINK IT'S FUNNY ANYMORE?
THEN ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS-- GIVE UP!
GIVE UP, EVIL ONE!
GIVE UP!!
NEVER! DOCTOR DOOM-- MAY DIE--
--BUT HE--MAY NEVER SURRENDER--!
BAH! HULK HAS BEATEN YOU-- AND HULK KNOWS IT!
THUS-- HULK WILL FIGHT-- NO MORE!
FOOL! A MOMENT'S RESPITE IS ALL I NEED-- AND THEN--
DON'T TALK... JUST GO, BEFORE HULK CHANGES HIS MIND!

PLEASE! DON'T START AGAIN!
DO NOT WORRY! THE FIGHT--IS OVER!
NO! IT IS NOT ENDED --WHILE YOU STILL LIVE!
OH, VICTOR...I WAS SO FRIGHTENED! I WAS AFRAID HE'D KILL YOU! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!
I CAN NEVER BE ALL RIGHT--NEVER REST--TILL THE BATTLE IS DECIDED!
GIRL REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE...THE GIRL NAMED BETTY ROSS...
...AND A MAN--A MAN HULK HURT!
CAN'T REMEMBER ANY MORE-- EXCEPT IT MADE HULK FEEL...SAD!
DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON ME, YOU GREEN GROTES-QUERIE!
NO ONE WALKS AWAY FROM A BATTLE WITH VICTOR VON DOOM!
THE FIGHTING MUST GO ON!
HULK DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THIS FIGHT...OR ANY FIGHT!
COME BACK! COME BACK!
ALL HULK WANTS...
...IS TO BE FAR AWAY...
...AND ALL ALONE!
-FINIS-

Nearly three years before Kang the Conqueror put the Hulk on a crash course with the Phantom Eagle, the World War I ace made his debut in the pages of *Marvel Super-Heroes* #16.

"The Phantom Eagle"
Marvel Super-Heroes #16, September 1968

Writer: Gary Friedrich

Artist: Herb Trimpe

Letterer: Irving Watanabe

Editor: Stan Lee

Color & Art Reconstruction: Michael Kelleher & Kellustration

MARVEL SUPER-HEROES!
PREEEEEEESENTING: THE PULSE-POUNDING
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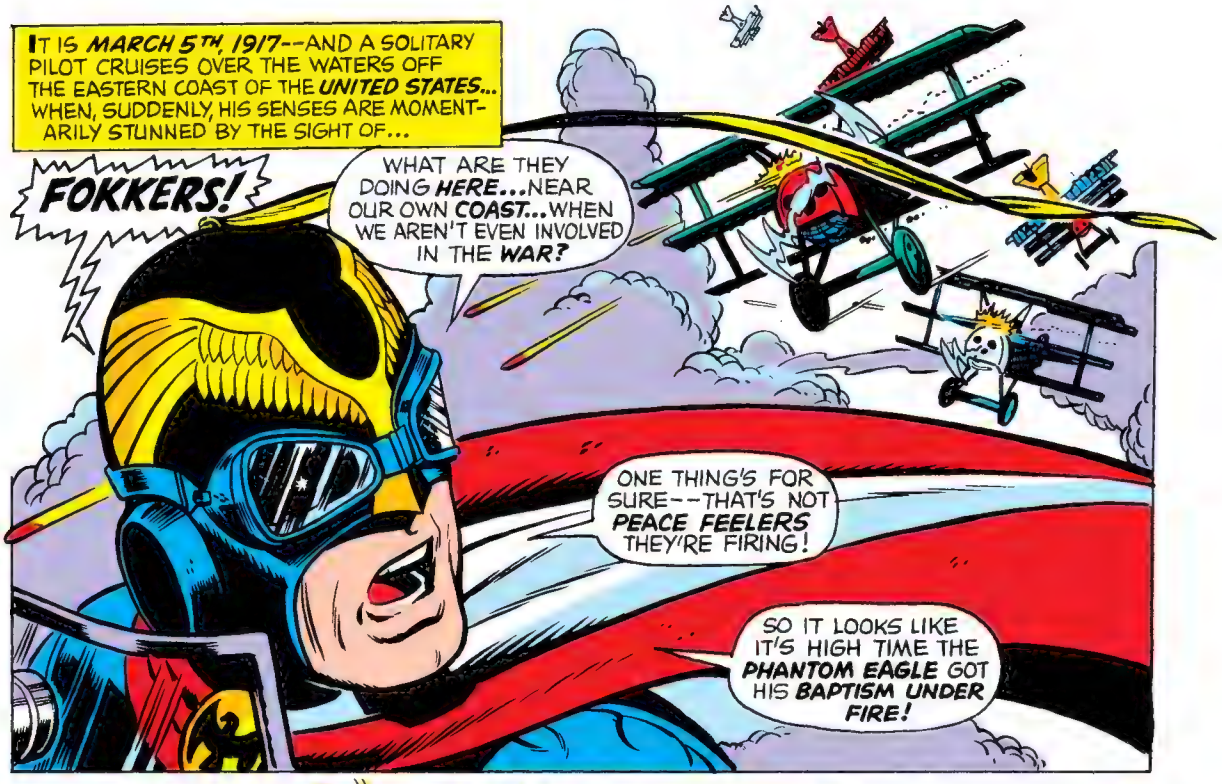
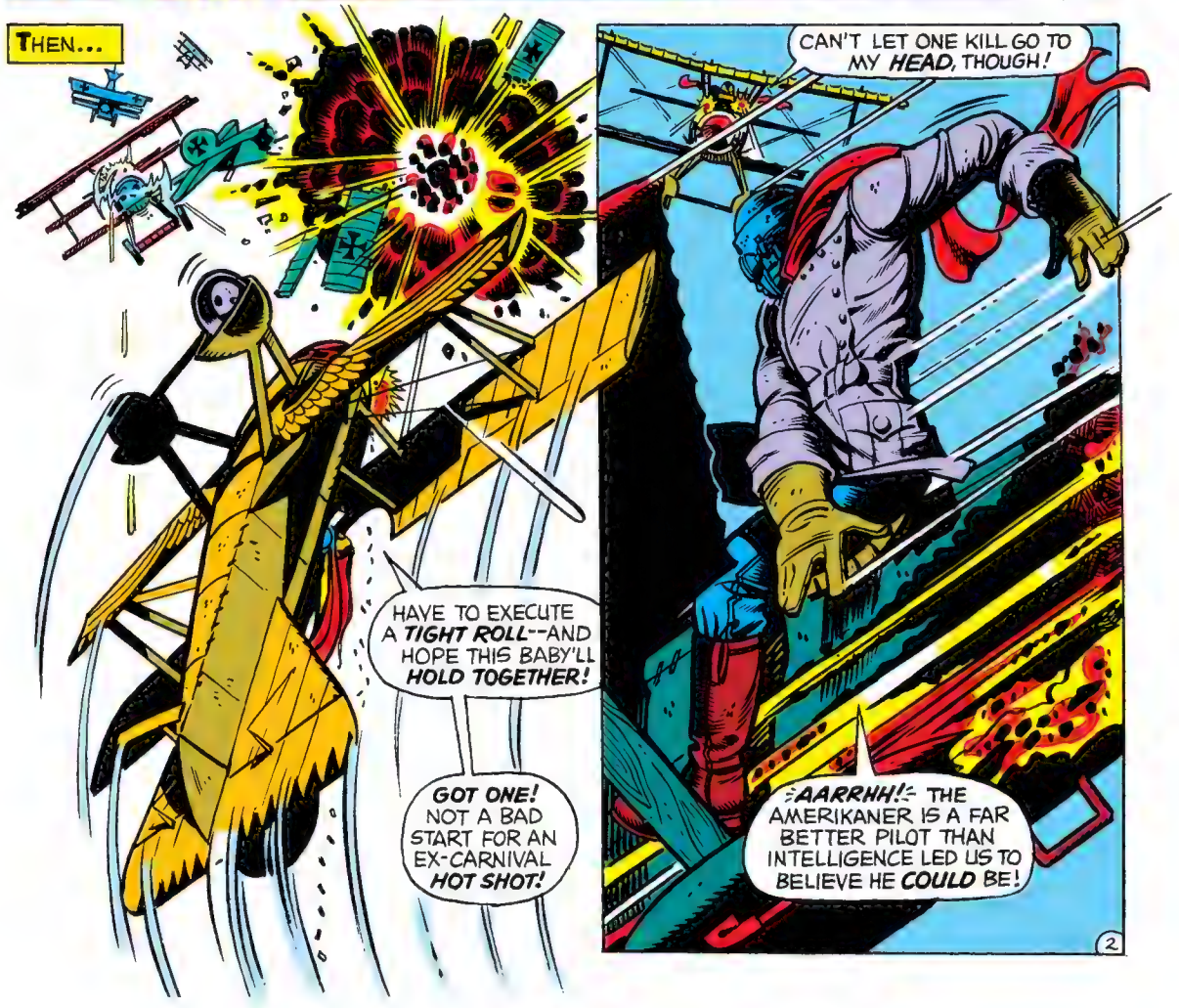
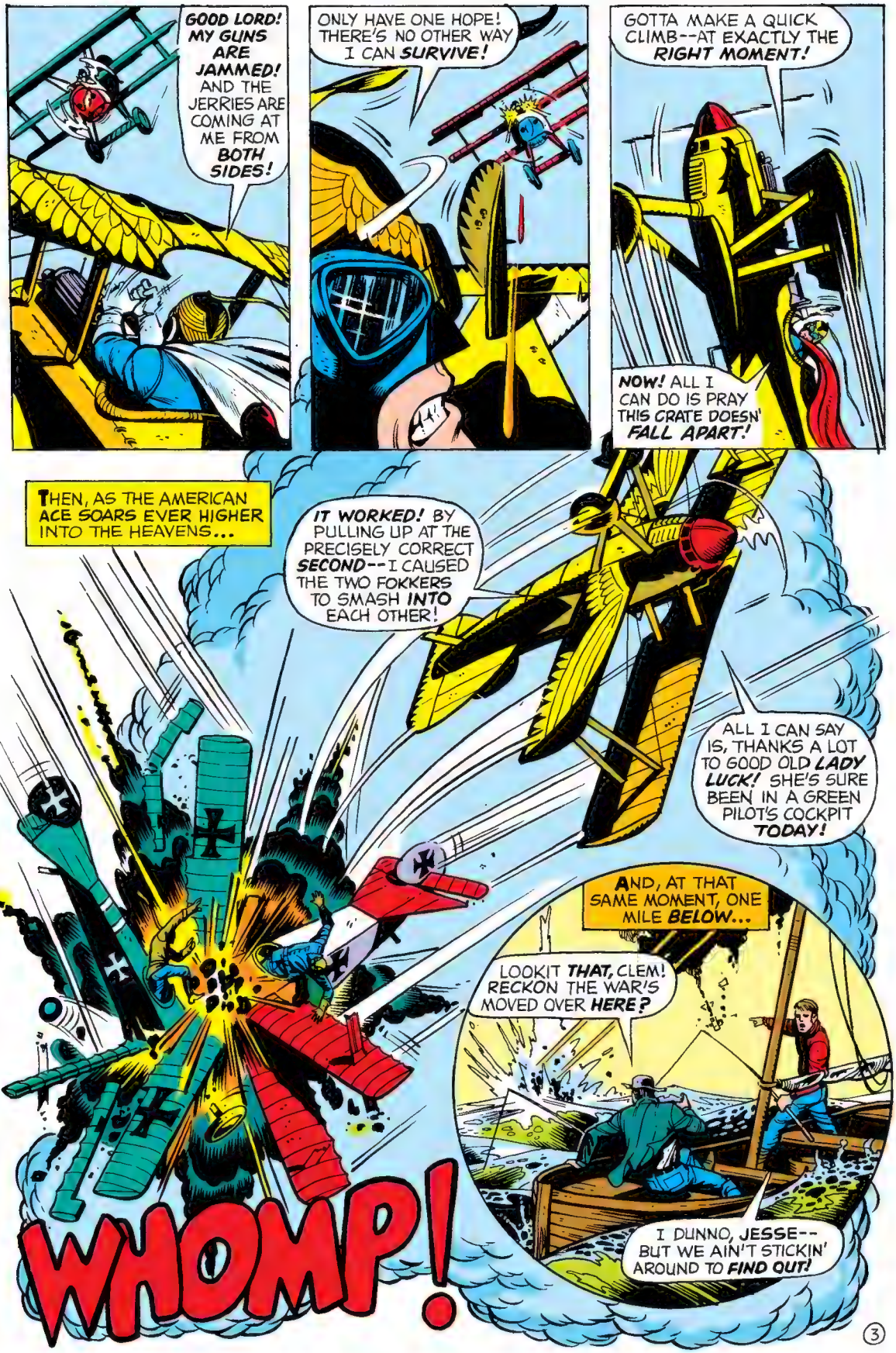
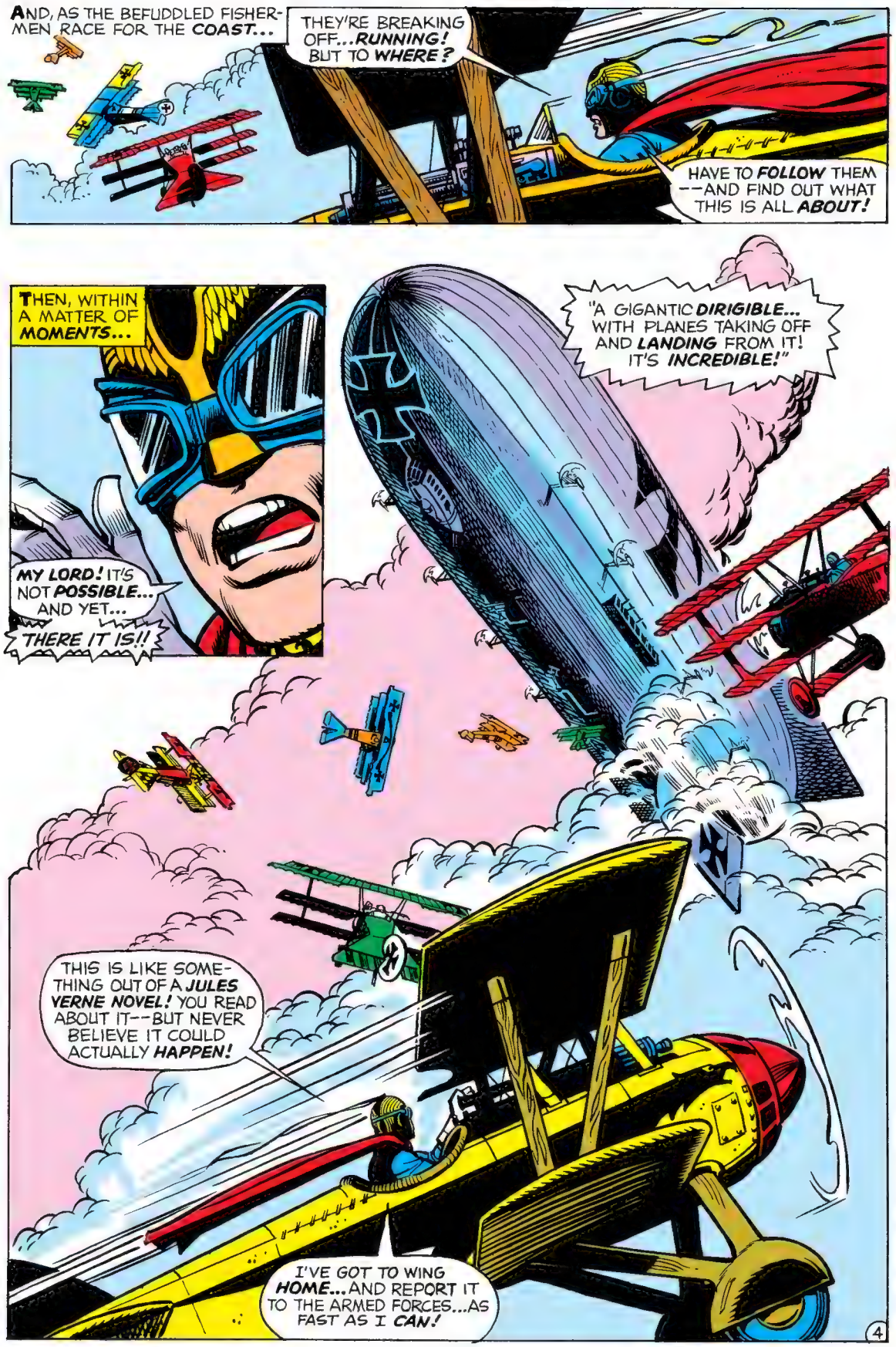
16 SEPT
HERE HE IS! MIGHTY MARVEL'S LATEST and GREATEST ACTION HERO!
PLUS: ANOTHER MARVEL-OUS MISH-MASH OF THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS FANTASY CHARACTERS!
H. TRIMPE

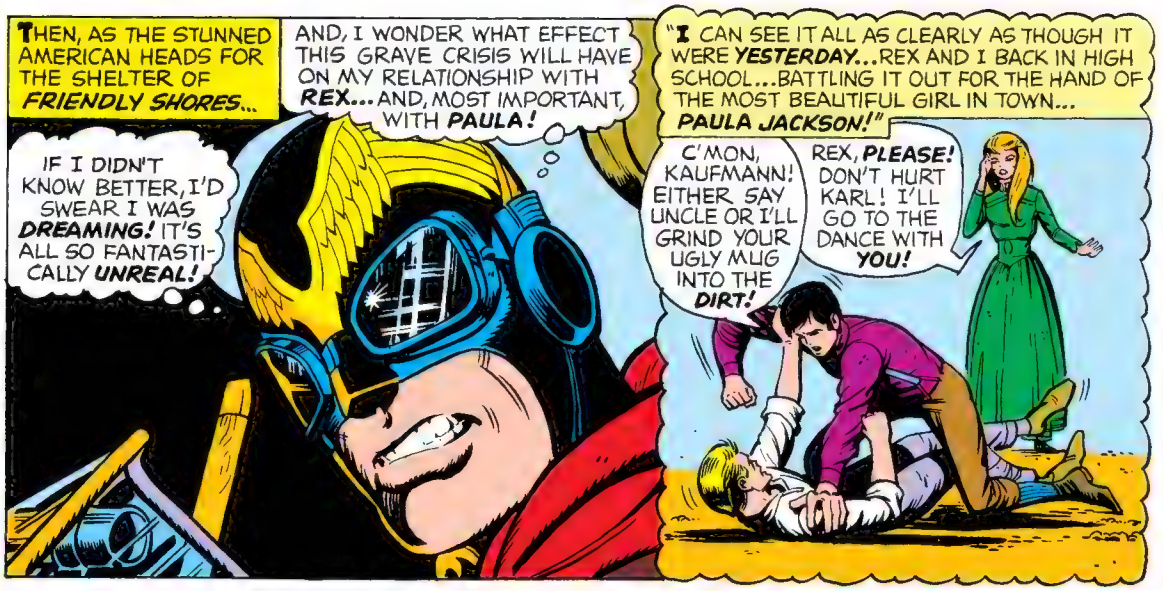
THE TIME IS MARCH, 1917--THE UNITED STATES HAS NOT YET ENTERED THE GREAT GLOBAL CONFLICT CONSUMING EUROPE! YET, EVEN AT THIS PREMATURE MOMENT, THE LAND OF THE FREE IS ON THE VERGE OF BECOMING THE GREATEST POWER THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN...
...AND, PAVING THE WAY TO THE EMERGENCE OF THIS NATION AS A WORLD LEADER IS A LONE UNIDENTIFIED MAN, KNOWN ONLY TO HIS CHIVALROUS COMRADES WHO FLY THE DEATH-FILLED SKIES AS...
"THE PHANTOM EAGLE"

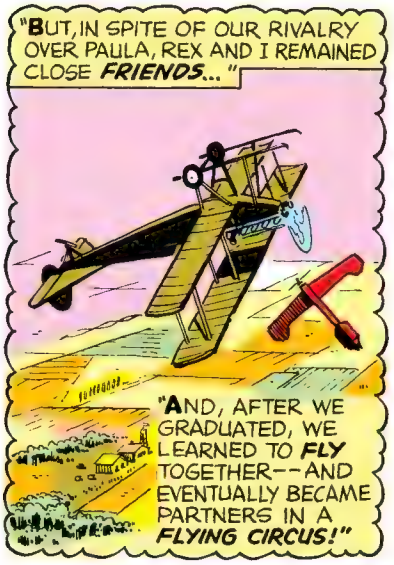

IT IS MARCH 5TH, 1917--AND A SOLITARY PILOT CRUISES OVER THE WATERS OFF THE EASTERN COAST OF THE UNITED STATES... WHEN, SUDDENLY, HIS SENSES ARE MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE SIGHT OF...
FOKKERS!
WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE...NEAR OUR OWN COAST...WHEN WE AREN'T EVEN INVOLVED IN THE WAR?
ONE THING'S FOR SURE--THAT'S NOT PEACE FEELERS THEY'RE FIRING!
SO IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S HIGH TIME THE PHANTOM EAGLE GOT HIS BAPTISM UNDER FIRE!


THEN...
HAVE TO EXECUTE A TIGHT ROLL--AND HOPE THIS BABY'LL HOLD TOGETHER!
GOT ONE! NOT A BAD START FOR AN EX-CARNIVAL HOT SHOT!
CAN'T LET ONE KILL GO TO MY HEAD, THOUGH!
:AARRHH!: THE AMERIKANER IS A FAR BETTER PILOT THAN INTELLIGENCE LED US TO BELIEVE HE COULD BE!
2


GOOD LORD! MY GUNS ARE JAMMED! AND THE JERRIES ARE COMING AT ME FROM BOTH SIDES!
ONLY HAVE ONE HOPE! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY I CAN SURVIVE!
GOTTA MAKE A QUICK CLIMB--AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT MOMENT!
NOW! ALL I CAN DO IS PRAY THIS CRATE DOESN' FALL APART!
THEN, AS THE AMERICAN ACE SOARS EVER HIGHER INTO THE HEAVENS...
IT WORKED! BY PULLING UP AT THE PRECISELY CORRECT SECOND--I CAUSED THE TWO FOKKERS TO SMASH INTO EACH OTHER!
ALL I CAN SAY IS, THANKS A LOT TO GOOD OLD LADY LUCK! SHE'S SURE BEEN IN A GREEN PILOT'S COCKPIT TODAY!
AND, AT THAT SAME MOMENT, ONE MILE BELOW...
LOOKIT THAT, CLEM! RECKON THE WAR'S MOVED OVER HERE?
I DUNNO, JESSE-- BUT WE AIN'T STICKIN' AROUND TO FIND OUT!
WHOMP!


AND, AS THE BEFUDDLED FISHERMEN RACE FOR THE COAST...
THEY'RE BREAKING OFF...RUNNING! BUT TO WHERE?
HAVE TO FOLLOW THEM --AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
THEN, WITHIN A MATTER OF MOMENTS...
MY LORD! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE... AND YET...
THERE IT IS!!
"A GIGANTIC DIRIGIBLE... WITH PLANES TAKING OFF AND LANDING FROM IT! IT'S INCREDIBLE!"
THIS IS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A JULES VERNE NOVEL! YOU READ ABOUT IT--BUT NEVER BELIEVE IT COULD ACTUALLY HAPPEN!
I'VE GOT TO WING HOME...AND REPORT IT TO THE ARMED FORCES...AS FAST AS I CAN!
4


THEN, AS THE STUNNED AMERICAN HEADS FOR THE SHELTER OF FRIENDLY SHORES...
AND, I WONDER WHAT EFFECT THIS GRAVE CRISIS WILL HAVE ON MY RELATIONSHIP WITH REX... AND, MOST IMPORTANT, WITH PAULA!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR I WAS DREAMING! IT'S ALL SO FANTASTICALLY UNREAL!
"I CAN SEE IT ALL AS CLEARLY AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY... REX AND I BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL... BATTLING IT OUT FOR THE HAND OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN TOWN... PAULA JACKSON!"
C'MON, KAUFMANN! EITHER SAY UNCLE OR I'LL GRIND YOUR UGLY MUG INTO THE DIRT!
REX, PLEASE! DON'T HURT KARL! I'LL GO TO THE DANCE WITH YOU!

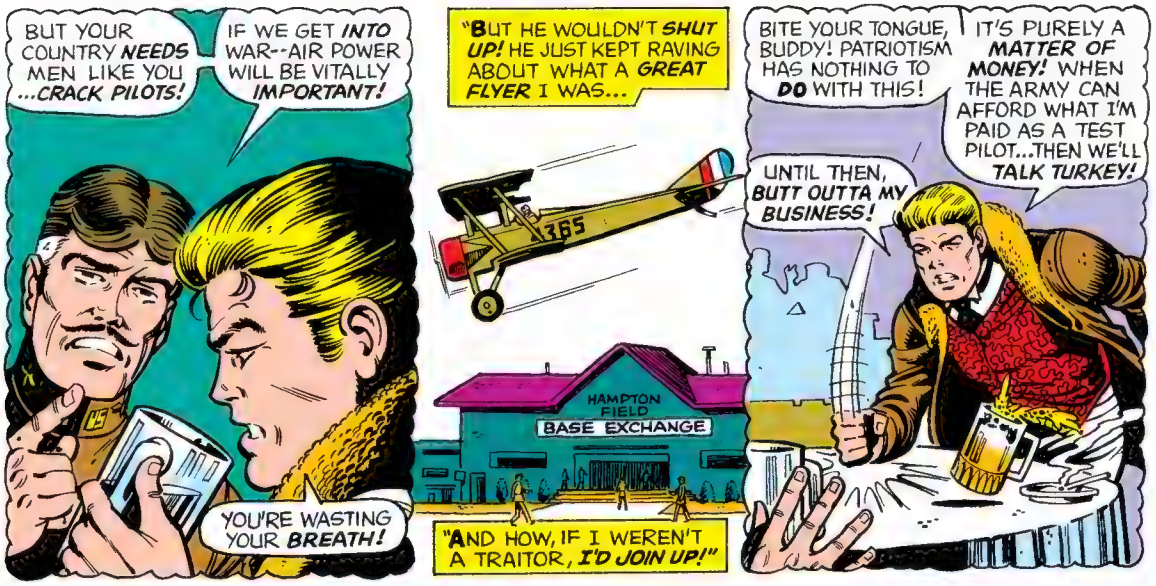

"BUT, IN SPITE OF OUR RIVALRY OVER PAULA, REX AND I REMAINED CLOSE FRIENDS..."
"AND, AFTER WE GRADUATED, WE LEARNED TO FLY TOGETHER--AND EVENTUALLY BECAME PARTNERS IN A FLYING CIRCUS!"

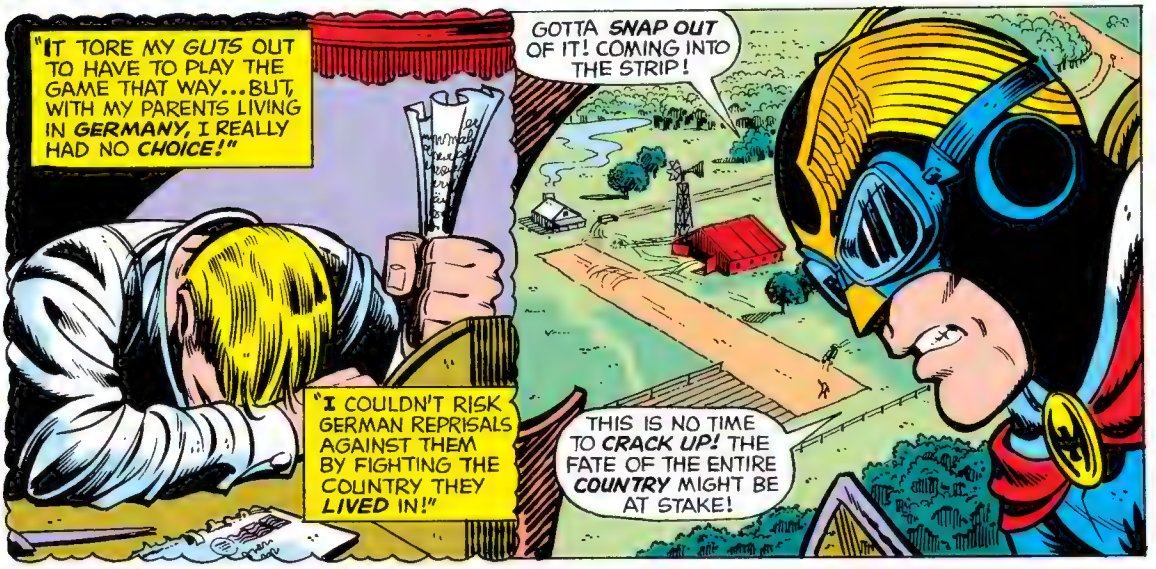
"UNTIL THAT TRAGIC DAY WHEN REX, TRYING TO SHOW OFF FOR PAULA, GOT A LITTLE TOO DARING, AND..."

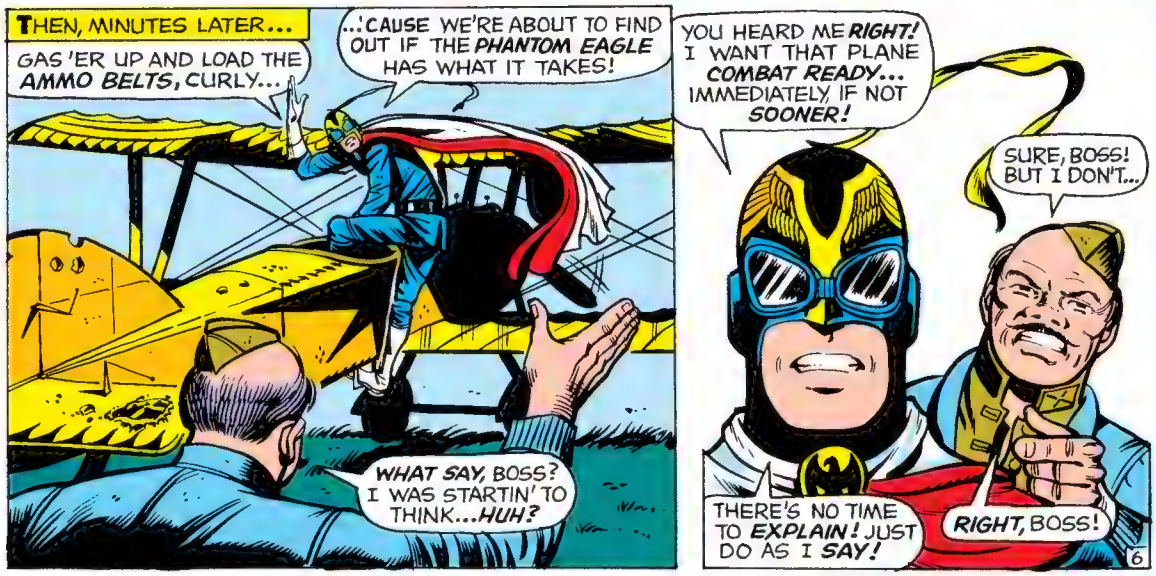
"... WOUND UP IN A HOSPITAL--VERY LUCKY TO BE ALIVE--BUT GROUNDED FOR LIFE!"

"FOLLOWING THE ACCIDENT, I TOOK A JOB WITH THE AIR CORPS--TESTING THE THOMAS MORSE SCOUT..."

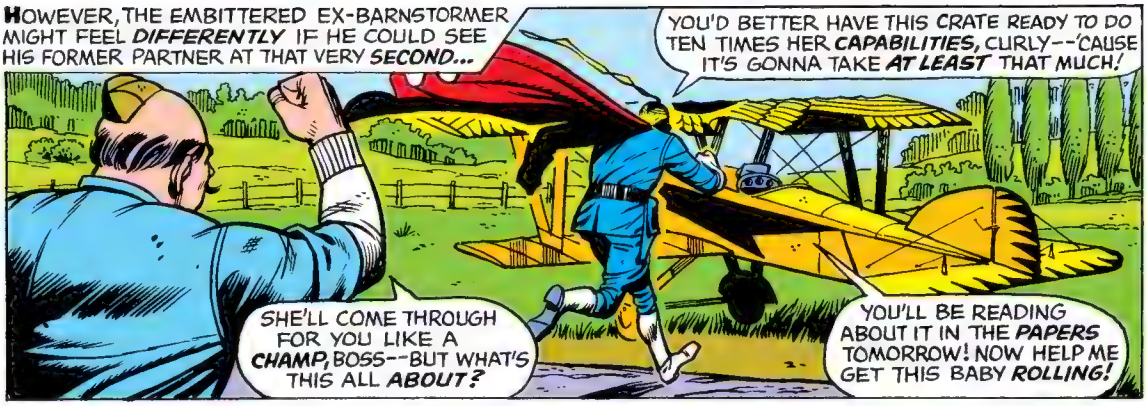
"AND, EVENTUALLY, I WAS REUNITED WITH REX AND PAULA--WHO HAD BY THEN BECOME ENGAGED--AT THE ARMY EXPERIMENTAL AIR STATION IN HAMPTON, VIRGINIA..."
KARL, YOU OLD SON-OF-A-BARNSTORMER, I WANT YOU TO MEET MAJOR JACK NORRIS OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS!
A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MAJOR--ALTHOUGH I MUST CONFESS I'M NOT MUCH ON CAREER MILITARY MEN!


BUT YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS MEN LIKE YOU ...CRACK PILOTS!
IF WE GET INTO WAR--AIR POWER WILL BE VITALLY IMPORTANT!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH!
"BUT HE WOULDN'T SHUT UP! HE JUST KEPT RAVING ABOUT WHAT A GREAT FLYER I WAS...
"AND HOW, IF I WEREN'T A TRAITOR, I'D JOIN UP!"
HAMPTON FIELD BASE EXCHANGE
BITE YOUR TONGUE, BUDDY! PATRIOTISM HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!
IT'S PURELY A MATTER OF MONEY! WHEN THE ARMY CAN AFFORD WHAT I'M PAID AS A TEST PILOT...THEN WE'LL TALK TURKEY!
UNTIL THEN, BUTT OUTTA MY BUSINESS!


"IT TORE MY GUTS OUT TO HAVE TO PLAY THE GAME THAT WAY...BUT, WITH MY PARENTS LIVING IN GERMANY, I REALLY HAD NO CHOICE!"
"I COULDN'T RISK GERMAN REPRISALS AGAINST THEM BY FIGHTING THE COUNTRY THEY LIVED IN!"
GOTTA SNAP OUT OF IT! COMING INTO THE STRIP!
THIS IS NO TIME TO CRACK UP! THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE COUNTRY MIGHT BE AT STAKE!


THEN, MINUTES LATER...
GAS 'ER UP AND LOAD THE AMMO BELTS, CURLY...
...'CAUSE WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT IF THE PHANTOM EAGLE HAS WHAT IT TAKES!
WHAT SAY, BOSS? I WAS STARTIN' TO THINK...HUH?
YOU HEARD ME RIGHT! I WANT THAT PLANE COMBAT READY... IMMEDIATELY IF NOT SOONER!
SURE, BOSS! BUT I DON'T...
THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! JUST DO AS I SAY!
RIGHT, BOSS!

THEN, MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE OBSCURE FARMHOUSE WHICH SERVES AS HOME AND HEADQUARTERS FOR THE ACE-TO-BE...
REX! DON'T SAY A WORD! JUST LISTEN TO ME!
TELL MAJOR NORRIS HE HAS TO GET A SQUADRON OF FIGHTERS OVER LONG ISLAND SOUND--ON THE DOUBLE! THE GERMANS ARE ABOUT TO INVADE US--VIA A DIRIGIBLE AIRCRAFT CARRIER!
WHAT...? THAT'S UNBELIEVABLE...BUT I KNOW YOU TOO WELL TO THINK YOU'RE KIDDING! WE DON'T HAVE ANY DECENT FIGHTERS, THOUGH! WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE ...UNLESS YOU'D LEAD THE SQUADRON!
SORRY, PAL--BUT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH CASH IN IT! YOU JUST TELL NORRIS TO GET HIS FLYBOYS CRACKING!
KLIK!
NORRIS ISN'T ON THE BASE! NO TIME TO CONTACT HIM! THAT ONLY LEAVES ME ONE ALTERNATIVE!
CORPORAL! ORDER THE SQUADRON TO THEIR PLANES... READY FOR COMBAT!
I'LL HAVE TO LEAD THEM MYSELF!
YESSIR!
SO, WITHIN FIVE MINUTES, ON THE SQUADRON'S TINY, ILL-EQUIPPED AIRFIELD...
I KNOW I HAVEN'T FLOWN FOR MONTHS--AND THAT I'M OFFICIALLY GROUNDED!
NO...! I WON'T LET YOU DO IT! YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE! WHAT CAN THESE OLD CRATES DO AGAINST GERMAN FOKKERS?
BUT I CAN'T LET THAT STOP ME...NOT AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
NOT MUCH--SO YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PRAY THAT THE BOYS AND I ARE BETTER PILOTS! GOODBYE--AND, IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME, REMEMBER--THAT I LOVE YOU!
AND, IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE FLEDGLING AMERICAN AIR CORPS FLIES OUT TO FACE THE ENEMY...
THIS WAY, YOU BLASTED CLOWNS! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR MEDALS...YOUR CHANCE TO GET THEM CAN'T BE MORE THAN MOMENTS AWAY!
IT'S A LOT MORE LIKELY WE'LL ALL END UP GOING DOWN IN FLAMES! MOST OF THESE KIDS BARELY KNOW HOW TO FLY!
BUT WE HAVE TO TRY--AND IF I LIVE THROUGH IT, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT KARL KAUFFMAN CAN NEVER SHOW HIS FACE IN THIS COUNTRY AGAIN!
7


HOWEVER, THE EMBITTERED EX-BARNSTORMER MIGHT FEEL DIFFERENTLY IF HE COULD SEE HIS FORMER PARTNER AT THAT VERY SECOND...
YOU'D BETTER HAVE THIS CRATE READY TO DO TEN TIMES HER CAPABILITIES, CURLY--'CAUSE IT'S GONNA TAKE AT LEAST THAT MUCH!
SHE'LL COME THROUGH FOR YOU LIKE A CHAMP, BOSS--BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
YOU'LL BE READING ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS TOMORROW! NOW HELP ME GET THIS BABY ROLLING!

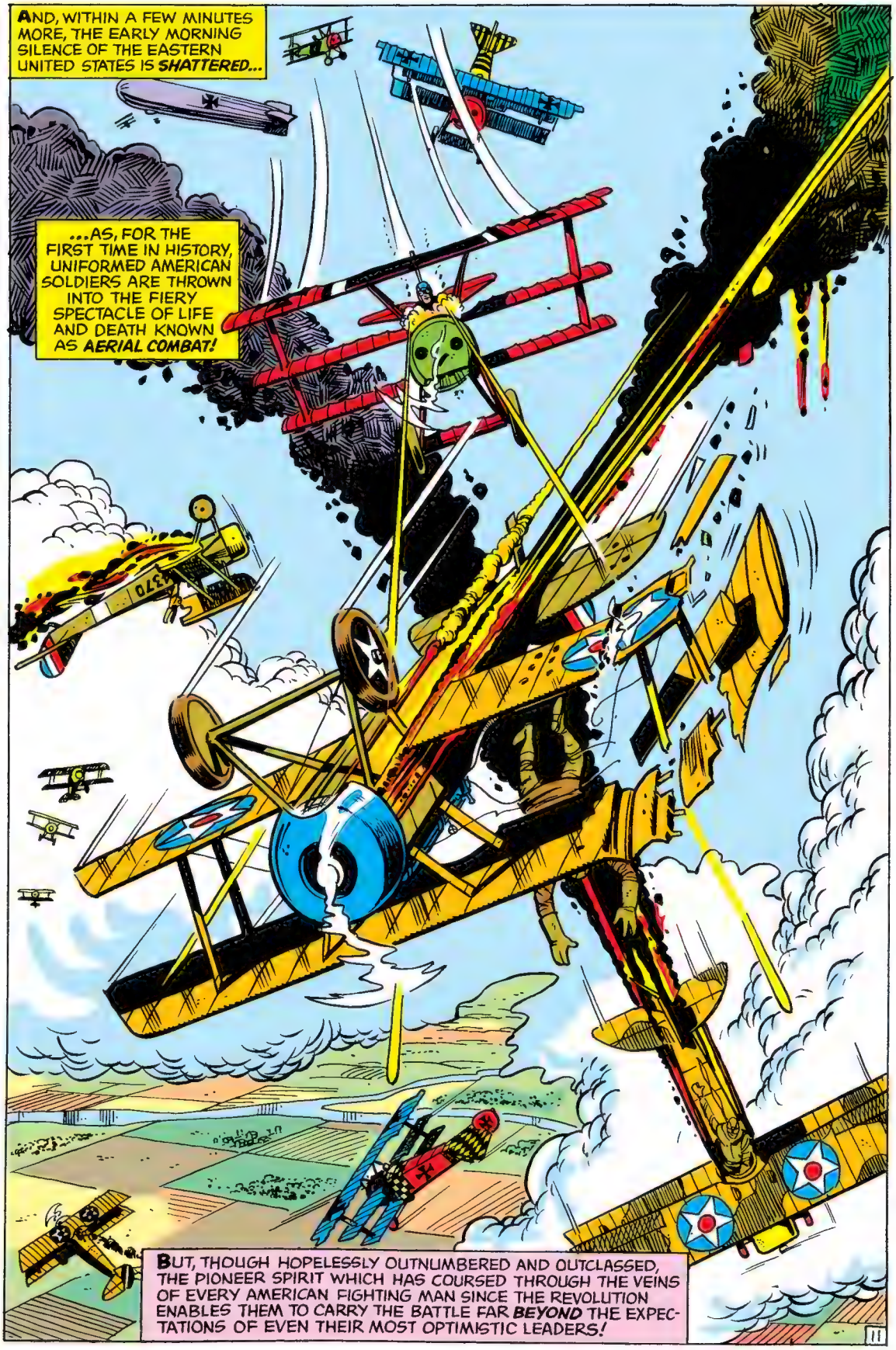
AND, IF I DON'T MAKE IT BACK--AT LEAST YOU'LL KNOW ALL THE WORK YOU PUT IT ON THE PLANE WASN'T FOR NOTHING!
I ONLY WISH I HAD AS MUCH CONFIDENCE IN MYSELF AS I HAVE IN THIS HEAP OF FLOWER SACKS AND BAILING WIRE YOU'VE THROWN TOGETHER!

BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR A CASE OF NERVES... SO HOW ABOUT SOME...
CONTACT!
COMIN' UP, BOSS... BUT JUST YOU BE SURE'N TAKE CARE'A THIS BABY FOR ME, HEAR?

THEN, AFTER A PERFECT TAKE-OFF INTO THE BONE-CHILLING MORNING AIR OVER EASTERN LONG ISLAND...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, BOSS! WHATEVER YOU'RE UP TO--THE PLANE'LL COME THROUGH WITH FLYIN' COLORS!
GOOD OLD CURLY! I'D BETTER TOSS HIM A HIGH SIGN! NO USE FOR BOTH OF US TO BE SCARED STIFF!
AND NOW I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE ON REACHING THAT DIRIGIBLE IN TIME... 'CAUSE, WITH WHAT THEY'RE FLYING, NORRIS' WHIZ KIDS ARE GONNA NEED ALL THE HELP THEY CAN GET!

HOWEVER, AS THE AMERICAN DEFENDERS RUSH TOWARD THEIR TARGET, THE THOUGHT OF AN ATTACK BY AMERICAN AIRCRAFT IS THE FARTHEST THING FROM GENERAL HEINRICH VON RONSTADT'S MIND...
HOLD THE COURSE STEADY! WE ARE NEARING OUR LAUNCHING POINT! PLACE ALL PILOTS ON COMBAT ALERT!
WITHIN ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES, THEY ARE TO BE AIRBORNE... AND ON THEIR WAY TO DELIVER A CRUSHING BLOW WHICH WILL BRING THE UNITED STATES TO HER KNEES!
I REMIND YOU AGAIN, CAPTAIN CARLSON--YOUR MISSION IS THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE WALL STREET AREA OF NEW YORK!
YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE!
JA, MEIN GENERAL! MY MEN AND I WILL BE SUCCESSFUL!
YOU HAD BETTER BE--FOR SINCE THERE IS NO AMERICAN AIR FORCE TO OPPOSE YOU, THERE CAN BE NO EXCUSE FOR A MISS!
BUT, SUDDENLY...
ENEMY AIRCRAFT...
ALERT THE GENERAL!
9

AND, WITHIN SECONDS, AFTER THE STUNNING MESSAGE REACHES THE GIGANTIC AIRCRAFT'S CONTROL CENTER...
ALL PILOTS TO YOUR PLANES!
TWO DOORS SWING OPEN IN THE AIR-BORNE MAMMOTH'S BELLY, LIKE THE GAPING JAWS OF A MADDENED DICTATOR--ABOUT TO ISSUE HIS GRIM EPITHET OF DEATH...
...HER BOWELS A BEEHIVE OF ACTIVITY AS THE MEN WHO ARE HER VITAL ORGANS PREPARE TO UNLEASH HER DEADLY CARGO!
THEN, IN ANOTHER INSTANT, GIGANTIC STEEL PULLEYS SWING THE FOKKERS INTO PLACE...
...AND RELEASE THEM, SENDING THE PLANES INTO A SICKENING DIVE FROM WHICH ONLY THEIR POWERFUL ENGINES CAN SPARE THEM...AND CONVERT THEM FROM HELPLESS, UNCONTROLLABLE OBJECTS HURTLING THROUGH SPACE...
...INTO THE MOST AWESOME TOOLS OF WAR EVER KNOWN TO MANKIND!


AND, WITHIN A FEW MINUTES MORE, THE EARLY MORNING SILENCE OF THE EASTERN UNITED STATES IS SHATTERED...
...AS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, UNIFORMED AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE THROWN INTO THE FIERY SPECTACLE OF LIFE AND DEATH KNOWN AS AERIAL COMBAT!
BUT, THOUGH HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED AND OUTCLASSED, THE PIONEER SPIRIT WHICH HAS COURSED THROUGH THE VEINS OF EVERY AMERICAN FIGHTING MAN SINCE THE REVOLUTION ENABLES THEM TO CARRY THE BATTLE FAR BEYOND THE EXPECTATIONS OF EVEN THEIR MOST OPTIMISTIC LEADERS!

UNTIL, AS THE TOURNAMENT IN THE CLOUDS REACHES ITS *CLIMACTIC MOMENT...*

THE AMERICAN LEADER FLIES LIKE SOME *CIRCUS ACROBAT...*

...OUT-MANEUVERING MY *FINEST PILOTS!*

NOW HE WILL LEARN THAT THE ARENA OF THE SKY IS *NO PLACE* FOR SUCH *CONDUCT...*

...AND THAT THE *PRICE* OF BREAKING THE PILOT'S CODE OF CHIVALRY CAN ONLY BE...*DEATH!*

A *FOKKER...RIGHT ON MY TAIL!* GOTTA GO INTO A *POWER DIVE...* AND PRAY THIS PIECE OF JUNK CAN *TAKE IT!*

AND, AS THE RUSTY AMERICAN FLYER THROWS HIS FLIMSY AIR-CRAFT INTO A FINAL, FATEFUL *MANEUVER...*

I DIDN'T MAKE IT *IN TIME!* THE BATTLE'S ALREADY *STARTED!*

BUT, SOMEHOW, OUR BOYS SEEM TO BE *HOLDING THEIR OWN!*

I DON'T UNDERSTAND *HOW...* BUT MY QUESTIONS WILL JUST HAVE TO *WAIT!*

THE IMPORTANT THING NOW IS TO GIVE 'EM ALL THE HELP I *CAN!*

AND THAT KRAUT TRYING TO OUT-POWER DIVE A *FOKKER* LOOKS LIKE HE NEEDS ME MORE THAN *ANYONE ELSE!*

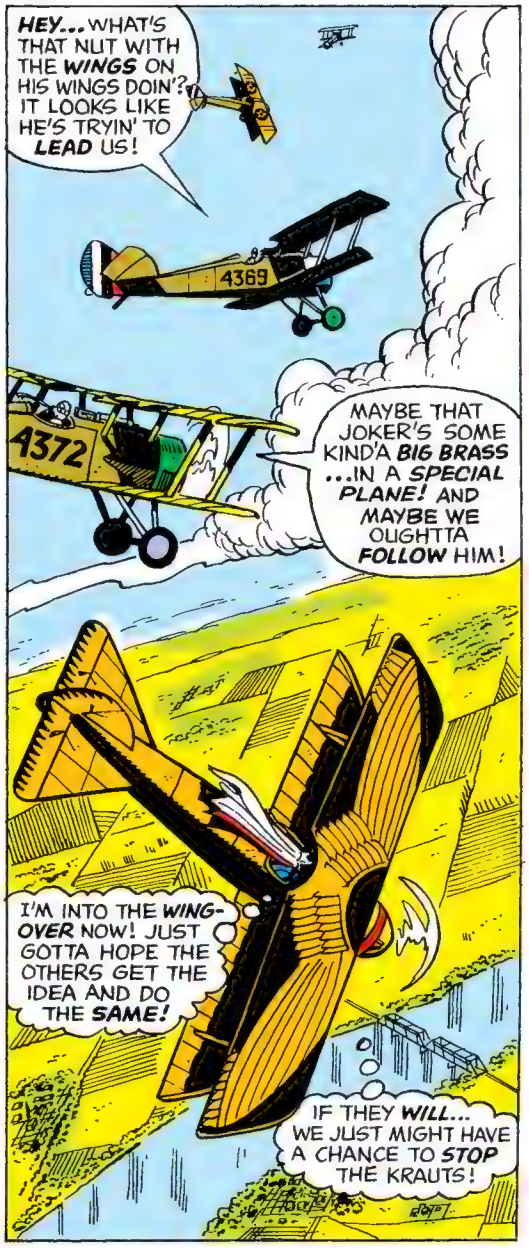
SO HERE'S WHERE WE FIND OUT IF THIS PLANE'S ALL CURLY'S *BUILT IT UP* TO BE!

AND WHERE *I* FIND OUT IF I'M ALL THE *ARMY* THINKS I AM!

BRAKKA

BRAKKA

MEIN GOTT! ANOTHER FOOL AMERIKANER DIVING AFTER ME!
GOT 'IM!
I...I AM SMOKING! THE SCHWEINHUND HAS HIT ME!
WHROOM!
PHEW! I OWE MY LIFE TO WHOEVER THAT GLORYHOG IN THE STRANGELY-MARKED PLANE IS!
ANOTHER SECOND AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN TOO LATE FOR ME TO PULL OUT!
HOWEVER, ALL THE ELATION OF THE FIRST KILL QUICKLY IS WIPED FROM KARL KAUFFMAN'S MIND AS HE DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE MAN HE SAVED TO DISCOVER...
REX! OH, NO! HE'S GOT NO BUSINESS UP HERE! AND IT'S MY FAULT THAT HE IS! IF I'D AGREED TO LEAD THE SQUADRON...
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUDDY--BUT HERE'S TO YOU! I OWE YOU MY LIFE!
BUT... WAIT! DON'T CUT OFF AND FLY AWAY FROM... HUH? HE WANTS ME TO FOLLOW HIM!
C'MON, YOU CRAZY FOOL! I CAN'T MAKE YOU FLY BACK TO THE BASE... BUT AT LEAST MAYBE I CAN KEEP YOU ALIVE!


HEY... WHAT'S THAT NUT WITH THE WINGS ON HIS WINGS DOIN'? IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S TRYIN' TO LEAD US!
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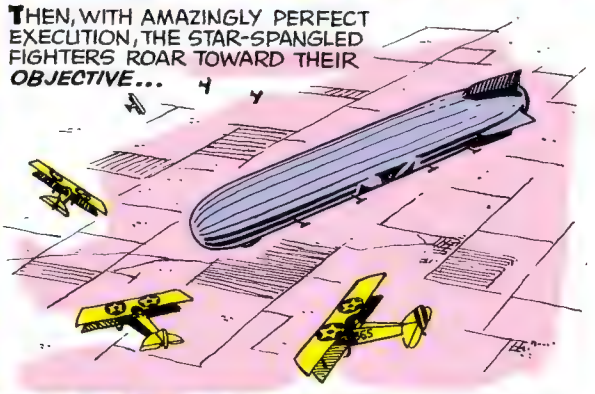
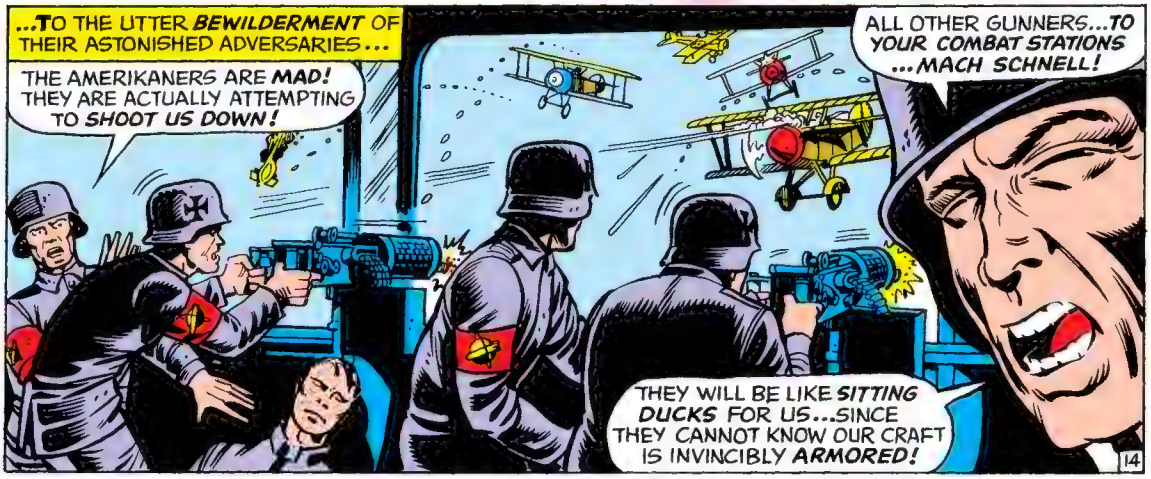
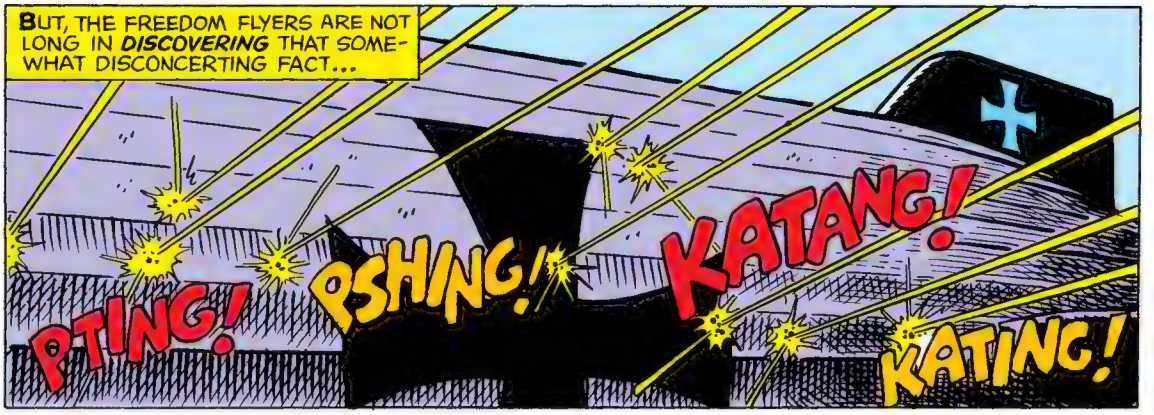
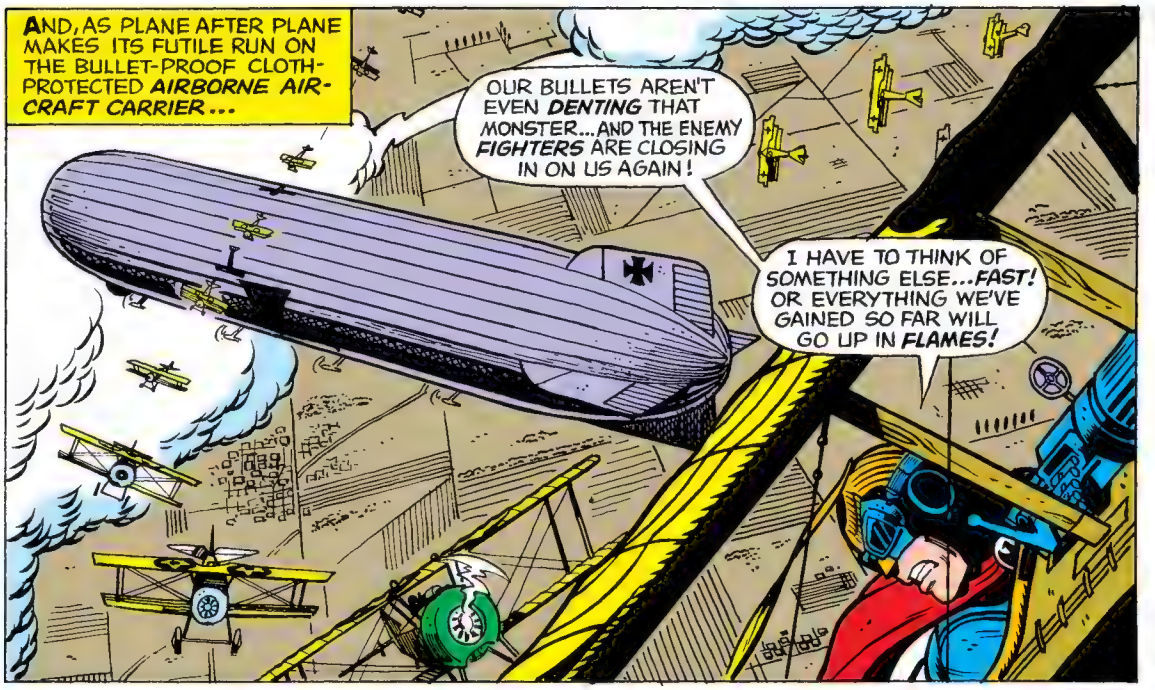
4372
MAYBE THAT JOKER'S SOME KIND'A BIG BRASS ...IN A SPECIAL PLANE! AND MAYBE WE OUGHTTA FOLLOW HIM!
I'M INTO THE WING-OVER NOW! JUST GOTTA HOPE THE OTHERS GET THE IDEA AND DO THE SAME!
IF THEY WILL... WE JUST MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO STOP THE KRAUTS!

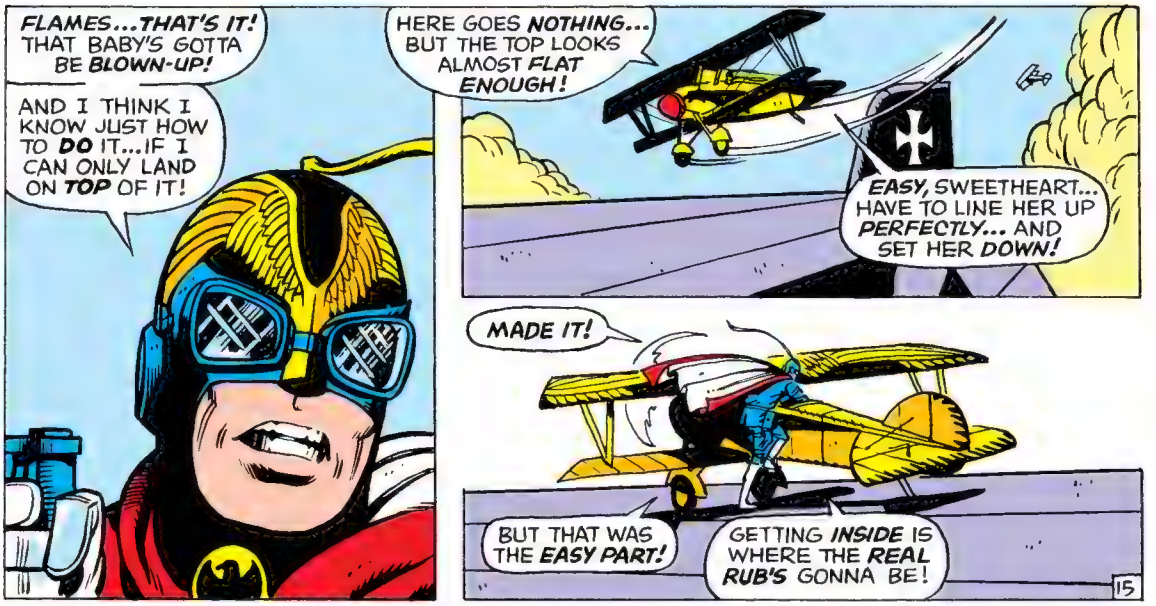
IT WORKED! THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME! AND THEY'RE FOLLOWING... DAISY CHAIN!
THE FOKKERS SEEM TO BE REGROUPING SOMEWHERE...SO THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO ATTACK THE DIRIGIBLE!
LET'S GO GET 'EM!


THEN, WITH AMAZINGLY PERFECT EXECUTION, THE STAR-SPANGLED FIGHTERS ROAR TOWARD THEIR OBJECTIVE...

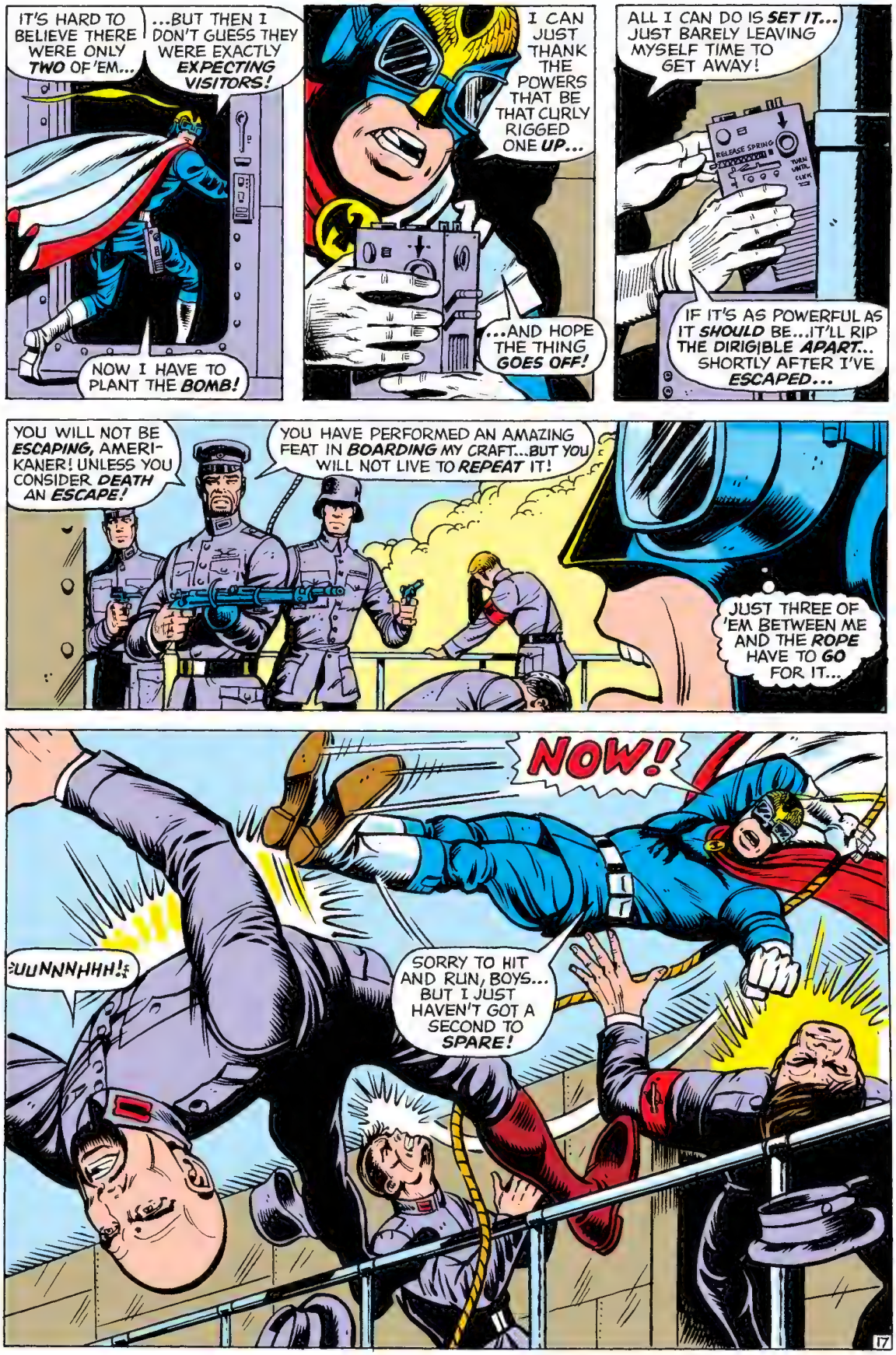

...TO THE UTTER BEWILDERMENT OF THEIR ASTONISHED ADVERSARIES...
THE AMERIKANERS ARE MAD! THEY ARE ACTUALLY ATTEMPTING TO SHOOT US DOWN!
ALL OTHER GUNNERS...TO YOUR COMBAT STATIONS ...MACH SCHNELL!
THEY WILL BE LIKE SITTING DUCKS FOR US...SINCE THEY CANNOT KNOW OUR CRAFT IS INVINCIBLY ARMORED!

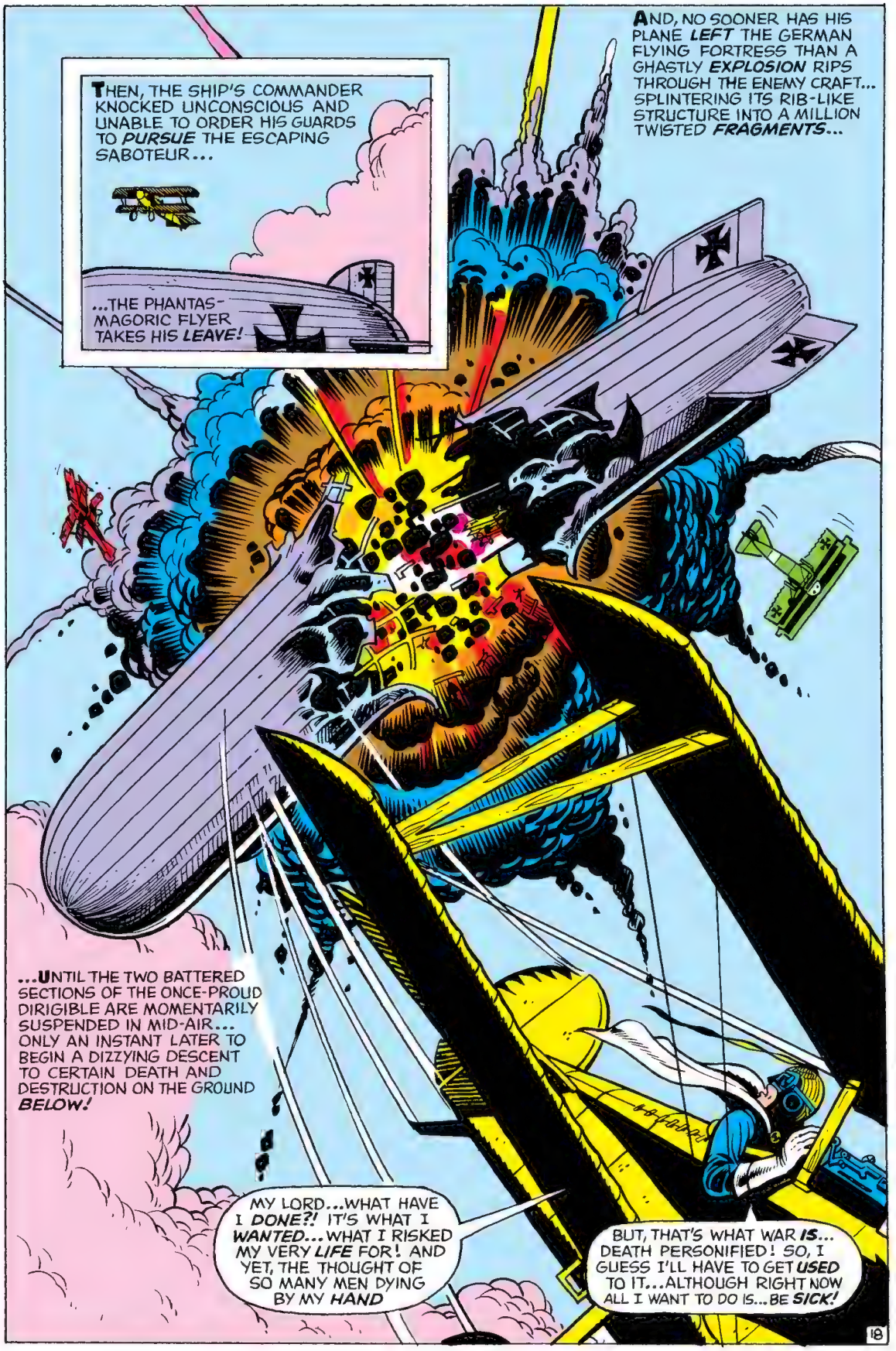

BUT, THE FREEDOM FLYERS ARE NOT LONG IN DISCOVERING THAT SOMEWHAT DISCONCERTING FACT...
PTING!
PSHING!
KATANG!
KATING!

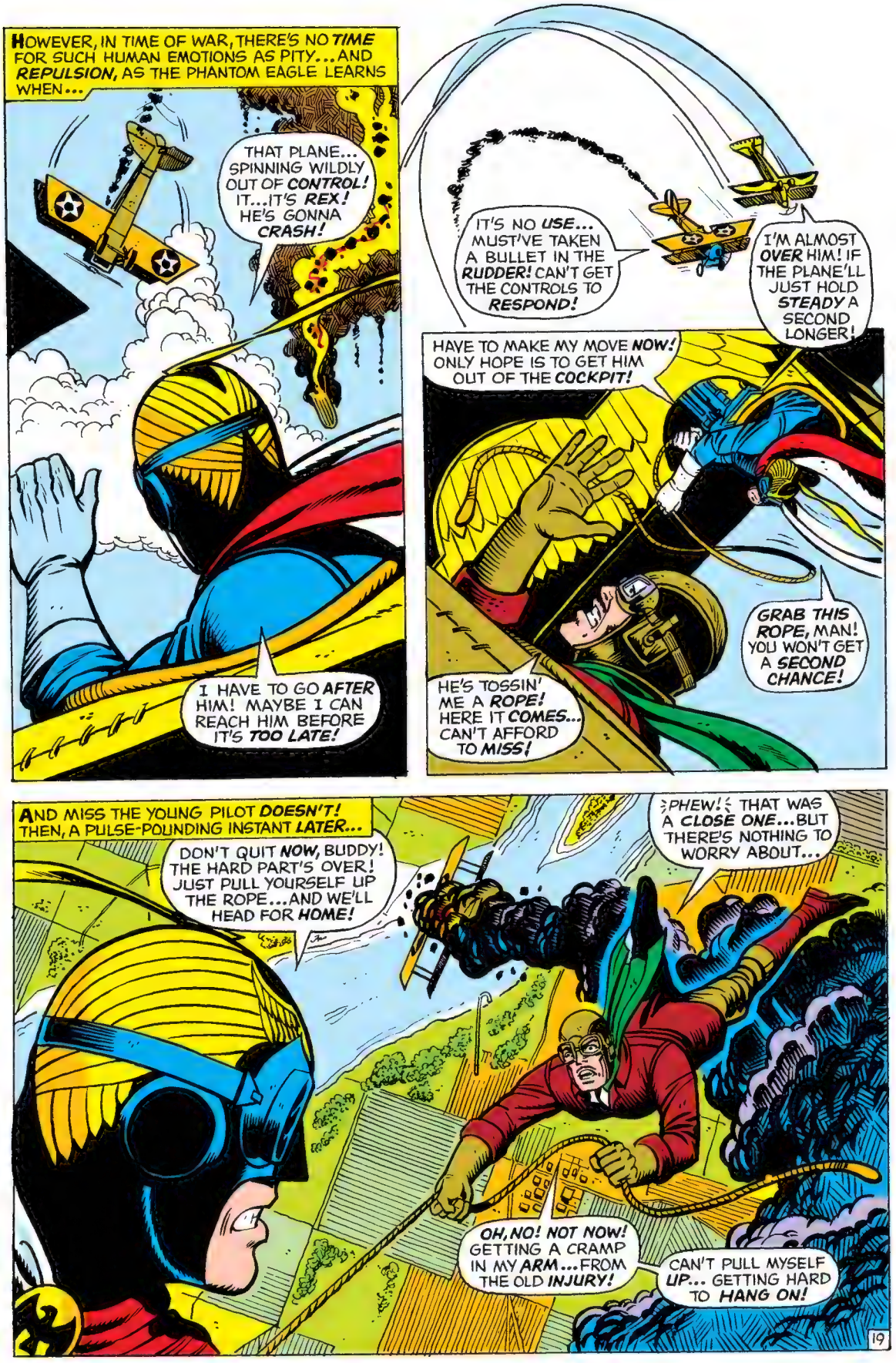

AND, AS PLANE AFTER PLANE MAKES ITS FUTILE RUN ON THE BULLET-PROOF CLOTH-PROTECTED AIRBORNE AIRCRAFT CARRIER...
OUR BULLETS AREN'T EVEN DENTING THAT MONSTER...AND THE ENEMY FIGHTERS ARE CLOSING IN ON US AGAIN!
I HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE...FAST! OR EVERYTHING WE'VE GAINED SO FAR WILL GO UP IN FLAMES!

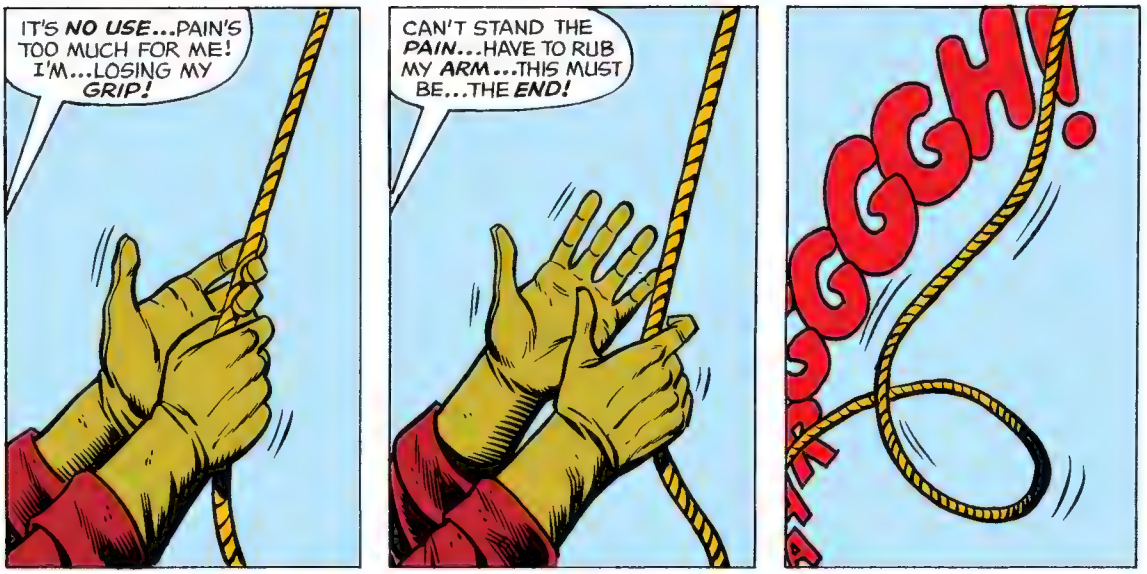

FLAMES...THAT'S IT! THAT BABY'S GOTTA BE BLOWN-UP!
AND I THINK I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT...IF I CAN ONLY LAND ON TOP OF IT!
HERE GOES NOTHING... BUT THE TOP LOOKS ALMOST FLAT ENOUGH!
EASY, SWEETHEART... HAVE TO LINE HER UP PERFECTLY... AND SET HER DOWN!
MADE IT!
BUT THAT WAS THE EASY PART!
GETTING INSIDE IS WHERE THE REAL RUB'S GONNA BE!

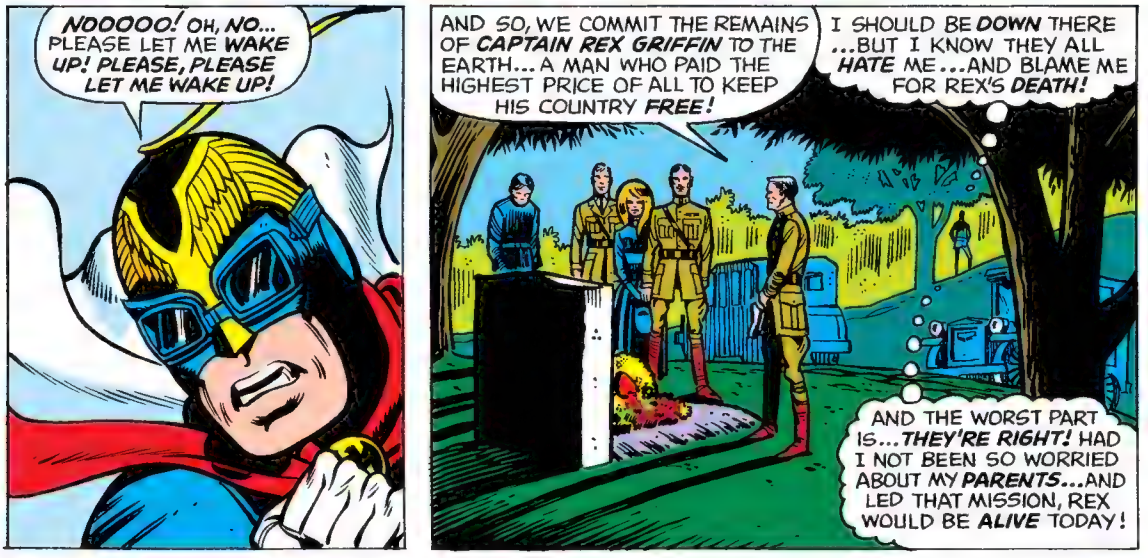
BUT MAYBE I CAN EASE THINGS A LITTLE WITH THIS LINK OF ROPE!
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT EASY, THOUGH-- AND HOPE THINGS ARE NOISY ENOUGH INSIDE SO THAT I WON'T BE HEARD!
AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME...THE LAST THING I NEED IS A WELCOMING COMMITTEE!
AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO START LIKE WITH THE GUARDS!
WELCOME TO THE U.S. OF A., GUYS!
I CAN THINK OF WAYS I'D RATHER CALL ON THE KRAUTS-- BUT THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER BIT WILL JUST HAVE TO DO...
...SINCE THE ONLY WAY IN WOULD SEEM TO BE THROUGH THE LAUNCHING DOORS!
BUT, IF I CAN KEEP THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ON MY SIDE...I JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO PULL THIS OFF!
:AAAGGGHHH!:
16

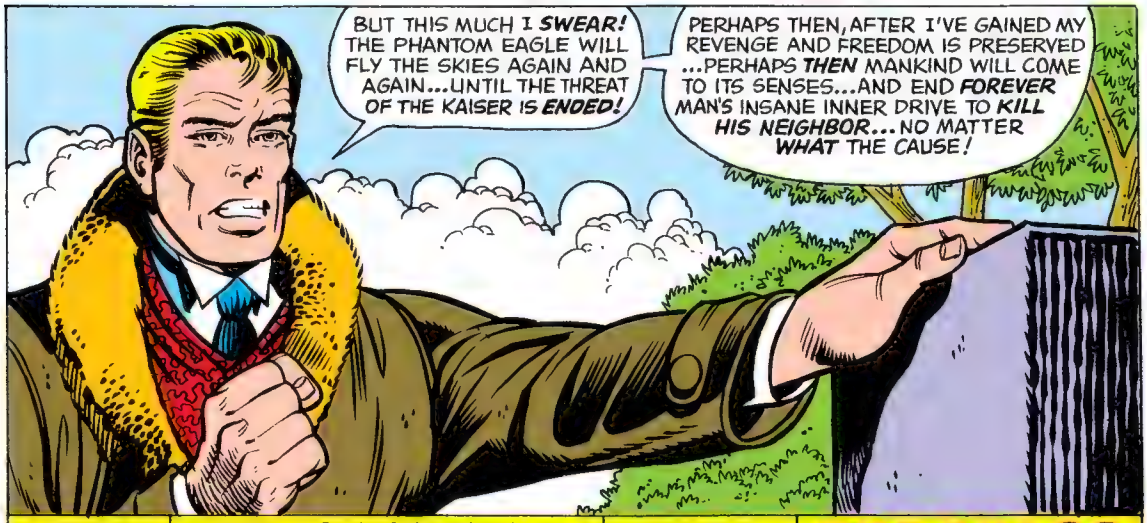

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THERE WERE ONLY TWO OF 'EM...
...BUT THEN I DON'T GUESS THEY WERE EXACTLY EXPECTING VISITORS!
NOW I HAVE TO PLANT THE BOMB!
I CAN JUST THANK THE POWERS THAT BE THAT CURLY RIGGED ONE UP...
...AND HOPE THE THING GOES OFF!
ALL I CAN DO IS SET IT... JUST BARELY LEAVING MYSELF TIME TO GET AWAY!
RELEASE SPRING
IF IT'S AS POWERFUL AS IT SHOULD BE...IT'LL RIP THE DIRIGIBLE APART.. SHORTLY AFTER I'VE ESCAPED...
YOU WILL NOT BE ESCAPING, AMERIKANER! UNLESS YOU CONSIDER DEATH AN ESCAPE!
YOU HAVE PERFORMED AN AMAZING FEAT IN BOARDING MY CRAFT...BUT YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO REPEAT IT!
JUST THREE OF 'EM BETWEEN ME AND THE ROPE HAVE TO GO FOR IT...
NOW!
UUNNNHHH!
SORRY TO HIT AND RUN, BOYS... BUT I JUST HAVEN'T GOT A SECOND TO SPARE!


AND, NO SOONER HAS HIS PLANE LEFT THE GERMAN FLYING FORTRESS THAN A GHASTLY EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE ENEMY CRAFT... SPLINTERING ITS RIB-LIKE STRUCTURE INTO A MILLION TWISTED FRAGMENTS...
THEN, THE SHIP'S COMMANDER KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS AND UNABLE TO ORDER HIS GUARDS TO PURSUE THE ESCAPING SABOTEUR...
...THE PHANTASMAGORIC FLYER TAKES HIS LEAVE!
...UNTIL THE TWO BATTERED SECTIONS OF THE ONCE-PROUD DIRIGIBLE ARE MOMENTARILY SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR... ONLY AN INSTANT LATER TO BEGIN A DIZZYING DESCENT TO CERTAIN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THE GROUND BELOW!
MY LORD...WHAT HAVE I DONE?! IT'S WHAT I WANTED...WHAT I RISKED MY VERY LIFE FOR! AND YET, THE THOUGHT OF SO MANY MEN DYING BY MY HAND
BUT, THAT'S WHAT WAR IS... DEATH PERSONIFIED! SO, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO IT...ALTHOUGH RIGHT NOW ALL I WANT TO DO IS...BE SICK!


HOWEVER, IN TIME OF WAR, THERE'S NO TIME FOR SUCH HUMAN EMOTIONS AS PITY... AND REPULSION, AS THE PHANTOM EAGLE LEARNS WHEN...
THAT PLANE... SPINNING WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL! IT...IT'S REX! HE'S GONNA CRASH!
I HAVE TO GO AFTER HIM! MAYBE I CAN REACH HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
IT'S NO USE... MUST'VE TAKEN A BULLET IN THE RUDDER! CAN'T GET THE CONTROLS TO RESPOND!
I'M ALMOST OVER HIM! IF THE PLANE'LL JUST HOLD STEADY A SECOND LONGER!
HAVE TO MAKE MY MOVE NOW! ONLY HOPE IS TO GET HIM OUT OF THE COCKPIT!
GRAB THIS ROPE, MAN! YOU WON'T GET A SECOND CHANCE!
HE'S TOSSIN' ME A ROPE! HERE IT COMES... CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!
AND MISS THE YOUNG PILOT DOESN'T! THEN, A PULSE-POUNDING INSTANT LATER...
DON'T QUIT NOW, BUDDY! THE HARD PART'S OVER! JUST PULL YOURSELF UP THE ROPE... AND WE'LL HEAD FOR HOME!
PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE... BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...
OH, NO! NOT NOW! GETTING A CRAMP IN MY ARM... FROM THE OLD INJURY!
CAN'T PULL MYSELF UP... GETTING HARD TO HANG ON!




NOOOOO! OH, NO... PLEASE LET ME WAKE UP! PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME WAKE UP!
AND SO, WE COMMIT THE REMAINS OF CAPTAIN REX GRIFFIN TO THE EARTH... A MAN WHO PAID THE HIGHEST PRICE OF ALL TO KEEP HIS COUNTRY FREE!
I SHOULD BE DOWN THERE ...BUT I KNOW THEY ALL HATE ME...AND BLAME ME FOR REX'S DEATH!
AND THE WORST PART IS...THEY'RE RIGHT! HAD I NOT BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT MY PARENTS...AND LED THAT MISSION, REX WOULD BE ALIVE TODAY!

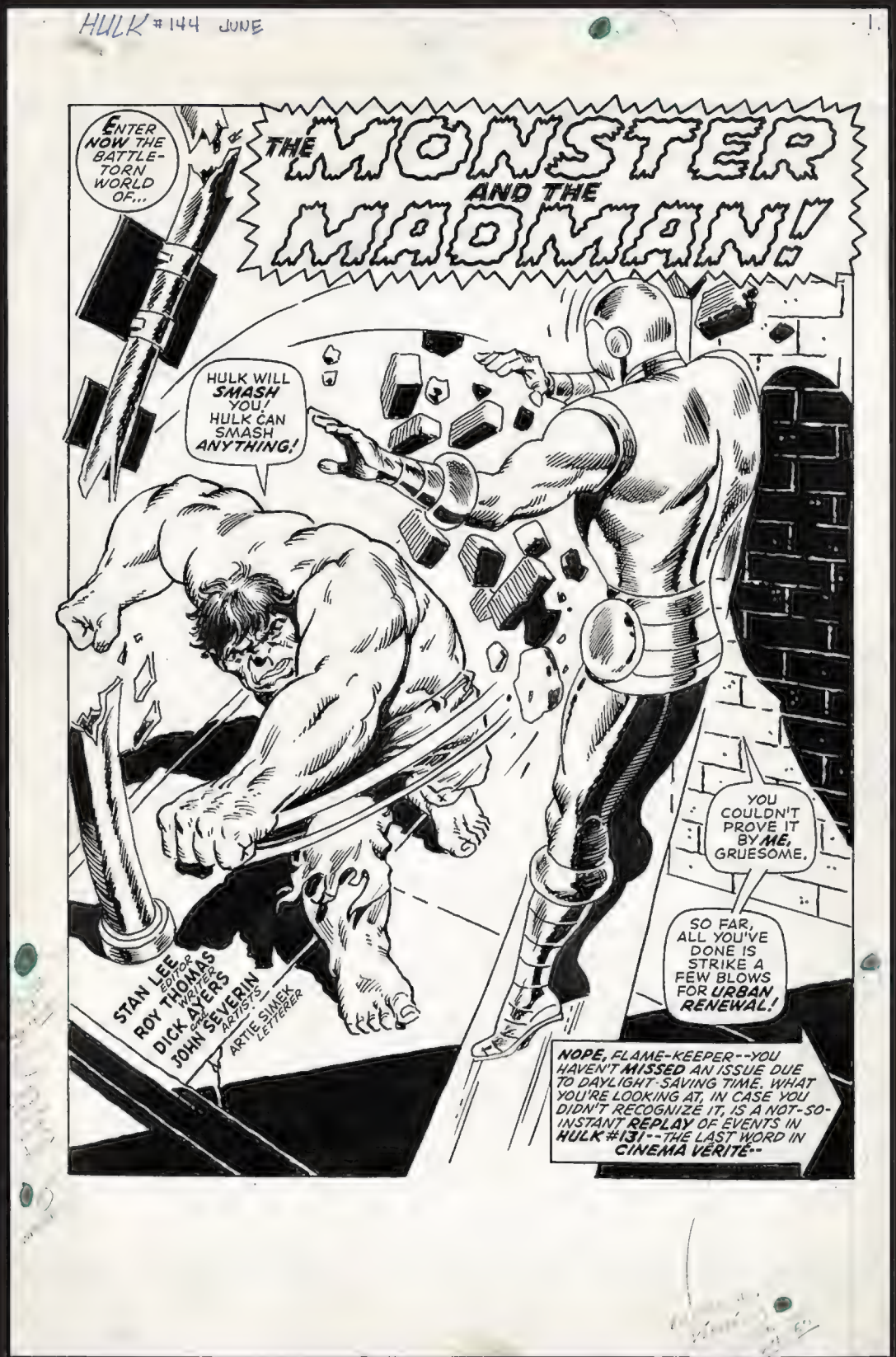

BUT THIS MUCH I SWEAR! THE PHANTOM EAGLE WILL FLY THE SKIES AGAIN AND AGAIN...UNTIL THE THREAT OF THE KAISER IS ENDED!
PERHAPS THEN, AFTER I'VE GAINED MY REVENGE AND FREEDOM IS PRESERVED ...PERHAPS THEN MANKIND WILL COME TO ITS SENSES...AND END FOREVER MAN'S INSANE INNER DRIVE TO KILL HIS NEIGHBOR... NO MATTER WHAT THE CAUSE!

EDITED BY: STAN LEE | WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY: GARY FRIEDRICH and HERB TRIMPE | LETTERED BY: I. WATANABE

THE END??

Cover from *The Incredible Hulk Annual* #3 (Jan. 1971)
reprinting *Tales to Astonish* #70-74

The Incredible Hulk #144, page 1 original art
by Dick Ayers & John Severin


HULK #144 JUNE
1.
ENTER NOW THE BATTLE-TORN WORLD OF...
THE MONSTER AND THE MAONAN!
HULK WILL SMASH YOU! HULK CAN SMASH ANYTHING!
YOU COULDN'T PROVE IT BY ME, GRUESOME.
SO FAR, ALL YOU'VE DONE IS STRIKE A FEW BLOWS FOR URBAN RENEWAL!
NOPE, FLAME-KEEPER--YOU HAVEN'T MISSED AN ISSUE DUE TO DAYLIGHT-SAVING TIME. WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT, IS A NOT-SO-INSTANT REPLAY OF EVENTS IN HULK #131--THE LAST WORD IN CINEMA VERITÉ--
STAN LEE EDITOR
ROY THOMAS WRITER
DICK AYERS ARTIST
JOHN SEVERIN ARTIST
ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER

Courtesy Heritage Auctions

BIOGRAPHIES

ROY THOMAS

Along with fellow fan Jerry Bails, Roy Thomas developed the first known organized comic fandom in the pages of *Alter Ego*, a self-published fanzine. Leaving his teaching position in 1965, Roy took his deep knowledge of comics characters and their history and moved to New York City, accepting a job under DC Comics editor Mort Weisinger. His stay lasted little over a week before he opted for a position at Marvel, where under Stan Lee, his duties quickly matured from proofreading to more serious work as an editorial assistant and writer.

Titles as disparate as *Modeling With Millie*, *Kid Colt* and *Sgt. Fury* were written under his auspices before he was able to fulfill his desire to write super-hero stories on Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense* #73 and a pair of Dr. Strange stories for *Strange Tales*.

Stan must have liked what he was reading, because after this seeming trial period, Roy "The Boy" (as he was called in credits) was given both *Sgt. Fury* and *The X-Men*. Along with artist Werner Roth, Thomas took the X-Men on adventures around the world and told the characters' pre-X-Men origins. In addition to introducing Banshee, Sunfire and Havok, Thomas' X-Men credits also include his watershed collaboration with artist Neal Adams.

Proving his mettle on *X-Men* led him to *The Avengers*, and it was with this team that Roy really started crafting his legacy. Across 70 consecutive issues of Earth's Mightiest Heroes, he became perhaps the title's definitive writer, introducing characters such as the Vision and penning classic sagas including the "Kree/Skrull War." Before the '60s ended, Thomas chalked up noteworthy runs as writer of *Doctor Strange*, *Sub-Mariner*, *Captain Marvel* and more.

In the '70s, Thomas' influence at Marvel widened to include the first adaptation of Robert E. Howard's *Conan the Barbarian,* a reinvention of Adam Warlock, and a new super-team, The Defenders. By 1972 Roy was selected to succeed Stan Lee as editor in chief. His tenure as EIC lasted for over two years before he returned to his writer/editor role on *Fantastic Four*, *Thor*, *Savage Sword of Conan*, *What If...?* and *The Invaders*.

In 1980, he left the House of Ideas for DC to pursue a lifelong dream by reviving the Justice Society of America in the pages of *All-Star Squadron.* He wrote many more comics for DC and Marvel over the next two decades and is still active today, writing comics, historical studies, adaptations of classic novels and publishing his award-winning *Alter Ego*. Thomas' career contributions were acknowledged with his induction into the Eisner Hall of Fame's 2011 class. He lives in South Carolina with his wife and collaborator, Dann, and an amazing menagerie of animals that must make the neighbors nervous.

HERB TRIMPE

He may not have dreamed up as many characters as Kirby or Ditko, or had as groundbreaking a style as Steranko or Adams—and he'll be the first one to tell you that! But Herb Trimpe is easily one of the most recognizable comic artists of all time, owing to the incredible popularity of two titles (*Incredible Hulk*, *G.I. Joe*) he made successes.

Herb joined Marvel's production department fresh out of the armed forces, where he served in the Air Force as a weatherman from 1962-1966, providing weather telemetry to forces in Vietnam. In between his office duties, he landed fill-in work as a penciler and inker on books like *Kid Colt, Outlaw* and *Marvel Super-Heroes* #16, featuring the Phantom Eagle, a collaboration with writer Gary Friedrich that played off Herb's well-known interest in drawing airplanes.

He also inked several books, most notably over Marie Severin's Hulk in *Tales to Astonish*. Several months later, Herb got the book as his own, and from 1968 to 1975, the Hulk's tales were drawn under his auspices. He combined an E.C.-influenced approach to layouts with Kirby-esque dynamics, a style that became even more pronounced when he began inking his own pencils with issue #117. Through it all, he never strayed from the elements of the character he felt had already been perfected: the pathos of a tragic figure's Jekyll/Hyde dual personality. During his tenure, he came up with the Hulkbusters, did character designs for the likes of Wendigo and Zzzax, and also drew the first appearance of Wolverine in *Incredible Hulk* #180-182.

After the Hulk, Trimpe drew *Godzilla*, *Shogun Warriors* and *The Defenders*. He also drew the first several issues of Marvel UK's *Captain Britain*. As the 1980s began, Trimpe drew a much-beloved run on *Marvel Team-Up*, but it was the launch of *G.I. Joe* that would make Trimpe's some of the most seen comic art of the decade. An instant hit, selling hundreds of thousands of copies over multiple printings, it was the start of an incredibly successful, long-running title. In addition to the early *G.I. Joe* issues, Trimpe drew its spinoff title, *G.I. Joe Special Missions.*

Another highlight in Trimpe's career was providing breakdown art in collaboration with Barry Windsor-Smith on the *Machine Man* limited series. Later in the decade, his workload scaled back to spot penciling and inking jobs. In 2002, he was awarded the Humanitarian of the Year Award at the San Diego Comic-Con for services rendered as a chaplain at Ground Zero after 9/11.

DICK AYERS

A 13th-generation American whose family landed in Massachusetts in 1635, Dick Ayers was born in 1924 in Ossining, New York. After serving in the Army Air Corps in World War II, Ayers was drafted into comic art by Burne Hogarth and attended the first session of the Cartoonists and Illustrators School. Within a short time he was turning in his first work for Vin Sullivan's Magazine Enterprises, drawing comics like *Jimmy Durante* and Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster's *Funnyman*. One of the highlights of his early years was *Ghost Rider*, the spooky, masked Western hero that was later revived at Marvel Comics.

In fact, it was with Marvel, then known as Atlas, that Ayers started to gain renown as a multi-skilled artist in both inking and penciling. He was attached to many successful Westerns, like *Wyatt Earp* and *Rawhide Kid*, contributed art to the 1953-54 revival of the Human Torch and was a mainstay on Atlas' many

horror/fantasy titles. After the 1957 Atlas implosion, Ayers became one of the most prolific inkers across a wide variety of titles, most notably as Jack Kirby's inker on the era's giant monster romps. When the first Marvel super heroes debuted in the early '60s, Ayers was behind the inks on many of the earliest adventures of the FF, Avengers, Hulk and Iron Man. He kept his penciling skills sharp on *Sgt. Fury and the Howling Commandos*, contributing to over fifty issues. In 2005, Ayers released the third and final volume of his autobiography in graphic novel form and, in 2007 he was inducted into the Will Eisner Comic Book Hall of Fame.

SAL BUSCEMA

Without a doubt one of comics' most prolific artists, "Our Pal" Sal Buscema joined Marvel in 1968 shortly after his elder brother, John. Tackling inking duties on *Silver Surfer* and *Fantastic Four*, including the all-time classic *Silver Surfer* #4, Buscema quickly graduated to penciling. He was an anchor of the Marvel line in the 1970s with long runs on books like *Captain America*, *Marvel Team-Up* and *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and a 100-plus issue run on *The Incredible Hulk*. Buscema was also behind defining the tone on early issues of *The Defenders*, *Rom* and *The New Mutants*. His career as one of Marvel's most versatile artists lasted throughout the '70s and into the '90s. In 1988, he returned to *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and over the next ten years penciled every issue but two from #134 through #238 (and inked the vast majority as well!) Although he retired in the late '90s, readers can still see his name on comics credits from time to time, including inking work on the cult hit *Spider-Girl*.

HARLAN ELLISON

Winner of eleven Hugo Awards and five Nebula Awards, writer Harlan Ellison has, since his first published writings in 1955, carved himself a career as one of the top authors in "speculative fiction"—a term the writer prefers over the more commonly applied "science fiction." It is this kind of iconoclasm that has made Ellison one of literature's most controversial and flamboyant personalities, but also one of its most prolific multidisciplinarians.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1934, Ellison spent little time in university and instead soaked up the experiences of the world, working in fishing, farming, sales and service industries. It was perhaps his lust for the many possibilities that life offered that caused him to take his burgeoning writing talent not just to literature, where he wrote many short stories and novels, but also to the field of journalism, the writing of screenplays and teleplays, and dalliances with the comic-book medium.

The first comics adaptation of an Ellison plot was in *Weird Science-Fantasy* #24, when his short story "Mealtime" was translated into an E.C. classic by Al Feldstein and Al Williamson. In the early '70s, writer Roy Thomas adapted more Ellison short stories in issues of *The Avengers*, *The Incredible Hulk* and *Chamber of Chills*. In each of these tales, Ellison's sophisticated grasp of speculative fiction blended with Stan Lee's Marvel Age style, creating a handful of milestone Marvel comics. Later comics work from Ellison included several indie publishing efforts through the late-'90s, as well as various graphic novels and one-offs from Marvel, DC and other publishers; many of these efforts were adaptations of Ellison stories, and many were wholly original concepts developed for comics.

Recently, Ellison was given the mantle of Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America Grand Master.

GARY FRIEDRICH

The early days of Gary Friedrich's life as a comics writer have a similar arc to that of teenage pal Roy Thomas. The pair befriended each other in their high school days and established a bond through their love of comics. After Thomas made the trip to New York City and started his comics career in earnest, he made it clear to his pal in Missouri that there might be a job in the field for him. Friedrich scored his first work from Dick Giordano, writing various Charlton comics including *Blue Beetle* stories drawn by none other than Steve Ditko.

At the same time, he picked up work at Marvel, his first effort being the Western *Ghost Rider* with Dick Ayers and Roy Thomas. Other contributions during this time included other Westerns like *Rawhide Kid* and *Two-Gun Kid*, as well as war titles like *Captain Savage* and *Sgt. Fury*, wherein he started a four-year run that saw him cautiously but profoundly merge a sense of social commentary and allegory into the long-running series. Beyond his work on these titles, Friedrich contributed to titles that were in transition between regular writers, including *X-Men*, *Incredible Hulk* and *Captain Marvel*.

The early '70s saw Friedrich helm Marvel's latest new war title, *Combat Kelly*, but his most significant contribution of the era was taking place in the pages of the showcase title *Marvel Spotlight*. Friedrich, along with Roy Thomas and artist Mike Ploog, introduced the flaming-skulled, chopper-riding Johnny Blaze. He wrote the first dozen stories featuring the iconic character and in the meantime wrote a faithful adaptation of Mary Shelley's classic novel in *Monster of Frankenstein*. These were to be his last major contributions to Marvel.

After a stint with the short-lived Atlas/Seaboard company in the mid-'70s and then a brief run writing *Captain Britain* stories for Marvel UK, Gary left the comics scene, though he is still a featured guest at comic conventions.

SAM GRAINGER

Primarily an inker, Sam Grainger first brought his artistic talents to comics in his late-30s. His first regular work came at Charlton in 1966, penciling and inking several backup stories in *Peter Cannon...Thunderbolt*. After breaking in at Marvel shortly thereafter, his primary role was as an inker on such titles as *The X-Men*, *The Avengers*, *Iron Man* and Ka-Zar in *Astonishing Tales*. He stepped up to pencil *Defenders #30* and also provided finishes in issues of *Ghost Rider* and *Marvel Two-In-One*. Perhaps his biggest credit came in the mid-'70s when, starting with issue #95, he inked several issues of Chris Claremont and Dave Cockrum's *X-Men*. He continued to work with Marvel and branched out to DC and First Comics in the '80s, also freelancing with gaming company TSR for artwork accompanying their Dungeons & Dragons game modules and handbooks. He penciled and inked a story featuring Volstagg that was published posthumously in *Marvel Comics Presents* after Grainger passed away in 1990.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS LIBRARY

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DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-5
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-14
THE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-2
THE INCREDIBLE HULK VOLS. 1-7
THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN VOLS. 1-7
IRON FIST VOLS. 1-2
KA-ZAR VOL. 1
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-4
THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-11
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-8

THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

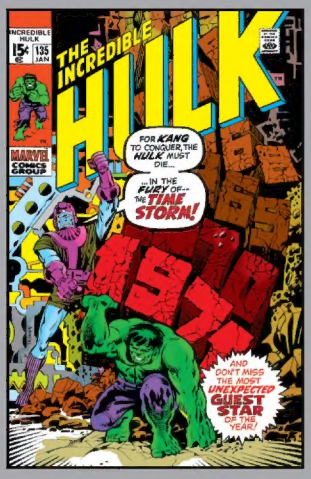
At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

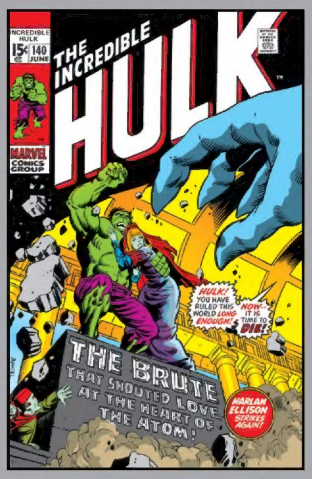
ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-5
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1


THE INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢ 135 JAN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
FOR KANG TO CONQUER, THE HULK MUST DIE...
...IN THE FURY OF— THE TIME STORM!
AND DON'T MISS THE MOST UNEXPECTED GUEST STAR OF THE YEAR!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢ 136 FEB
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER SURVIVE THE ATTACK OF A XEROM, STAR-SLAYER!
HULK'S OWN! HULK— MUST!!
AND IF YOU THINK XEROM IS SOMETHING ELSE, WAIT'LL YOU LAY YOUR AWE-STRUCK EYES ON—
THE BEHEMOTH

THE INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢ 137 MAR
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
I'VE DONE IT! THE ABOMINATION HAS KILLED THE HULK!
AND HIS LIFELESS CORPSE WILL DRIFT THRU SPACE FOREVER!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢ 138 APR
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
ONE MORE STEP—AND I SMASH THIS BASE!
NO! IF THIS BASE FALLS— YOU DIE!
Sincerely Yours— SANDMAN!
featuring THE FEARFUL FATE OF BETTY ROSS!


THE INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢ 140 JUNE
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
HULK! YOU HAVE RULED THIS WORLD LONG ENOUGH! NOW— IT IS TIME TO DIE!!
THE BRUTE THAT SHOUTED LOVE AT THE HEART OF THE ATOM!
HARLAN ELLISON STRIKES AGAIN!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK
15¢ 142 AUG
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
MARK LIVE YOUR LIFE WITH VALKYRIE IS BACK!!
EVERY MALE CHAUVINIST PIG IN THE WORLD WILL TREMBLE
WHEN HE SEES THE HULK HURLED TO HIS DEATH—BY A WOMAN!
THE MOST OFFBEAT SHOCKER OF THE CENTURY!
THEY SHOOT HULKS, DON'T THEY?

PRINTED IN CHINA

MARVEL